Aug. 4, 1986

THE NEW YORKER

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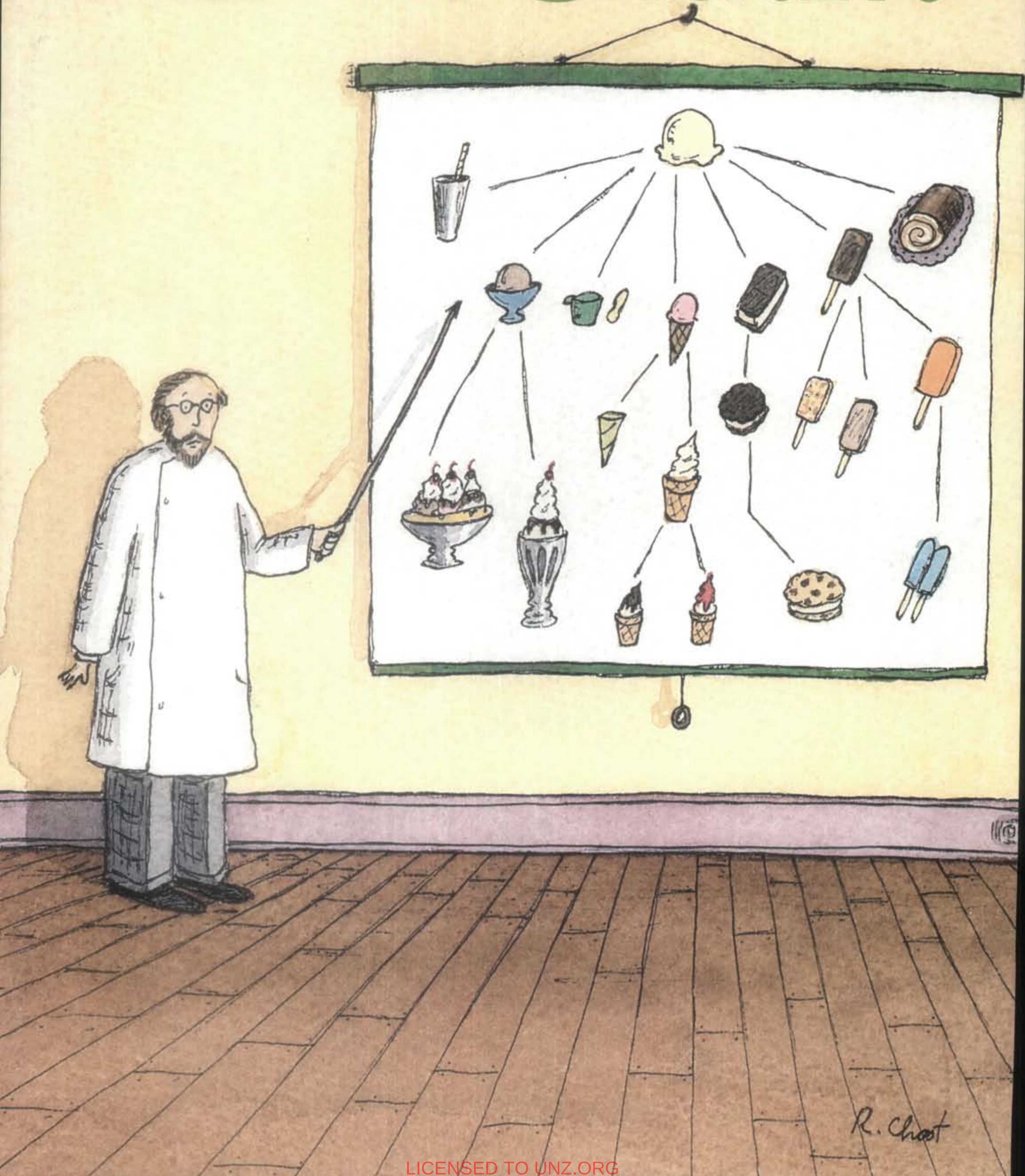

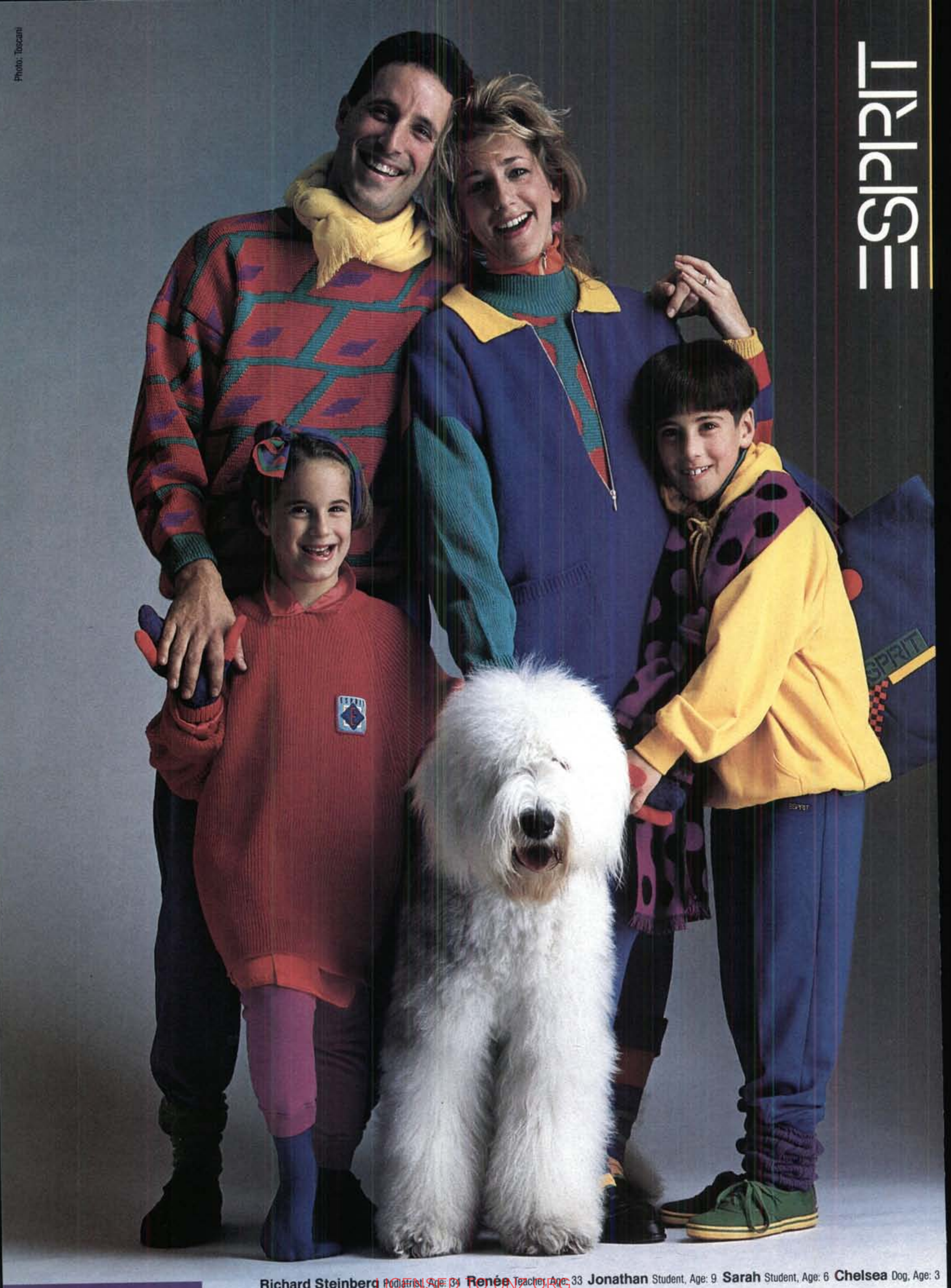

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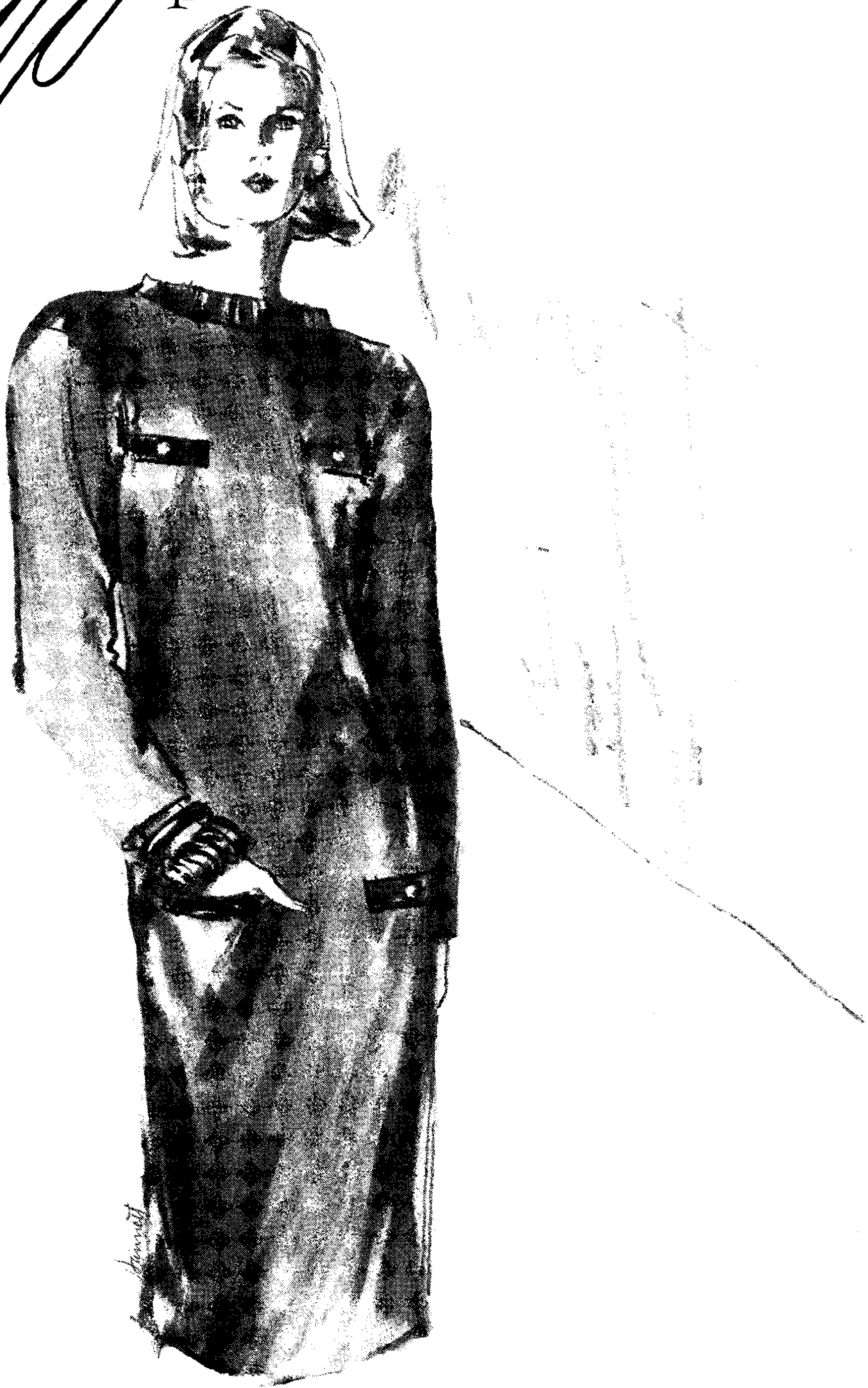

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Arsenic and Old Lace—Jean Stapleton, Polly Holliday, and Tony Roberts are the leading characters in this farce by Joseph Kesselring, *which was a big hit back in 1941. It is still* pretty funny and so worth devoting an idle summer evening to. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/7/86.) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Cuba and His Teddy Bear—Robert De Niro is a Hispanic drug dealer (cocaine), who is bringing up his teen-age son. Reinaldo Povod's first play is considerably better than promising; Mr. De Niro's performance is remarkable, and he is well supported by Burt Young, Ralph Macchio, and Paul Calderon. Bill Hart directed. (6/2/86) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3 and Saturday, Aug. 9, at 2.)

Honky Tonk Nights—A musical directed and choreographed by Ernest O. Flatt, with a score by Michael Valenti and a book and lyrics by Ralph Allen and David Campbell. Previews through Wednesday, Aug. 6. Opens officially on Thursday, Aug. 7. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The House of Blue Leaves—A superb revival of John Guare's brilliant, ferocious comedy with Swoosie Kurtz, among other fine performers. Jerry Zaks was the acute, perceptive director. (3/31/86) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Aug. 3: Gilbert and Sullivan's PATIENCE. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Aug. 6: William H. Smith's THE DRUNKARD. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Mummenschanz—A return engagement by the mime-and-mask trio. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Mystery of Edwin Drood—The novel that Dickens left unfinished at the time of his sudden death has been turned into a splendidly nonsensical musical by Rupert Holmes. The big cast is headed by George Rose, and the direction is by Wilford Leach. (12/16/85) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Nunsense—A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Olympus on My Mind—A musical with a score by Grant Sturiale and book, lyrics, and direction by Barry Harman. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Perfect Party—A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s deliberately mannered comedy about a professor who is obsessed with perfection is often disappointing, but just as often Mr. Gurney's wit and high spirits break through the Wildean mold to redeem it. The acting by John Cunningham, Debra Mooney, and Charlotte Moore is very good. John Tillinger directed. (4/14/86) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Sills & Company—The return of Severn Darden along with several other distinguished alumni of Paul Sills' "Second City" in Chicago, in an evening of cheerful improvisation. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Social Security—With his first Broadway comedy, Andrew Bergman proves a worthy successor to the Neil Simon of "Barefoot in the Park." The fine cast includes Marlo Thomas, Ron Silver, Olympia Dukakis, Joanna Gleason, and Stefan Schnabel. (4/28/86) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Sovereign State of Boogedy Boogedy—André De Shields in a comedy by Lonnie Carter. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 3.)

Sweet Charity—A musical that, with very little alteration, has mysteriously improved with age. Directed and choreographed by Bob Fosse, it has a book by Neil Simon, songs by Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields, settings by Robert Randolph, and a star in the person of Debbie Allen. (5/12/86) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Today I Am a Fountain Pen—A play by Israel Horovitz. (890 Theatre, Broadway at 19th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—BIG RIVER: William Hauptman and Roger Miller have drawn an agreeably sentimental musical out of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," and Mark Twain in Heaven has reason to be satisfied with the results. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . LA CAGE AUX FOLLES: A musical about a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez; the production is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Mat-

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tinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,928 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park is given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3 and Wednesday, July 30, at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **PENN & TELLER:** A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Thursdays and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE SEARCH FOR SIGNS OF INTELLIGENT LIFE IN THE UNIVERSE:** A one-person vaudeville show, starring the antic and frantic Lily Tomlin in a series of impersonations written for her by Jane Wagner. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SONG & DANCE:** Imported from England, this uneasy linking of song (first act) and dance (second act) is redeemed in part by the attractiveness of the chief performers, Bernadette Peters and Victor Barbee. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

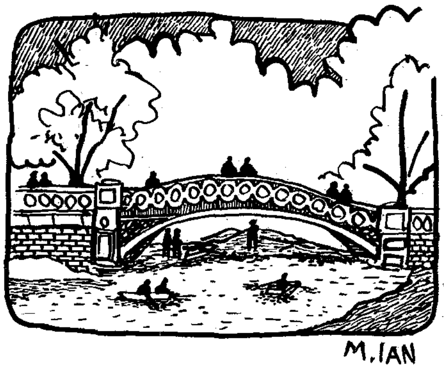
Spalding Gray—Final performances by the monologuist—Wednesday, July 30, and Friday, Aug. 1, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 2, at 2; and Sunday, Aug. 3, at 7:30: **SWIMMING TO CAMBODIA**. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 31, and Saturday, Aug. 2, at 8: **TERRORS OF PLEASURE.** (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Forbidden Broadway 1986—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

Wil Swanson and Dancers—A program of contemporary dance. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 7-9, at 8.)

Clark Center Summer Dance Festival '86—Wednesday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 2, at 8, and Sunday, Aug. 3, at 5: Paul Andrew Thompson & Troop Three. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 7-9, at 8: Carmen de Lavallade, the Charles Moore Dance Theatre, Lenore Latimer, and the George Faison Dancers. (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. For information about tickets, call 246-4818.)



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NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Montgomery, Plant & Stritch is not a law firm; it's a vocal group (Stritch doubles on piano) that's singing and sending up singers in the Oak Room. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, nautical bar, restaurant, and jazz haunt. On Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1-2, tenor saxophonist **AL COHN** appears with pianist Alan Kamen and bassist Hide Tanaka; the following Friday and Saturday, Aug. 8-9, belong to the Ira Jackson trio. Other groups can be heard during the rest of the week. Sets begin at nine-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at ten Fridays and Saturdays.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A neat-as-a-pin music room on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets. **BLOSSOM DEARIE** has just returned here, and she is singing about lawyers and light-eating gold diggers and baroque-music lovers (and clearly enunciating every word, from "debenture" to "puce") Wednesdays through Saturdays at six-thirty; Helen Schneider sings Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine; Sandra Reaves-Phillips sings at eleven Thursdays through Saturdays; and Candice Earley is on hand at eight-thirty on Mondays.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—The big blue banner that flies above the entrance to this club may not be modest ("Jazz Capital of the World," it says), but it looks nice flapping in a summer breeze. R. & B. vocalist **PHYLLIS HYMAN** has the stage through Sunday, Aug. 3; on Monday, Aug. 4, pianist **BILL MAYS** heads up a group of all-stars (**TOM HARRELL, KENNY WASHINGTON, RUFUS REID,** and **TED NASH**); and on Tuesday, Aug. 5, master vibist **MILT JACKSON,** bassist **RAY BROWN,** and their quartet begin a residence. Shows from about nine. Tenor saxophonist Jean Toussaint leads a band every night but Monday after the last set until about four in the morning. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The oh-so-varied roster: Wednesdays, July 30 and Aug. 6, in their thrift-shop tuxedos, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE;** Thursday, July 31, Cabo Frio; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1-2, Mick Taylor, with **ERIC JOHNSON.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great, up-close view from a bar stool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate pianists and bassists. **JOHN HICKS** and **RAY DRUMMOND** perform through Saturday, Aug. 2, and **STEVE KUHN** and **BUSTER WILLIAMS** set sail on Monday, Aug. 4. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Long communal tables swathed in pink and a bandstand panelled in oak. **OSCAR BROWN, JR.,** is singing a program of his own devising called "Sliced Apple" Tuesdays through Sundays at nine and eleven. No music Mondays. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**DICK WELLSTOOD** is now presiding at the piano in the Bemelmans Bar. He plays Mondays through Fridays from nine-thirty to one.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. Sundays and Mondays are showcase nights. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A snazzy downstairs jazz club, where *you will find* **ASTRUD GILBERTO** *singing lightly in* Portuguese and English Thursday through Sunday, July 31-Aug. 3; **LES MC CANN,** a gospel-influenced keyboardist and singer, arrives on Thursday, Aug. 7, and will be around for four nights. Mondays are the property of guitarist *and recording innovator* **LES PAUL** *and his trio.* Sets begin at nine. Dining. Closed Tuesdays and Wednesdays.

Freddy's, 308 E. 49th St. (888-1633)—**MICHELE BAUTIER,** hailed by Sylvia Syms as the greatest singer she has heard in her whole life, is singing in this club Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—Once a truck warehouse—the ceiling is a mile high—this SoHo establishment now provides space for palm trees to mature and for non-trucking types to eat and drink and listen to good pianists. Through Thursday, July 31, **HAL SCHAEFER;** Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1-2, **ROGER KELLAWAY;** Monday, Aug. 4, Nat Jones; and Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 5-9, **ARMEN DONELIAN.** Sets begin at seven Mondays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Saturdays belong to the piano-bass team of **BOB DOROUGH** and **BILL TAKAS;** Sundays and Mondays, Joe Derise sings and plays piano with accompaniment from bassist John Dooley; and Tuesdays are reserved for guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. All these groups begin about ten.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The dining-room grand is in the hands of **RALPH SUTTON** Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sundays are claimed by Jim Badzik, and Mondays by **DICK HYMAN.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. **RAY BRYANT** will be leaning into the blues and tinkering, perhaps, with his unfinished "Impossible Rag" through Saturday, Aug. 2; **FRED HERSCH** returns on Tuesday, Aug. 5, this time with bassist **MICHAEL FORMANEK.** Music from nine-thirty.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A spirited, noisy, crowded hangout for expatriate Texans and French tourists, where they celebrate Texas *Independence* Day but not Bastille Day. Wednesday, July 30, Mitch Ryder and the Clintons; Thursday, July 31, **ROBERT GORDON;** Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1-2, La Bamba, with the Soozie Tyrell band on Friday and Shawn Colfvin on Saturday; Sunday, Aug. 3, **WHO IT IS;** Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 6-7, **ALBERT KING,** who plays a right-handed guitar left-handed and makes it sing, and Robert Ross; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 8-9, the Flying Burrito Brothers. Music after nine nightly. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—From the glassed-in streetside room, you can see the tubbed saplings in the adjacent office-tower frontage, and in the spiffy back room you can see and hear singers **ANITA O'DAY** (a jumpy abstractionist) and **CHRIS CONNOR** (a calm impressionist) Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A lively uptown bar and restaurant, with signed photographs of some swinging non-musicians on the walls (Reggie Jackson smiling shyly; Dave Winfield tuning up in the cage) and some very substantial players on the bandstand. Wednesday and Thursday, July 30-31, Francesco Centano; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1-2, a quartet led by **ART FARMER,** whose flugelhorn solos are spare and lyrical, and featuring **CLIFFORD JORDAN;** and Tuesday through Thursday, Aug. 5-7, pianist **MICHEL CAMILO'S** trio. Music from about ten until two.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom, complete with eighties video, that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. The performers: Thursday and Friday, July 31-Aug. 1, the Cramps; Saturday, Aug. 2, **X,** starring **EXENE CERVENKA** and **JOHN DOE** (the Tammy Wynette and George Jones of eighties rock and roll), ex-Blasters guitarist **DAVE ALVIN,** and drummer **D. J. BONEBRAKE;** Thursday, Aug. 7, **SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY;** and Saturday, Aug. 9, GBH, the Cro-Mags, and 7 Seconds. The shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Brazilian music, African music, salsa music, reggae music, and American music. The lineup: through Thursday, July 31, Ras Posse—Freddie McGregor, Brigadier Jerry, and Peter Broggs—and the Studio One Band; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1-2, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Tuesday, Aug. 5, Milly, Jocelyn y Los Vecinos; Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 6-7, **WILLIE COLON;** and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 8-9, **LOREMIL MACHADO.** Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—The **LIBERATION MUSIC ORCHESTRA,** a late-sixties ensemble put together by the fervent, melodic, deep-river bassist **CHARLIE HADEN** ("I'm playing this music for my own children," he once said), will be here through Sunday, Aug. 3; on Tuesday, Aug. 5, another bassist, **RICHARD DAVIS,** brings in an impressive quintet (trumpeter **CECIL BRIDGEWATER,** tenor saxophonist **RICKY FORD,** pianist **ROLAND HANNA,** and drummer **FREDDIE WAITS);** and on Mondays **DAKOTA STATON** sings the blues with a trio. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A refreshingly simple and basic (in the age of extravagance), non-trendy blues and rock club. Wednesday, July 30, Diane Scanlon; Thursday, July 31, "The Last Words of Dutch Schultz," an R. & B. musical; Fridays and Saturday, Aug. 9, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE;** Monday, Aug. 4, Johnny Ace & the Full House; Tuesday, Aug. 5, Lauren Narr and the Brandos; and Thursday, Aug. 7, Lew Willie & the Snapdragons. Shows after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Salsa bands get going in the big downstairs space on Monday nights after nine; on Aug. 4, percussionist **TITO PUENTE,** Dominican singer Fernando Villalona and his orchestra, and tenor saxophonist **CHICO FREEMAN,** the guest jazz soloist, will provide the excitement. On Sundays, at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty, the reunited **SKATALITES** cut loose. . . . ¶ Upstairs, in the Terrace Bar, longtime partners **JUNIOR MANCE** (piano) and **MARTY RIVERA** (bass) perform nightly, except Mondays. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** is also present, with a trio, on Tuesdays. Music from nine-thirty.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. St., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This hallowed basement establishment is the most famous jazz club in the world. **ILLINOIS JACQUET,** a big-toned tenor saxophonist from saxophone country (the Southwest), will be out in front of his sixteen-piece big band through Sunday, Aug. 3, and tenor man **JOE HENDERSON'S** quartet, featuring **JIM MC NEELY** on piano and **AL FOSTER** on drums, begins a six-night stand on Tuesday, Aug. 5. Mondays remain prime time for the **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA.** Music from ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The big room in this student rest stop (Columbia U. is across the street) has a non-institutional cafeteria, a bar that can seat a marching band, and a jukebox. The smaller room has foursquare tables and booths, and live music. You can listen to vibraphonist **JAY HOGGARD** and his quartet through Sunday, Aug. 3, and to pianist **LARRY WILLIS** and his trio beginning Wednesday, Aug. 6. Mondays are comedy nights. Shows from about nine.

WHIPPOORWILL, 18 E. 18th St. (675-7100)—A plush downstairs club, with a lot of art on the walls and an Oriental rug on the bandstand. Drummer **CHICO HAMILTON,** whose bands usually feature gifted young players, leads his sextet through Sunday, Aug. 3; two vigorous older musicians—Kansas City blues pianist **JAY MC SHANN** and trumpeter **DOC CHEATHAM**—arrive with their quartet on Tuesday, Aug. 5. The Monday honors go to Tex Allen's sextet. Sets begin at nine-thirty. Dining. . . . ¶ Upstairs, in Joanna (675-7900), **WALTER BISHOP, JR.,** will be at the dining-room grand through Sunday, Aug. 3; **KENNY KIRKLAND** settles in starting Tuesday, Aug. 5. Music from about nine-thirty.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A ground-floor town-house restaurant, bar, and jazz nook. Pianist **HAROLD MABERN** works with bassist **JAMIL NASSER** through Saturday, Aug. 2; **JOHN BUNCH** and **MICHAEL MOORE** take over on Monday, Aug. 4. Music from eight. Closed Sundays.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

JAZZ IN JULY—Wednesday, July 30: Peanuts Hucko, Toots Thielemans, Kenny Davern, Eddie Daniels, and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 31: Dick Hyman, Ivan Davis, and the 92nd Street Y Jazz Festival Orchestra conducted by Maurice Peress. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Evenings at 8.)

NEIL DIAMOND—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday and Thursday, July 30-31, at 8.

JULIO IGLESIAS—With Roseanne Barr. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Aug. 1, at 8.)

PRINCE & THE REVOLUTION—Madison Square Garden. Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 2-3, at 8.

STEVIE NICKS—With Peter Frampton. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, Aug. 5, at 8.)

ZIGGY MARLEY & THE MELODY MAKERS, I-THREES, NADINE SUTHERLAND, and **809 BAND**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Friday, Aug. 8, at 8.

ROBIN WILLIAMS—Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 9-10, at 8:30.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN—Four large recent sculptures, plus smaller works. Through Sept. 12. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

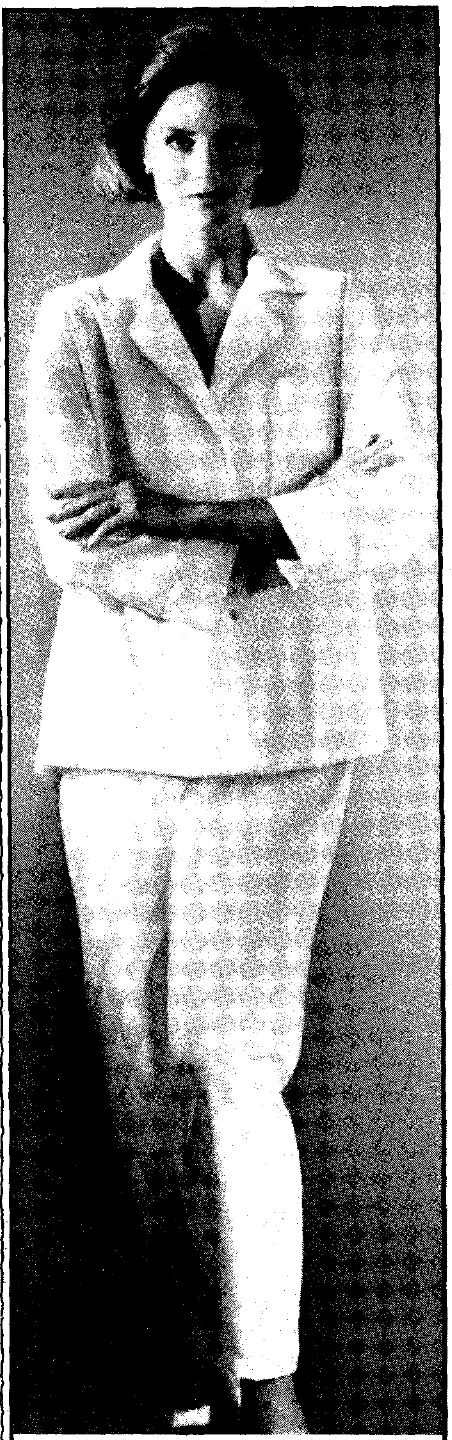
JAN GROTH / GERHARD RICHTER—Large black-and-white tapestries, plus pencil drawings, complement a show of the artist's work at the Guggenheim. / Abstract paintings on paper. Through Friday, Aug. 8. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.)

ROBIN HILL / HANNAH VILLIGER—Abstract sculptures in wax, both natural and pigmented. / The artist's own body is the subject of her photographs. Through Aug. 27. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

ROBERT ISRAEL—Ink drawings of costume designs for "Vienna: Lusthaus" and for the Seattle Opera's production of the Ring Cycle. Through Aug. 15. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

YUKIMURA S. KONISHI—Abstract oils painted in pastel colors and with a hint of Constructivist feeling, plus paper collages. Through Aug. 16. (Humphrey, 242 E. 5th St. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays.)

MICHAEL MOGAVERO—Still-life paintings. Through Friday, Aug. 1. (Oscarsson Siegel-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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tuch, 568 Broadway, entrance on Prince St. Opens at noon.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—Olympian doodles extracted from forty-five sketchbooks detailing the artist's day-to-day work. (He kept a hundred and seventy-five sketchbooks during his life.) Through Friday, Aug. 1. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Thomas Schindler—Heavily symbolic oil paintings, bringing together bits of armor, a crown of thorns, massive nails, an artist's palette, strands of barbed wire. Through Aug. 15. (Sharpe, 175 Avenue B, at 11th St. Opens Wednesdays through Sundays at 1.)

The Dog Days of August—A lively summer show in which every dog has his day, if that's not putting too fine a point on it. Paintings, sculptures, and photographs by Willie Cole, Larry Holmes, John Kindness, William Wegman, and others. Through Aug. 20. (Littlejohn-Smith, 133 Greene St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 20 W. 57th St.: The twenty-fifth annual Old Master print exhibition. Through Friday, Aug. 1. . . . **CENTER FOR AFRICAN ART**, 54 E. 68th St.: "African Aesthetics: The Carlo Monzino Collection," *comprising works in wood, mainly*, but also in gold, ivory, bronze, stone, and terra-cotta, and including the famous "Black Venus." Through Sept. 7. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays; open Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . **FRUMKIN**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works on paper by ten gallery artists and ten invited artists, among them William Beckman, William T. Wiley, Jo Anne Carson, and Jim Gingerich. Through Aug. 15. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: A show that complements the "Vienna 1900" exhibit at the Modern; works on paper, including prints, by Klimt, Schiele, and Kokoschka. Through Sept. 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HOFFELD**, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Drawings, paintings, and sculptures by twentieth-century artists. Through Sept. 26. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: American paintings from the first fifty years of this century, by Demuth, Hartley, Marin, and others, and by contemporary gallery artists, among them Karen Breunig and John Heliker. Through Friday, Aug. 1. . . . **LAMAGNA**, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures, including a dazzler by Mattie Berhang, whose hanging sculpture gives the illusion of a box shape in space. Through Friday, Aug. 1. . . . **MATHES**, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Paintings and works on paper by Susan Rothenberg, Wayne Thiebaud, Donald Sultan, and others. Through Friday, Aug. 1. . . . **TATISTCHEFF**, 50 W. 57th St.: Two painters new to the gallery, Margaret Bowland (portraits) and Harry Orlyk (plein-air landscapes), are represented along with regular members. Through Aug. 15. . . . **YORK**, 21 E. 65th St.: Two dozen paintings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century American artists, including landscapes by Heade, Kensett, and Twachtman, flower studies by O'Keeffe and Joseph Stella, and a portrait of Frances de Forest by William Merritt Chase. Through Sept. 20.

¶ Exhibitions of works by gallery members can also be seen at: **BLUM HELMAN**, 20 W. 57th St. . . . **COOPER**, 155 Wooster St. . . . **DAVIS & LANGDALE**, 231 E. 60th St. . . . **FISCHBACH**, 24 W. 57th St. . . . **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St. . . . **ROBERT MILLER**, 41 E. 57th St. . . . **PERLOW**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.

Sculpture—An all-American all-abstraction selection, with pieces by Bourgeois, Calder, Wilmarth, Joel Fisher, and others. Through Aug. 15. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Bill Brandt (1904-83) / **Picasso** (1881-1973)—Vintage photographs of nudes. / Manipulated and cutout prints resembling his Cubist paintings. Also, portraits of the artist made by his contemporaries—Man Ray, Irving Penn, Robert Capa. Through Friday, Aug. 1. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Wendell MacRae (1896-1980)—Prints of New York in the thirties and forties by an artist who was a staff photographer for Rockefeller Center during its construction. Through Aug. 22. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Jay Maisel / Todd Webb—Large-scale photographs of the American landscape over the past thirty years. / Photographs concentrating on New York and Paris and dating from 1945 to 1960. Through Sept. 7. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Rosalind Solomon—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show of prints by an artist who has found a connection between, for instance, a Santa on duty in the Northgate Mall in Chattanooga, Tennessee, a *condomblé* initiation in Brazil, and a wedding in Burma. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Joel-Peter Witkin—Manipulated prints dating from 1974 to 1985 will be on view at the Brooklyn Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Group Show—Mostly contemporary photographs centering on sporting activities—rodeos, football, hunting, fishing. Eadweard Muybridge, Garry Winogrand, Nancy Dwyer, Stephen Frailey, and others. Through Aug. 29. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Japanese color woodblocks reflecting the impression Westerners made on late-nineteenth-century Japanese artists. Lincoln Kirstein gave these prints to the museum. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ "Costumes of Royal India," an extravaganza of garments and accessories evoking palaces of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Through Aug. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

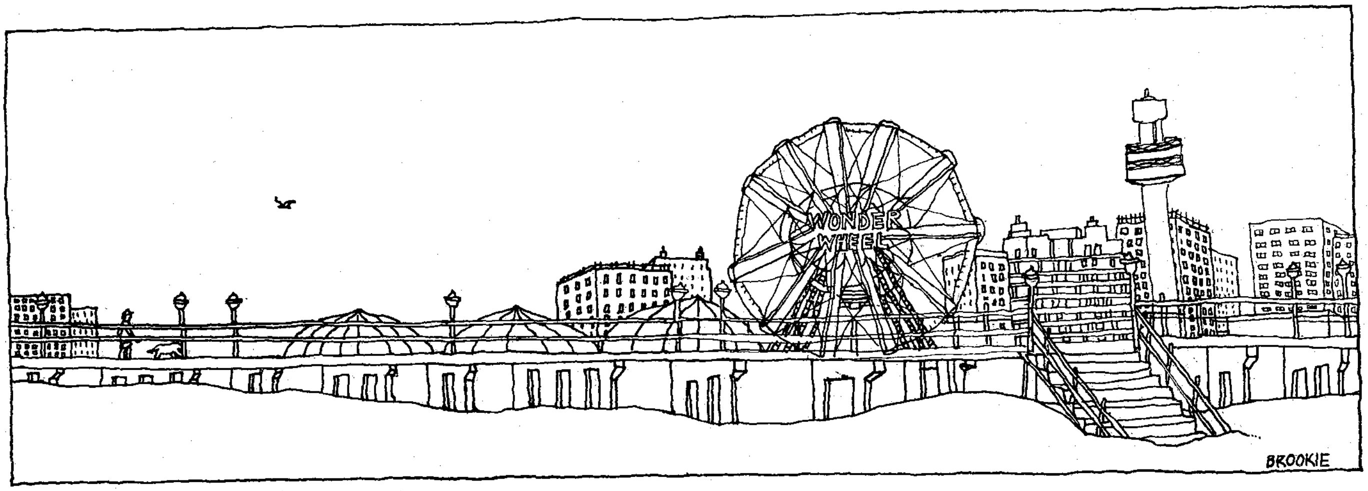
Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Vienna 1900: Art, Architecture & Design," an exhibit that cuts a wide swath through a pivotal period in the early history of modernism in Europe. Paintings and drawings by Klimt, Kokoschka, Schiele, and others; Vienna Secession posters; and decorative arts from the Wiener Werkstätte, among them a wrought-silver vitrine by C. O. Czeschka. Through Oct. 21. . . . ¶ A *comprehensive selection of* prints by Jasper Johns. Through Aug. 19. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** *Prints by Rosalind Solomon.* Through Sept. 30. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 14 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays and Saturdays from 6 to 10, with popular turn-of-the-century Viennese music performed by an ensemble of Juilliard alumni.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"The Expressive Figure from Rousseau to Bacon," paintings, sculptures, and works on paper that are based on the figure but were done during the rise of abstractionism. . . . ¶ A small show of sculptures and collages by Louise Nevelson, including an environmental piece called "The Floral Garden," which the artist recently gave to the museum. . . . ¶ A display of six large-scale tapestries by Norwegian artist Jan Groth, and related drawings in crayon. A complementary show is at the Marian Goodman Gallery, 24 W. 57th St. All museum shows through Sept. 1. (Open *daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11* to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of large-scale paintings by James Rosenquist, including many of his Pop Art works. Through Sept. 21. . . . ¶ Shaker design, exemplified by furniture, textiles, farming equipment, cooking utensils, etc., plus watercolors done as religious tokens. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ A show of Robert Cumming's drawings, photographs, prints, and sculptures of imaginary machines, completed since the late sixties. Through Oct. 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Third Western States Exhibition: a hundred and twenty-seven works by forty-five contemporary artists, most of whom have not shown their art in our region before. *Through* Monday, Aug. 4. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Forty prints by Joel-Peter Witkin. Starts Friday, Aug. 1. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of recent North American Indian textiles, pottery, baskets, jewelry, and carvings. Through Oct. 5. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays,



Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The virtuosity of Hungarian metalsmiths is underscored in a display of gold and silver objects dating from the ninth century to the nineteenth. Through Aug. 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Twenty-four contemporary American artists have looked to Jewish history and interpreted it in paintings, sculptures, graphics, and photographs. Bill Thompson's fourteen-foot-wide photocollage of an Auschwitz gas chamber, Audrey Flack's Photo-Realist rendering of a Margaret Bourke-White photograph of survivors of Buchenwald, Rodney Ripps's abstract canvas of the land of Israel, and Ann Sperry's welded-steel sculpture entitled "The Creation; Seven Days" are included. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of drawings, watercolors, prints, and photographs (some of the latter by Beato, Frith, and Bourne) that document British rule in India. Through Thursday, July 31. (Open Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Forty-three paintings of animals and birds commissioned from seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Italian, Flemish, and Dutch artists by various Medicis, whose households seem to have been enlivened by pheasants, two-headed lambs, storks, and, of course, lapdogs and hunting dogs. On loan from the Pitti Palace. Through Sept. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—"Damaged Goods" is the provocative title of a show about glamorous-looking consumer products which visitors enter through Justen Ladda's gantlet of extended arms (they are attached to pedestals crowned with jello), emerging into a gallery of familiar objects pressed into unfamiliar contexts. Through Aug. 10. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—About seventy specimens of botanical illustration are displayed in books, prints, magazines, drawings, and watercolors: the laurel tree of Carolina (*Magnolia altissima*) from Catesby's volume "The Natural History of Carolina, Florida, and the Bahama Islands" (1731-43); lilies and azaleas from Paxton's *Magazine of Botany* (nineteenth century); paintings and drawings by Asher Durand, Baroness Hyde de Neuville, and others. Through Oct. 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Peter Rose (performance), Thursdays through Sundays, July 31-Aug. 3 and Aug. 7-10, at 8. . . . ¶ Kestutis Nakas (performance), Fridays and Saturdays, Aug. 1-2 and 8-9, at 10:30.

MUSIC

New York City Opera—Wednesday, July 30, at 8: "Carmen," with Susanne Marsee, Margaret Cusack, John Absalom, and Robert McFarland; conducted by Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 31, at 8: "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," with Faith Esham, Michael Cousins, Stephen Dickson, and Stanley Wexler; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 1, at 8: The company's première of Massenet's "Don Quichotte," with Victoria Vergara, Samuel Ramey, and Joseph McKee; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Maria Spacagna, Jane Shaulis, Richard Leech, and Robert McFarland; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Elizabeth Hynes, Erie Mills, Cynthia Rose, Kurt Link, and Timothy Nolen; Hugh Wolff. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 5, at 8: "La Bohème," with Marianna Christos, Elizabeth Holleque, Richard Leech, and Stephen Dickson; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 6, at 8: "Don Quichotte," with Victoria Vergara, Samuel Ramey, and Joseph McKee; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 7, at 8: "Werther," with Claudette Peterson, Wendy White, Jerry Hadley, and William Stone; Sergiu Comissiona. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 8, at 8: "Carmen," with Susanne Marsee, Margaret Cusack, John Absalom, and Robert McFarland; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 9, at 2: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Leigh Munro, Claudette Peterson, Michael Cousins, and Theodore Baerg; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 9, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Maria Spacagna, Jane Shaulis, Richard Leech, and Robert McFarland; Christopher Keene. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 16.)

Mostly Mozart Festival—A seven-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs, which start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7—Wednesday, July 30: Gerard Schwarz conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Emanuel Ax, piano, and Oscar Shumsky, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 31: Members of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, with Michele Zukovsky, clarinet, and David Jolley, horn. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1-2: Robert Shaw directing the orchestra, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano; Marvis Martin, soprano; Lucille Beer, mezzo-soprano; Randall Outland, tenor; Jan Opalach, bass; and the Westminster Choir. (No pre-concert recitals.) . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 4: Christopher Hogwood conducting the orchestra in a performance on original instruments, with Malcolm Bilson, fortepiano, and Stanley Ritchie, baroque violin. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 5-6: Charles Mackerras conducting the orchestra, with Richard Goode, piano, and Heinz Holliger, oboe. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 7: Mr. Holliger and a wind ensemble from the Orpheus Chamber Orchestra. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 8-9: Charles Mackerras conducting the orchestra, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Through Saturday, Aug. 23.)

Note—The Dorian Wind Quintet will give a recital in the Garden Court of the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Wednesday, Aug. 13, at 5:30. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Aug. 4, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). A self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Wednesday, July 30, at 8:30: Benjamin Luxon, baritone, and Frederick Moyer, piano, performing Schubert's song cycle "Die Schöne Müllerin." . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 1, at 7: Doriot Anthony Dwyer, flute; Harold Wright, clarinet; Jules Eskin, cello; and Gilbert Kalish, piano, in an all-Weber program. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 1, at 9: A program of music for brass instruments, performed by the Canadian Brass, the Empire Brass, and ten members of the Boston Symphony, with Seiji Ozawa, conductor. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2, at 8: Seiji Ozawa directing the Boston Symphony in a concert version of Weber's opera "Oberon," with Elizabeth Connell, soprano; La Verne Williams, mezzo-soprano; Paul Frey and Philip Langridge, tenors; Mr. Luxon; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 3, at 2:30: Neeme Järvi conducting, with Emanuel Ax, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 5, at 8:30: The Juilliard String Quartet. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 7, at 8:30: Joseph Silverstein, violin, and Peter Serkin, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 8, at 7: The Copley Trio in a Schubert-Dohnányi program. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 8, at 9: Gunther Herbig conducting the Boston Symphony, with Yo-Yo Ma, cello. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 9, at 2: Isaac Stern and Cho-Liang Lin, violin; Michael Tree and Jaime Laredo, viola; Mr. Ma and Matt Haimovitz, cello; and Mr. Ax in a Beethoven-Ravel-Brahms program. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 9, at 8:30: Gunther Herbig conducting the Boston Symphony in a Mozart-Bruckner program, with Horacio Gutiérrez, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 10, at 2:30: Sergiu Comissiona conducting, with Malcolm Lowe, violin, and Burton Fine, viola. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 10, at 8:30: The Messrs. Stern, Lin, Tree, Laredo, Ma, Haimovitz, and Ax in a Kodály-Brahms program. (Lenox, Mass. Through

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Sunday, Aug. 31. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1666.)

Caramoor Festival—Thursday, July 31, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble in a C.P.E. Bach–Prokofiev–Dvořák program. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 1, at 9: John Finney, organ; Stephen Taylor, oboe; and the ensemble, in a program of baroque music. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2, at 8:30: John Nelson directing the Orchestra of St. Luke's in a performance of Handel's oratorio "Theodora," with Juliana Gondek, soprano; Shirley Close, mezzo-soprano; Michael Dash, countertenor; Peter Kazaras, tenor; Jeffrey Wells, bass; and the Caramoor Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 3, at 5:30: The Beaux Arts Trio, in an all-Haydn program. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 8, at 9: Christopher Parkening, classical guitarist. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 9, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting the orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Stephen Hough, piano, and Stewart Rose, horn. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 10, at 5:30: Youri Egorov, piano. (Katonah, N.Y. Through Sunday, Aug. 24. On Saturdays, trains leave Grand Central Terminal at 12:48, 2:48, and 5:48, and are met at Katonah by buses for Caramoor. For information about tickets and trains, call 1-914 232-5035.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Wednesday, July 30: Tex Beneke's orchestra, with Helen Forrest and the Modernaires & Paula Kelly, Jr. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 31: Manhattan Transfer. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 1: Loverboy and Dokken. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2: John Denver. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 3: Julio Iglesias and Roseanne Barr. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 4: Katia and Marielle Labèque, duo piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 5: Billy Crystal and Leon Redbone. . . . ¶ Opening performances by the **PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA** of a three-week season that will run through Saturday, Aug. 23. Wednesday, Aug. 6: Dennis Russell Davies conducting a Borodin–Lou Harrison–Rimsky-Korsakov program. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 7: Dennis Russell Davies conducting a Colin McPhee–Ravel–Puccini program, with Marc-André Hamelin, piano; Martina Arroyo, soprano; Jon Fredric West, tenor; and others. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 8: Franz Allers conducting a program of operatic music, with Sherrill Milnes, baritone. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 9: Dennis Russell Davies conducting and acting as piano soloist in a Haidu–Lou Harrison program, with Norman Carol, violin; Giora Feidman, clarinet; Miss Arroyo; Mr. West; and others. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:15. Through Sunday, Sept. 7. For information about tickets, call 399-4444, in New York.)

Summerfare '86—Final performances of a festival of music, dance, and theatre. **THURSDAY, JULY 31, AT 8:** A production of Synge's "The Playboy of the Western World," presented by the Druid Theatre Company of Galway, Ireland. . . . **AT 8:15:** A trilogy of one-act plays by Samuel Beckett—"Footfalls," "Enough," and "Rockaby"—performed by Billie Whitelaw. . . . **FRIDAY, AUG. 1, AT 8:** "The Playboy of the Western World." . . . **AT 8:15:** The Beckett trilogy. . . . **SATURDAY, AUG. 2, AT 5:** Julianne Baird, soprano; Christopher Hogwood, fortepiano; and the Amadeus Winds in an all-Haydn program. . . . **AT 8:** "The Playboy of the Western World," Susan Marshall & Company in a program of modern dance, and Mr. Hogwood and others in a second all-Haydn program. . . . **AT 8:15:** The Beckett trilogy. . . . **AT 10:45:** The Chico Freeman quartet, with Cecil McBee, Larry Willis, and Freddie Waits. . . . **SUNDAY, AUG. 3, AT 3:** "The Playboy of the Western World," Susan Marshall & Company, and Mr. Hogwood conducting a new orchestra in a Haydn-Mozart program, performed on original instruments, with Malcolm Bilson, fortepiano. . . . **AT 3:15:** The Beckett trilogy. (State University of New York at Purchase. For information about tickets, call 1-914 253-5900. For information about round-trip bus transportation from Lincoln Center to Purchase, call 1-914 963-6585.)

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Waterloo Festival Orchestra—The last in a series of concerts. Saturday, Aug. 2, at 8:30: Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Elmar Oliveira, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 9, at 8:30: Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Alexander Toradze, piano. (Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J. 1-201 347-4700.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing—Through Saturday, Aug. 2: Pilar Rioja and the Mandala Folk Dance Ensemble. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 5-9: The Trisha Brown Dance Company. (Becket, Mass. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30. Through Saturday, Aug. 30. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Chicago, Wednesday, July 30, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Montreal, Friday, Aug. 1, at 7:35; Saturday, Aug. 2, at 7:05; and Sunday, Aug. 3, at 1:35. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Milwaukee, Monday through Thursday, Aug. 4-7, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Kansas City, Friday, Aug. 8, at 7:30, and Saturday, Aug. 9, at 2.

Racing—At **SARATOGA:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30, from Wednesday, July 30, through Monday, Aug. 25. The Schuylerville, Wednesday, July 30; the Test, Thursday, July 31; the Saratoga Special, Friday, Aug. 1; the Whitney Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 2; the Jim Dandy, Sunday, Aug. 3; the Albany, Monday, Aug. 4; the Ballerina, Friday, Aug. 8; and the Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 9. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 30. The Sorority, Saturday, Aug. 2, and the Sapling, Saturday, Aug. 9. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Aug. 30. The United Nations Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 9.

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Nightly at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 3. . . . **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Nightly at 8 and Tuesdays at 1, from Monday, Aug. 4, through Saturday, Nov. 1. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 22. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturday, Aug. 2, at 12:30; and final night Saturday, Aug. 9, at 8. The Hambletonian, Saturday, Aug. 2.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

New York Philharmonic—Concerts in various city parks. Gunther Herbig conducting the second in a series of three programs. **SNUG HARBOR,** Staten Island, Wednesday, July 30, at 8. . . . ¶ Leonard Bernstein will conduct the final program. **CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN,** Monday, Aug. 4, at 8.

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **LA VERDADERA HISTORIA DE PEDRO NAVAJA,** a musical from Puerto Rico's Teatro del Sesenta, will be given Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 6-10. The first of three weekly programs of Hispanic theatre, music, and dance. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8. Through Monday, Aug. 25. For information about tickets, call 598-7155.)

Music Festival on the Pier—The Miller beer people's summer series. Wednesday, July 30: Santana. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2: Jean-Luc Ponty and Stanley Jordan. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 4: Mr. Mister and the Bangles. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 6: The Smiths and Phranc. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 8: Chaka Khan and Colonel Abrams. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 9: Wynton Marsalis. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30; on Aug. 6, at 7. Through Saturday, Sept. 13. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Memorial Band in the last in this summer's series of concerts. Wednesday through Friday, July 30-Aug. 1, and Sunday, Aug. 3, at 8.

Central Park Mall—Performances in the 72nd Street Bandshell. Thursday, July 31, at 7:30 (rain date Aug. 12): Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor." The last in a series of productions. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 6, at 6: Dianne McIntyre's Sounds in Motion, with Olu Dara & the Okra Orchestra. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 9, at 3: The Pierson Orchestra.

Washington Square Park—Newell Jenkins conducting the Festival Orchestra. The third in a series of four concerts. (Tuesday, Aug. 5, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.)

South Street Seaport—Free concerts on Pier 16. Saturday, Aug. 2: 10,000 Maniacs. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 9: Steve Gadd, Richard Tee, Cornell Dupree, Randy Brecker, and Lou Marinie. (East River at Fulton St. Evenings at 9.)

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Automobile Racing—At Pocono Raceway, Long Pond, Pa.: Aug. 17.

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Aug. 27-Oct. 20. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Aug. 29-Dec. 13.

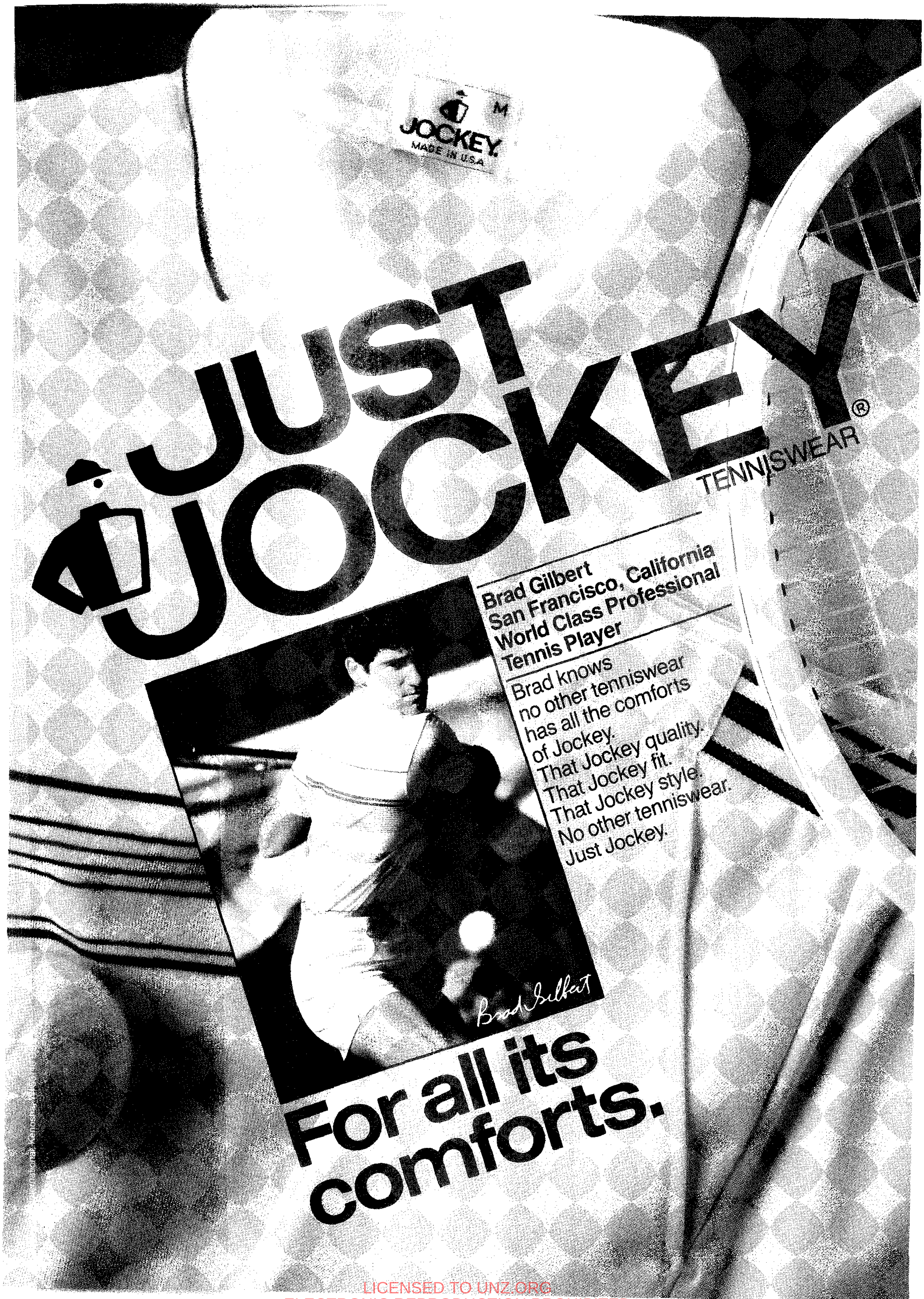
Tennis—United States Open Championships. (U.S.T.A. National Tennis Center, Flushing Meadow. Aug. 26-Sept. 7.)

Dance—Moiseyev Dance Company, at the Metropolitan Opera House. Sept. 2-14.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A 1937 London musical, "Me and My Girl," by Noel Gay (music) and L. Arthur Rose and Douglas Furber (book and lyrics), with a revised book by Stephen Fry. The cast is headed by Robert Lindsay, Maryann Plunkett, and George S. Irving. . . . ¶ Teresa Stratas and Larry Kert will star in "Rags," a musical with a score by Charles Strouse, lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, and a book by Joseph Stein. . . . ¶ A return engagement of the Royal Shakespeare Company production of "The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby," based on the Dickens novel and adapted for the stage by David Edgar. With music and lyrics by Stephen Oliver. The play will again be presented in two parts.

Other Dates—Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, Aug. 30-Sept. 1, Sept. 6-7, and Sept. 13-14. . . . ¶ Labor Day is Monday, Sept. 1.

GOLDEN APPLE MARKET
GOLDEN APPLE MARKET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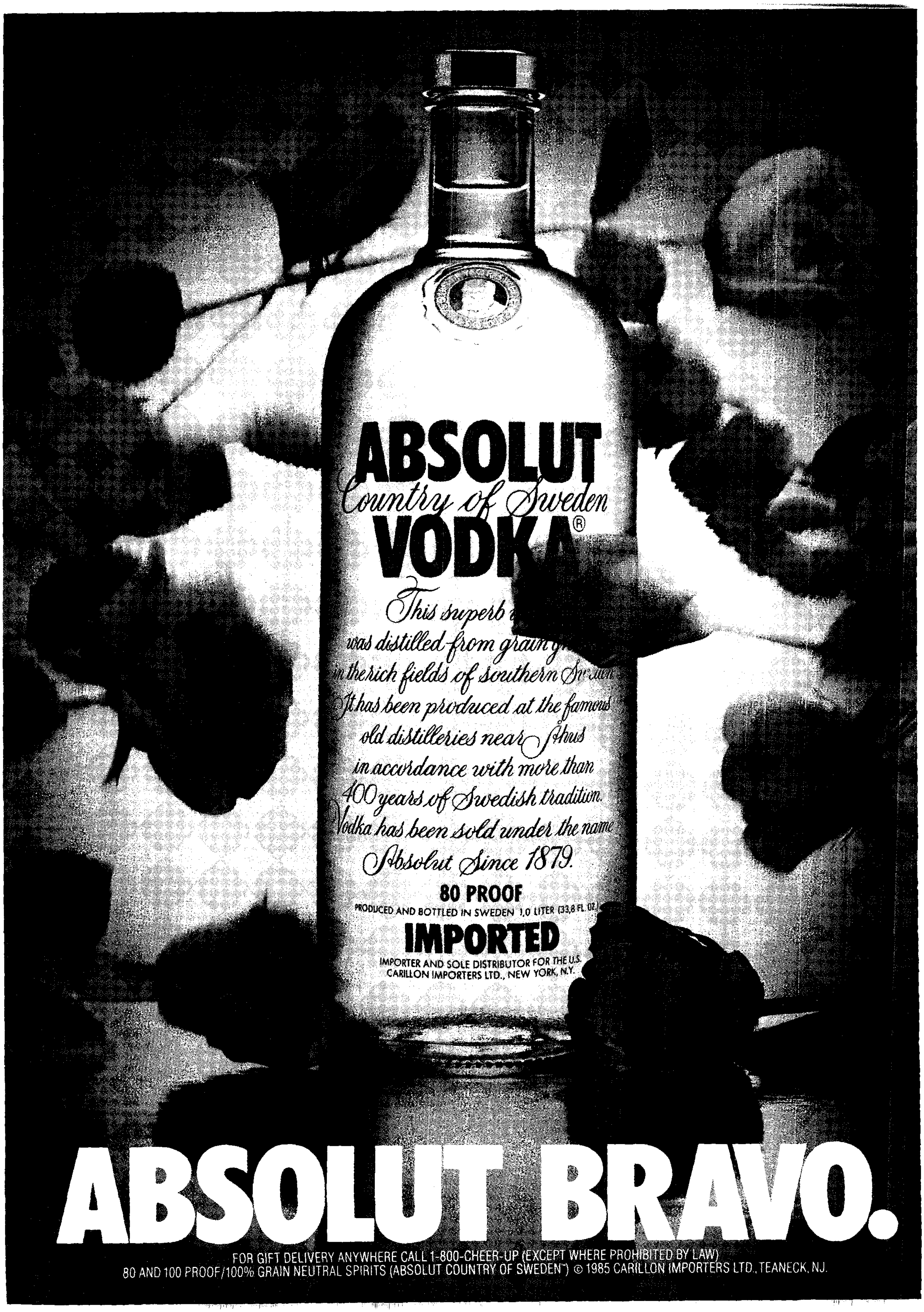
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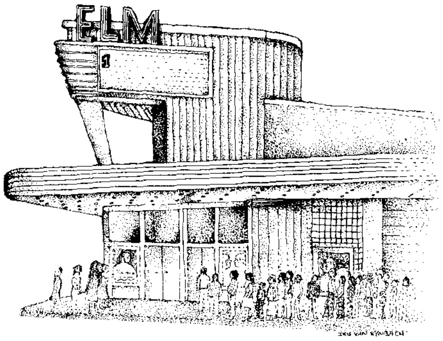
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 13.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
A program of films by Larry Cohen; and "Dreamchild" (†).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Legal Eagles" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 31: "Club Paradise" (directed by Harold Ramis), with Robin Williams, Peter O'Toole, and Rick Moranis. From Aug. 1: "Friday the 13th, Part VI—Jason Lives" (Tom McLoughlin).
Theatre 3: "Maximum Overdrive" (Stephen King), with Emilio Estevez.

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Aliens" (James Cameron), with Sigourney Weaver.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Ruthless People" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through July 31: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal. From Aug. 1: "Howard the Duck" (Willard Huyck), with Lea Thompson.
Theatre 2: "Back to School" (†).
Theatre 3: "Haunted Honeymoon" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Gilda Radner.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0225)
"The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through July 31: "Back to School" (†).
From Aug. 1: "Choke Canyon" (Chuck Bail), with Stephen Collins and Bo Svenson.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"About Last Night . . ." (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Aliens" (James Cameron), with Sigourney Weaver.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Love Songs" (Elie Chouraqui; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Christopher Lambert, and Nick Mancuso.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Out of Bounds" (Richard Tuggle), with Anthony Michael Hall.
Theatre 2: Through July 31: "Club Paradise" (Harold Ramis), with Robin Williams, Peter O'Toole, and Rick Moranis. From Aug. 1: "Back to School" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.
Theatre 2: "Flight of the Navigator" (Randal Kleiser).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Top Gun" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Mona Lisa" (†).
Theatre 2: "Malcolm" (Nadia Tass), with Colin Friels and John Hargreaves.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Nothing in Common" (Garry Marshall), with Tom Hanks and Jackie Gleason.
Theatre 2: "Haunted Honeymoon" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Gilda Radner.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Ruthless People" (†).

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through July 31: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal. From Aug. 1: "Howard the Duck" (Willard Huyck), with Lea Thompson.
Theatre 2: "Legal Eagles" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"3 Men and a Cradle" (Coline Serreau; in French).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Heartburn" (Mike Nichols), with Meryl Streep and Jack Nicholson.

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Back to School" (†).

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Aliens" (James Cameron), with Sigourney Weaver.
Theatre 2: Through July 31: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal. From Aug. 1: "Friday the 13th, Part VI—Jason Lives" (Tom McLoughlin).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through July 31: "Maximum Overdrive" (Stephen King), with Emilio Estevez. From Aug. 1: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Out of Bounds" (Richard Tuggle), with Anthony Michael Hall.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "The Assam Garden" (1985; directed by Mary McMurray), with Deborah Kerr and Madhur Jaffrey.
Theatre 2: July 30: "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" (1979; Joseph Strick); and "Ulysses" (1967; Joseph Strick), with Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Roeves. July 31-Aug. 2: "The Seventh Seal" (1956; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, and Nils Poppe; and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Jarl Kulle. Aug. 3-4: "The Magic Flute" (†) and "The Red Shoes" (†). Aug. 5-6: "Loves of a Blonde" (†); and "Closely Watched Trains" (1966; Jiří Menzel; in Czech). Aug. 7-9: "Rashomon" (1951; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune, Machiko Kyo, Masayuki Mori, and Takashi Shimura; and "Yojimbo" (1961; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Vagabond" (†).
Theatre 2: "Hail Mary" (Jean-Luc Godard; in French).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 5: "Labyrinth" (Jim Henson), with David Bowie and Jennifer Connelly. From Aug. 6: "No Surrender" (Peter Smith).
Theatre 2: "Ruthless People" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through July 31: Theatre closed.
From Aug. 1: "Brazil" (†).

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "About Last Night . . ." (†).
Theatre 2: "A Great Wall" (Peter Wang; in English and Mandarin), with Wang.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Salvador" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 7: "Vamp" (Richard Wenk), with Chris Makepeace. From Aug. 8: "A Fine Mess" (Blake Edwards), with Ted Danson.
Theatre 3: "Letter to Brezhnev" (Chris Bernard).
Theatre 4: Through July 31: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†). From Aug. 1 (tentative): "Back to School" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Nothing in Common" (Garry Marshall), with Tom Hanks and Jackie Gleason.
Theatre 2: "Flight of the Navigator" (Randal Kleiser).
Theatre 3: (Matinées only) "The Great Mouse Detective," an animated film; and (evenings only) "Out of Bounds" (Richard Tuggle), with Anthony Michael Hall.

Guild, 33 W. 50th (757-2406)
"The Great Mouse Detective," an animated film.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Flight of the Navigator" (Randal Kleiser).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Spring Symphony" (Peter Schamoni; in German), with Nastassja Kinski.

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
"Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Room with a View" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"About Last Night . . ." (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Heartburn" (Mike Nichols), with Meryl Streep and Jack Nicholson.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Men . . ." (Doris Dörrie; in German).
Theatre 2: "Men . . ."
Theatre 3: "The Girl in the Picture" (Cary Parker), with John Gordon-Sinclair and Irina Brook.

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Ran" (†).
Theatre 2: "Letter to Brezhnev" (Chris Bernard).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sincerely Charlotte" (Caroline Huppert; in French), with Isabelle Huppert.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Legal Eagles" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 31: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal. From Aug. 1: "Howard the Duck" (Willard Huyck), with Lea Thompson.
Theatre 3: "Back to School" (†).
Theatre 4: "About Last Night . . ." (†).
Theatre 5: "Aliens" (James Cameron), with Sigourney Weaver.
Theatre 6: "Ruthless People" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through July 31: "Out of Bounds" (Richard Tuggle), with Anthony Michael Hall. From Aug. 1: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through July 31: "Maximum Overdrive" (Stephen King), with Emilio Estevez. Aug. 1-7: "Salvador" (†). From Aug. 8: "A Fine Mess" (Blake Edwards), with Ted Danson.
Theatre 3: "Haunted Honeymoon" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Gilda Radner.
Theatre 4: Through July 31: "Vamp" (Richard Wenk), with Chris Makepeace. From Aug. 1: "About Last Night . . ." (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Under the Cherry Moon" (directed by Prince), with Prince.
Theatre 2: Through July 31: "Club Paradise"

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Harold Ramis), with Robin Williams, Peter O'Toole, and Rick Moranis. From Aug. 1: "Back to School" (†).
Theatre 3: "Maximum Overdrive" (Stephen King), with Emilio Estevez.
Theatre 4: "Legal Eagles" (†).
Theatre 5: "About Last Night . . ." (†).
Theatre 6: Through July 31: "Big Trouble in Little China" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell. From Aug. 1: "Psycho III" (Anthony Perkins), with Perkins.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Ruthless People" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 7: "Top Gun" (†). From Aug. 8: "A Fine Mess" (Blake Edwards), with Ted Danson.
Theatre 3: "The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.
Theatre 4: "Ferris Bueller's Day Off" (John Hughes), with Matthew Broderick.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through July 31: Theatre closed.
From Aug. 1: "Howard the Duck" (Willard Huyck), with Lea Thompson.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "Vamp" (Richard Wenk), with Chris Makepeace.
Theatre 2: Through July 31: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal. From Aug. 1: "Friday the 13th, Part VI—Jason Lives" (Tom McLoughlin).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"The Great Mouse Detective," an animated film.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Out of Bounds" (Richard Tuggle), with Anthony Michael Hall.
Theatre 2: "Nothing in Common" (Garry Marshall), with Tom Hanks and Jackie Gleason.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (315-8425)
Theatre 1: "Aliens" (James Cameron), with Sigourney Weaver.
Theatre 2: "Aliens."

U.A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: "Haunted Honeymoon" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Gilda Radner.
Theatre 2: Through July 31: "Back to School" (†). From Aug. 1: "Choke Canyon" (Chuck Bail), with Stephen Collins and Bo Svenson.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 31: "Clue" (1985; directed by Jonathan Lynn; endings A, B, and C); and "Foul Play" (1978; Colin Higgins), with Goldie Hawn and Chevy Chase.
Aug. 1-2: "Carnal Knowledge" (1971; Mike Nichols), with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret; and "Silkwood" (1983; Mike Nichols), with Meryl Streep, Kurt Russell, and Cher.

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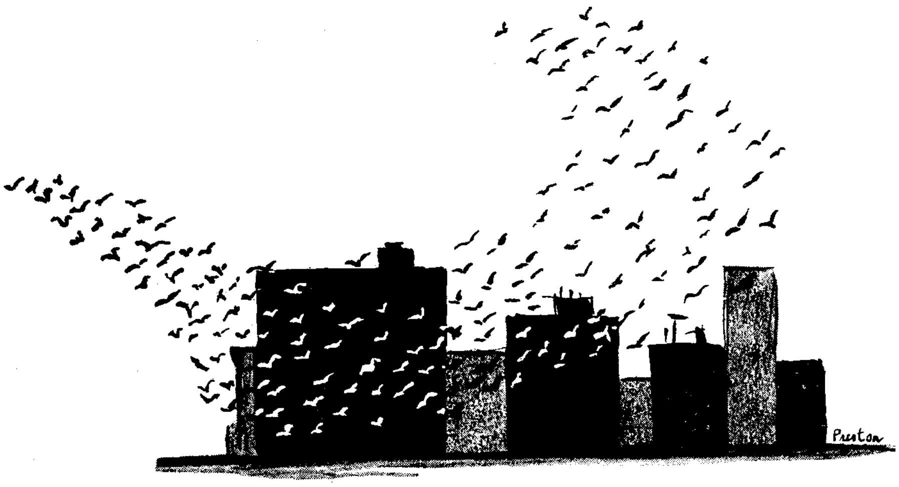
Aug. 3-5: "The Bad Sleep Well" (1960) and "Yojimbo" (1961), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.
Aug. 6-7: "Prizzi's Honor" (1985; John Huston), with Jack Nicholson, Kathleen Turner, William Hickey, and Anjelica Huston; and "Compromising Positions" (†).
Aug. 8-9: "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese), with Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji; and "Empire of Passion" (1980; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
July 30: "The Bank Dick" (1940; Edward Cline), with W. C. Fields and Una Merkel; and "Monsieur Beaucaire" (1946; George Marshall), with Bob Hope and Joan Caulfield.
July 31-Aug. 2: "The More the Merrier" (1943; George Stevens), with Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea, and Charles Coburn; and "A Letter to Three Wives" (1949; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Linda Darnell, Jeanne Crain, Ann Sothern, Kirk Douglas, and Paul Douglas.
Aug. 3-4: "His Girl Friday" (1940; Howard Hawks), with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "Ball of Fire" (1942; Howard Hawks), with Barbara Stanwyck, Gary Cooper, Dana Andrews, Dan Duryea, and Allen Jenkins.
Aug. 5-6: "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" (†); and "A Southern Yankee" (1948; Edward Sedgwick), with Red Skelton, Arlene Dahl, and Brian Donlevy.
Aug. 7-9: "The Talk of the Town" (1942; George Stevens), with Cary Grant, Jean Arthur, and Ronald Colman; and "My Favorite Wife" (1940; Garson Kanin), with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, Gail Patrick, and Randolph Scott.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
July 30: "A Hard Day's Night" (1964; Richard Lester), with the Beatles; and "Yellow Submarine" (1968; George Dunning), a full-length animated cartoon of the Beatles.
July 31: "The Magic Christian" (1970; Joseph McGrath), with Peter Sellers and Ringo Starr; and "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" (1972; William Sterling).
Aug. 1: "The Wild One" (1954; Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin; and "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger.
Aug. 2: "Five Easy Pieces" (1970; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson; and "The Last Detail" (1974; Hal Ashby), with Jack Nicholson, Otis Young, and Randy Quaid.



Aug. 3: "The Misfits" (†) and "The Treasure of the Sierra Madre" (†).
Aug. 4: A program of cartoons.
Aug. 5: "Agee" (1980; Ross Spears), a documentary; "The Quiet One" (1948; Sidney Meyers), a documentary; and "The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky" (†).
Aug. 6: "Eureka" (1985; Nicolas Roeg), with Gene Hackman, Theresa Russell, Rutger Hauer, and Mickey Rourke; and "Walkabout" (1971; Nicolas Roeg).
Aug. 7: "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (1959; Marc Allégret; in French), with Danielle Darrieux; and "The Fox" (†).
Aug. 8: "The General" (†); and "The Cameraman" (1928; Edward Sedgwick; a silent film), with Buster Keaton.
Aug. 9: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man" (†).

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
July 30: "The Wanderers" (1979; Philip Kaufman), with Ken Wahl; and "The Dark End of the Street" (1981; Jan Egleson), with Laura Harrington.
July 31: A program of cartoons.
Aug. 1-2: "Immoral Tales" (1976; Walerian Borowczyk; in French); and "The Beast" (1975; Walerian Borowczyk; in French), with Sirpa Lane.
Aug. 3: "Medea" (1971; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Maria Callas; and "Pigpen" (1969; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Pierre Clémenti and Jean-Pierre Léaud.
Aug. 4: "Providence" (1977; Alain Resnais), with Ellen Burstyn, Dirk Bogarde, John Gielgud, David Warner, and Elaine Stritch; and "La Guerre Est Finie" (1966; Alain Resnais; in French), with Yves Montand, Ingrid Thulin, Geneviève Bujold, Michel Piccoli, and Jean Dasté.
Aug. 5: "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles; and "What's Up, Doc?" (†).
Aug. 6: "The Golden Coach" (†) and "Picnic on the Grass" (†).
Aug. 7: A program of cartoons.
Aug. 8-9: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Made in U.S.A." (1967; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
July 30: "Monsieur Verdoux" (1947; Charlie Chaplin), with Chaplin and Martha Raye; and "Limelight" (1952; Charlie Chaplin), with Chaplin and Claire Bloom.
July 31: "The Adventures of Robin Hood" (1938; Michael Curtiz and William Keighley), with Olivia de Havilland, Errol Flynn, Alan Hale, Ian Hunter, Basil Rathbone, and Claude Rains; and "The Prince and the Pauper" (1937; William Keighley), with the Mauch Twins and Errol Flynn.
Aug. 1-2: "The Thin Man Goes Home" (1945; Richard Thorpe) and "Shadow of the Thin Man" (1941; W. S. Van Dyke), both films with Myrna Loy and William Powell.
Aug. 3: "The Man Who Never Was" (1956; Ronald Neame), with Clifton Webb and Gloria Grahame; and "The Spy Who Came In from the Cold" (1965; Martin Ritt), with Richard Burton, Claire Bloom, and Oskar Werner.
Aug. 4: "La Bête Humaine" (1938; Jean Renoir; in French), with Jean Gabin; and "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio.
Aug. 5: "Born Yesterday" (†) and "The Marrying Kind" (†).
Aug. 6: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "The Men" (†).
Aug. 7: "The Decameron" (1971; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini; and "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (1966; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with a cast of nonprofessionals.
Aug. 8-9: "The Paradine Case" (1947; Alfred Hitchcock), with Alida Valli, Gregory Peck, Charles Laughton, and Ann Todd; and

"North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, and Leo G. Carroll.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: July 31 at 2:30: "My Friends" (1975; directed by Mario Monicelli; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Ugo Tognazzi, Philippe Noiret, and Adolfo Celi. . . . ¶ July 31 at 6: "L'Ingorgo" (1979; Luigi Comencini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Marcello Mastroianni, Alberto Sordi, and Ugo Tognazzi. . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 2:30: "Come Have Coffee with Us" (1970; Alberto Lattuada; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Ugo Tognazzi. . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 6: "Alfredo, Alfredo" (1973; Pietro Germi; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Dustin Hoffman, Stefania Sandrelli, and Carla Gravina. . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 2: "Lo Scopone Scientifico" (1972; Luigi Comencini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Alberto Sordi, Silvana Mangano, Bette Davis, and Joseph Cotten. . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 5: "Un Borghese Piccolo Piccolo" (1977; Mario Monicelli; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Alberto Sordi and Shelley Winters. . . . ¶ Aug. 3 at 2: "We All Loved Each Other So Much" (1974; Ettore Scola; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Vittorio Gassman, Nino Manfredi, and Stefania Sandrelli. . . . ¶ Aug. 3 at 5: "La Terrazza" (1979; Ettore Scola; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Marcello Mastroianni, Vittorio Gassman, Ugo Tognazzi, and Jean-Louis Trintignant. . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 2:30: "Un Borghese Piccolo Piccolo." . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 6: "Lo Scopone Scientifico." . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at 2:30: "We All Loved Each Other So Much." . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at 6 and Aug. 7 at 2:30: "Drama of Jealousy" (1970; Ettore Scola; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Marcello Mastroianni, Monica Vitti, and Giancarlo Giannini. . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at 6: "La Terrazza." . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 2:30: "L'Armata Brancaleone" (1966; Mario Monicelli; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Vittorio Gassman, Catherine Spaak, and Gian Maria Volonté. . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 6: "Sono Stato Io" (1973; Alberto Lattuada; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Giancarlo Giannini. . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at 2: "L'Armata Brancaleone." . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at 5: "Brancaleone alle Crociate" (1970; Mario Monicelli; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Vittorio Gassman, Stefania Sandrelli, and Adolfo Celi.

Theatre 2: Theatre closed.

Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. (82nd St. entrance on Tuesdays) (570-3949)—July 30: "Charade" (1963; Stanley Donen), with Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn, and Walter Matthau. . . . ¶ July 31: "Love Me or Leave Me" (1955; Charles Vidor), with James Cagney and Doris Day. (All showings at 6:30. Tickets available one hour before performance time, on the night of the performance.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. (860-1863)—"Zelig" (1983; Woody Allen), with Allen and Mia Farrow. (Tuesday, Aug. 5, at 7.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

About Last Night . . .—This adaptation of "Sexual Perversity in Chicago," David Mamet's one-act play about singles bars and the hostility between the sexes, is close to being a conventional romance about the adjustments that lovers have to make in their first year together. Danny (Rob Lowe) is intimidated by his pal Bernie (Jim Belushi), but he learns to trust his love for Debbie (Demi Moore) and get off the singles treadmill. And Debbie casts out the doubts that are engendered by her roommate, the caustic Joan (Elizabeth Perkins). If anyone comes out of this enterprise with honor it's Perkins, who brings appealing, plaintive undercurrents to a ghastly role. Directed by Edward Zwick. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/14/86.) (Sutton, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Cinema 3, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Aug. 1.)

Back to School—Rodney Dangerfield, the archetypal complaining loser, who has always been a little sweaty and berserk, plays a winner here—a jovial, avuncular multimillionaire merchant, with a short fluffy coiffure; he discovers that his son (Keith Gordon) is miserable at college, and enrolls as a freshman so he can change things for the kid. It's Dangerfield's movie, and when he can't say a line directly to the camera he seems worried that he's not doing enough, and so he does some eyeball mugging. The picture's inertia is overpowering, but Dangerfield enthusiasts don't seem to mind the corn-pone script or the deadening moviemaking. It's like a beer bust to them. As the son's blue-haired punker roommate, Robert Downey has zapped big eyes and a serene, dreamy smile; he gives the movie its only airy touches. Sally Kellerman helps out as a throaty-voiced literature professor, and Paxton Whitehead and Sam Kinison provide marginal distractions. Also with Ned Beatty, Burt Young, M. Emmet Walsh, Adrienne Barbeau, Severn Darden, and, as himself, Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. Directed by Alan Metter; screenplay credited to Steven Kampmann, Harold Ramis, and others, from a story credited to Dangerfield and others. (7/28/86) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, U. A. East, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, and U. A. Twin; through July 31. . . . ¶ Manhattan, and Criterion Theatres; starting Aug. 1. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Aug. 1, tentative.)

Born Yesterday (1950)—Judy Holliday's classic portrait of the dumb blonde—brassy, vacuous Billie Dawn. Broderick Crawford plays the man who "keeps" her—a junkman lately become "a dealer in scrap metal" in the world of cartels. Afraid that Billie will disgrace him in Washington, he hires a newspaperman, William Holden, to make Billie more "couth." Unfortunately for both the junkman and the picture, the journalist reforms Billie, and as she gains in virtue she diminishes in interest. But you'll remember the early, acquisitive Billie with her truculent voice and glassy eyes and her gin-rummy game. Directed by George Cukor, who's not in top form; the movie is visually dead. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 5.)

Brazil—Terry Gilliam, of the Monty Python troupe, presents a retro-futurist fantasy—a melancholy, joke-ridden view of the horribleness of where we are now and the worse horribleness of where we're heading. The title refers to pop escapism of the past—what you can only dream about in the squalor and sporadic terrorist violence of an Anglo-American police state "somewhere in the twentieth century." Visually, it's an original, bravura piece of moviemaking. The central character (Jonathan Pryce) is a lowly clerk, a drone; in pursuit of the girl (Kim Greist) he has glimpsed in his dreams, he runs afoul of the state apparatus. The episodes lack dramatic definition, just as the gags do; they all run together and blur. Yet Gilliam's vision is an organic thing on the screen—and that's a considerable achievement. With Robert De Niro, Katherine Helmond, Michael Palin, Ian Holm, Ian Richardson, and Kathryn Pogson. The script is by Gilliam, Tom Stoppard, and Charles McKeown. (2/10/86) (8th St. Playhouse; starting Aug. 1.)

The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky (1952)—When the sheriff (Robert Preston) brings home a bride (the charmingly toothy Marjorie Steele), the town drunkard, Scratchy (Minor Watson), the last roaring, gun-toting bad man left in Yellow Sky, takes it as the final encroachment of civilization and goes on a rampage. The tang of James Agee's adaptation of the Stephen Crane story helps to make this one of the most entertaining American short-story films, despite rather laborious direction by Bretaigne Windust. With Olive Carey and Dan Seymour, and Agee in a small part. (Thalia; Aug. 5.)

Compromising Positions (1985)—Directed by Frank Perry, the movie provides a batch of actresses with a chance to show some comic verve. Susan Sarandon is the heroine, whose unquenchable curiosity saves her from the doldrums of affluence in the suburbs with a lawyer husband; when her smiley-eyed, lecherous dentist (Joe Mantegna) is murdered in his snazzy office, she can't resist poking into the case, because it reveals so much about what has been going on around her which she has been unaware of. Judith Ivey is in top form as the heroine's best friend and opposite number. And Deborah Rush is startlingly poignant as a tarty, uneducated blonde. The cast includes Raul Julia, Anne De Salvo, Mary Beth Hurt, Josh Mostel, Joan Allen, and Edward Herrmann, who, as the heroine's husband, starts out as a lively, friendly fellow, and then is turned into her oppressor. That's the plot development that pulls this pleasant, light entertainment down to banality in its second half. Susan Isaacs wrote the screenplay, adapted from her likably crafted detective novel, and her fresh dialogue rhythms give you a lift. (9/9/85) (Cinema Village; Aug. 6-7.)

Dreamchild—Coral Browne plays Lewis Carroll's Alice in 1932, just before her eightieth birthday, when she sails to New York to speak at the Lewis Carroll centenary celebration. Disoriented by the voyage and exhilarated by New York City, she experiences a second childhood; her mind wanders back to 1862, when the young Reverend Charles Dodgson (Ian Holm) had attempted to entertain her and her sisters by spinning his nonsense tale. It's only now that the elderly Alice grasps how deeply tormented he was and that he loved her. And with New York jogging her out of her confining Victorian primness, she sees how narrow her life has been. Written by Dennis Potter and directed by Gavin Millar, the picture is very enjoyable, and in some scenes it achieves levels of feeling that movies rarely get near. Nothing in Coral Browne's other screen performances suggests the frailty and beauty she brings to her Alice, and Ian Holm's performance is wonderful—funny and painful at the same time. With Amelia Shankley as Alice at ten, Jane Asher, Peter Gallagher, Nicola Cowper, and six Lewis Carroll–Tenniel creatures from Jim Henson's Creature Shop. (10/21/85) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre.)

The Fox (1968)—This is D. H. Lawrence's 1923 novella stripped of its subtlety, Freudianized, and turned into something resembling Lillian Hellman's "The Children's Hour." It's now a story about two young women—sickly, chattering, ultra-feminine Jill (Sandy Dennis) and dark, quiet, strong March (Anne Heywood)—who are trying, rather hopelessly, to run a chicken farm in Canada. There is some symbolism about a fox that has been raiding the hen coop, and along comes a marauding male (Keir Dullea, with his voice lowered to indicate masculine strength), who kills the fox, puts the farm in order, and proposes to March, thus awakening the lesbianism dormant in the women. In making the movie sexually explicit, the adapters, Lewis John Carlino and Howard Koch, and the director, Mark Rydell, have diminished the material. (Thalia; Aug. 7.)

The General (1926)—Buster Keaton at his very greatest, except, perhaps, for "The Navigator." He did it all himself: stunt jobs, props, script, the lot. The film has all the sweet earnestness in the world. It is about trains, frontier America, flower-faced girls. (Thalia; Aug. 8.)

The Golden Coach (1953)—At his greatest, Jean Renoir expressed the beauty in our common humanity; that's what Anna Magnani at *her* greatest also expressed. This movie—his tribute to the commedia dell'arte—is also a tribute to her fabulous gifts, and she gives the film its gusto. We see her here not only as a sensual, earthy "woman of the people" but as an artist who exhausts her resources in creating the illusion of volcanic reality. Though Renoir has taken Prosper Mérimée's vehicle and shaped it for her, it will be forever debatable whether it contains her or she explodes it. But as this puzzle is parallel with the theme—a Pirandellian confusion of theatre and everyday life—it adds another layer to the ironic comedy. The film is set in a dusty frontier in Renaissance Peru: a band of Italian strolling players is attempting to bring art to South America. The movie has been compared to "Così Fan Tutte"—it is light and serious, cynical and beautiful, a blend of color, wit, and Vivaldi music. The film was made in English; though Magnani herself, in her first English-speaking role, is vocally magnificent, some of the other actors speak in dreary tones and some of the minor characters appear to be dubbed. Duncan Lamont, as the Spanish viceroy, and Riccardo Rioli, as the bullfighter, are just fine, but Paul Campbell, as the Castilian nobleman, is inept and his scenes go limp. This was Renoir's second color film (after "The River"), and his directorial rhythm seems to falter in his work in color, but in the flow and warmth of "The Golden Coach" this defect, like the others, is trifling. The cinematography is by Claude Renoir. (Thalia SoHo; Aug. 6.)

Hannah and Her Sisters—A minor, agreeably skillful movie by Woody Allen. It's likable, but you wish there were more to like. The principal characters are members of a show-business family, with the stable, dependable Hannah (Mia Farrow), a successful actress who manages a career and children with equal serenity, as the pivotal figure, and Barbara Hershey and Dianne Wiest as her sisters. Hannah's parents are played by Maureen O'Sullivan and the late Lloyd Nolan, her financial-consultant husband by Michael Caine, and her TV writer-producer ex-husband by Allen himself. The picture would be lifeless without him; the other roles are so thin that there's nobody else to draw us into the story, and all the vital vulgarity of Woody Allen's early movies is gone. With Max von Sydow, Julie Kavner, Carrie Fisher, Daniel Stern, Sam Waterston, Tony Roberts (uncredited), and Bobby Short as himself. (2/24/86) (New Carnegie. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through July 31.)

Legal Eagles—As a New York assistant district attorney, Robert Redford reminds you of what made him a star—but his affable performance is no more than a reminder. Debra Winger is confined in the prim, tailored-suit role of a dedicated young defense lawyer; she has glimmers of humor, but the part is an emotional straitjacket. And Daryl Hannah, who is charged with stealing one of her dead artist father's paintings, and then with murder, has no character to play—she goes through the movie pouting, her long blond hair flowing, her eyes blank. The cast includes Terence Stamp (more assured every year and looking great), David Clennon, Brian Dennehy, Roscoe Lee Browne, Christine Baranski, Sara Botsford, Steven Hill, and many other gifted performers who flit onscreen and off, with nothing to do but push the engine-less plot uphill. Directed by Ivan Reitman. (6/30/86) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews New York Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Theatres.)

Loves of a Blonde (1965)—A dreamily romantic young girl who is depressed and lost in her regimented factory milieu mistakes the casual interest of a young musician for a serious interest, and follows him to his home. The Miloš Forman picture is a comedy, and yet it's too painful and desolate to be funny; it reveals a horribly petty middle-class world within the Socialist economy. With Hana Brejchova and Vladimir Pucholt. In Czech. (Film Forum; Aug. 5-6.)

The Magic Flute (1975)—Ingmar Bergman said that making this film "was the best time of my life; you can't imagine what it is like to have Mozart's music in the studio every day." Actually, watching the movie, one can. He has treated Mozart's peerlessly silly masterpiece with elegance and supreme affection. We get the pixillated feeling that we're near enough to touch the person who is singing; we might be dreamers sailing invisibly among the guests at a cloud-borne party. The English translation of Bergman's adaptation (he clarifies the text) has considerable grace, and the titles are unusually well placed in the frame; the story comes across even more directly than when you hear the opera sung in English. In Swedish. (Film Forum; Aug. 3-4.)

The Marrying Kind (1952)—An uneven, serious sitcom, directed by George Cukor from a script by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin. As the couple whose marriage is breaking up, Judy Holliday (of the friendly brass lungs) and Aldo Ray (with his lightweight cracked-gravel croak) have a surprising salt-and-pepper rapport. But there's nothing to this movie except the expertly contrived misunderstandings of simple "little people." It's warm; at times it's likable. But does anybody believe a minute of it? With Madge Kennedy as a judge, and Peggy Cass and Phyllis Povah. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 5.)

The Men (1950)—Marlon Brando made his first screen appearance as the paraplegic Second World War hero, rebelling furiously and helplessly against his condition; paradoxically, Brando gives an overpowering physical performance. He's amazingly sensitive and intense—no one before him who smoldered onscreen ever gave off so much heat. Fred Zinnemann directed, with sureness and tact, using the paraplegic patients in a California veterans' hospital as part of the cast. With Jack Webb, Teresa Wright, and Everett Sloane. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 6.)

The Miracle of Morgan's Creek (1944)—It's wartime, and Betty Hutton is the overenthusiastic girl who dates a soldier and produces sextuplets. This is one of Preston Sturges's surreal-slapstick-satire-conniption-fit comedies, and part of our great crude heritage. The picture was held up a year because of censorship problems, and you'll know why. With Eddie Bracken, Diana Lynn, William Demarest, Brian Donlevy, and Akim Tamiroff. (Regency; Aug. 5-6.)

The Misfits (1961)—Arthur Miller wrote the screenplay about contemporary cowboys—"misfits" in the film's symbolism—who hunt down wild horses and sell them to be butchered for dog food. Marilyn Monroe is a lonely, emotionally unstable divorcée who is deeply upset by the men's determination to capture the horses. Monroe had never worked her vulnerability so excessively before—she's pushy about her own sensitivity. Clark Gable plays an aging cowhand who falls in love with her, and Montgomery Clift is particularly engaging in the smaller role of a cowhand-rodeo rider with mother troubles. If there is a right tone in which to play the Miller script, the director, John Huston, doesn't find it. The film was plagued by delays caused by Monroe's psychiatric disorders, and these delays, plus the heat and the arduous actions required of him, are widely believed to have caused Gable's heart attack and death just after shooting was finished. With Eli Wallach, Thelma Ritter, Kevin McCarthy, Marietta Tree, James Barton, and Estelle Winwood. (Thalia; Aug. 3.)

Mona Lisa—Directed by the Irish novelist turned moviemaker Neil Jordan, the whole movie has some of the potency of cheap music that's represented by the title song (in Nat King Cole's 1950 recording). The short, chunky Bob Hoskins is tremendous as a one-time petty crook, just emerged from prison; given the job of chauffeuring a black call girl (Cathy Tyson) on her nightly rounds, he falls in love with her. She sets him to searching for a friend she's worried about—a blond fifteen-year-old heroin addict. As he makes his way through the strip joints and whores' hangouts, he's sickened by the way the girls are mistreated, and he sees that his old boss (Michael Caine) is in the rotten thick of it. Jordan shows a gift for making the emotional atmosphere visual, and vice versa. And the way he uses baroque touches and the clichés of old thrillers they become part of a fluid, enjoyable texture. With Robbie Coltrane, Clarke Peters, and Zoe Nathenson. Script by Jordan and David Leland. (6/16/86) (Cinema I.)

My Beautiful Laundrette—A startlingly fresh movie about life in South London among the surly white street gangs and the Pakistani immigrants. In the foreground is a love affair between a dark-eyed, softly handsome, almost flowerlike Pakistani teen-ager, Omar (Gordon Warnecke), and a young blond street lout, Johnny (Daniel Day Lewis). They become partners when Omar persuades his slumlord uncle (Saeed Jaffrey) to let him have a ratty-looking failed laundrette, and the two boys, using stolen money, turn it into the laundrette of their flashy dreams. Directed by Stephen Frears, from a witty script by the young playwright Hanif Kureishi, the film catches you up in the racketeering and decay of modern big-city life; you feel that your blinders have been taken off. It's an enormous pleasure to see a movie that's real-

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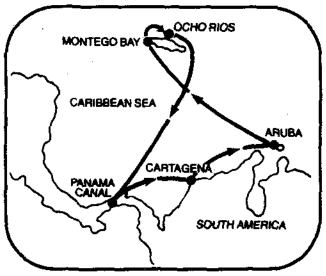

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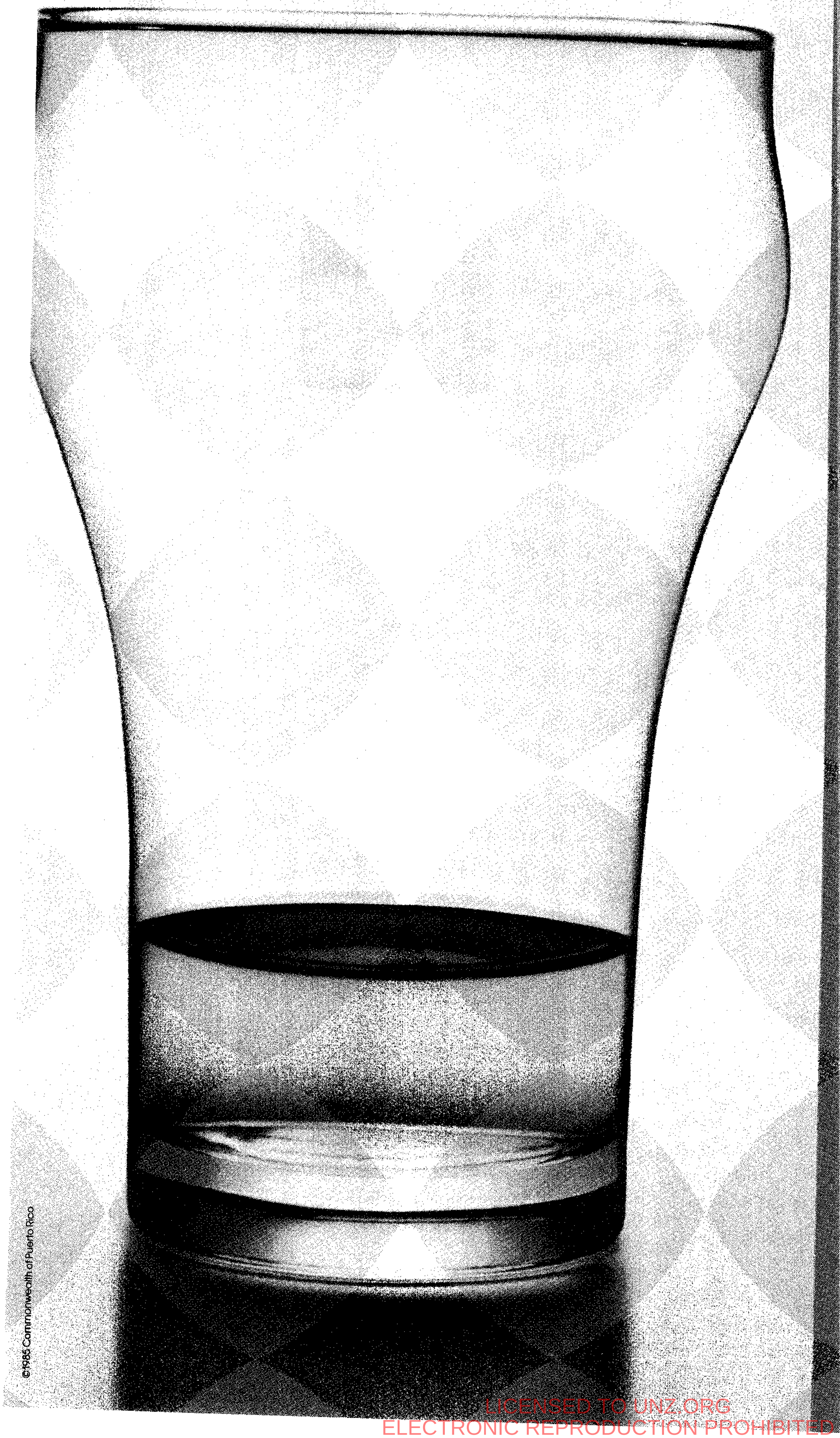

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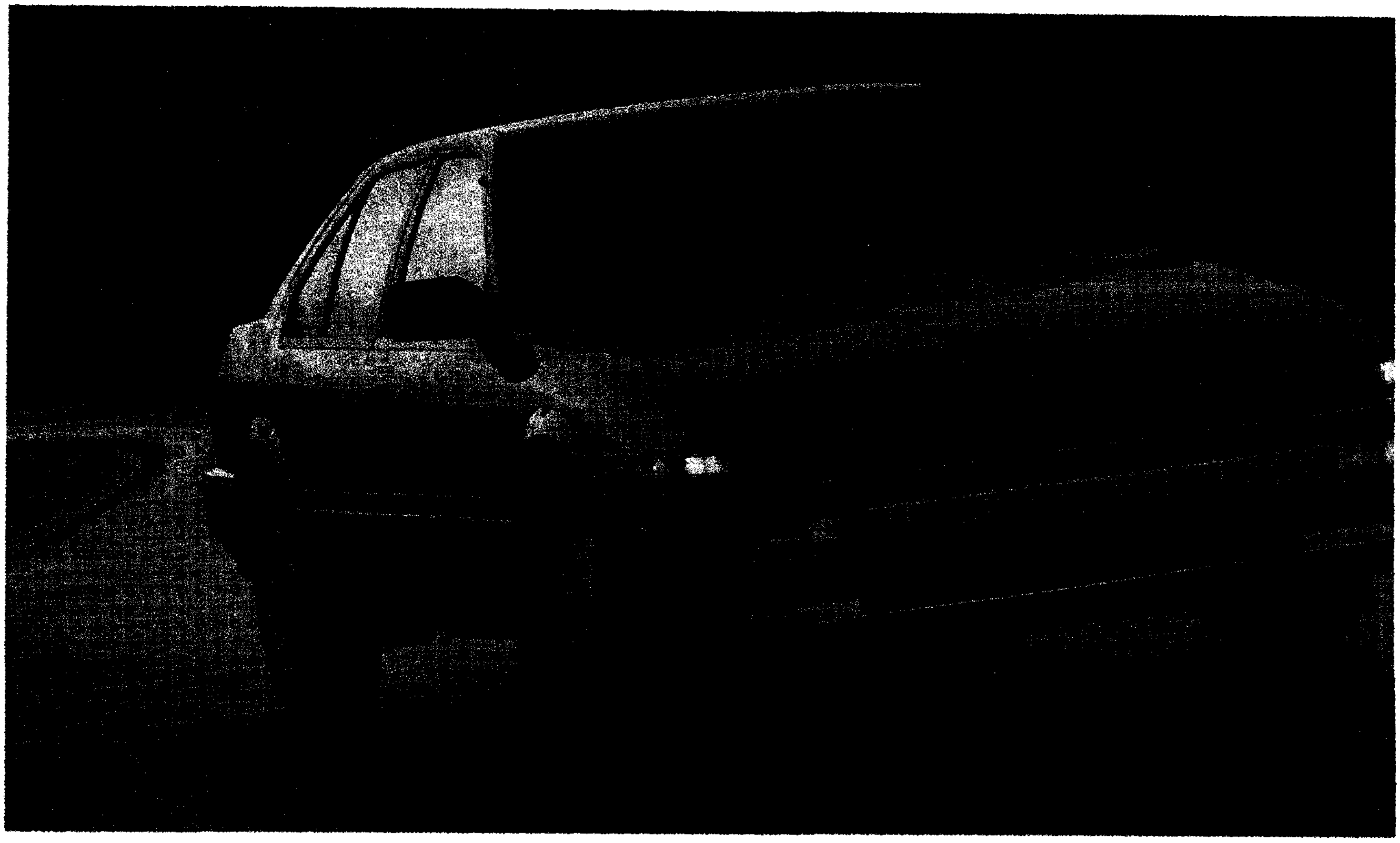

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ly about something, and that doesn't lay on any syrupy coating to make the subject go down easily. (It's down before you notice it.) The cast includes Shirley Anne Field, Roshan Seth, Rita Wolf, and Souad Faress. (3/10/86) (Embassy 72nd St.)

Picnic on the Grass (1959)—Jean Renoir, but at neither his best nor even his second best. His themes are reduced to crotchets in this story about a scientist (Paul Meurisse) who preaches artificial insemination until he catches sight of Catherine Rouvel bathing nude. In French. (Thalia SoHo; Aug. 6.)

Ran—Set in the sixteenth century, Kurosawa's epic spectacle, a variation on the theme of "King Lear," is static, but it deepens, and it has its own ornery splendor. For the first forty minutes or so, the picture is all preparation, and it seems dead, but then the preparation begins to pay off, and by the end the fastidiousness and the monumental scale of what Kurosawa has undertaken can flood you with admiration. With Mieko Harada, Tatsuya Nakadai, the Japanese transvestite pop star known as Peter, and Hisashi Ikawa. In Japanese. (Two hours and forty-one minutes.) (1/13/86) (Cinema Studio.)

The Red Shoes (1948)—The film contains a fourteen-minute ballet, also entitled "The Red Shoes," based on a Hans Christian Andersen story about a wicked shoemaker who sells an enchanted pair of slippers to a young girl. Delighted at first with the slippers, in which she dances joyously, she discovers they will not let her stop dancing—and the bewitched, exhausted girl dies. The film's story is, of course, the same story, spelled out in more complicated terms, with the shoemaker of the ballet (Léonide Massine) replaced by the megalomaniac ballet impresario (Anton Walbrook). The exquisite young Moira Shearer is the ballerina; the cast includes Marius Goring, Robert Helpmann, Albert Basserman, Ludmilla Tcherina, and Esmond Knight. Blubbery and self-conscious, but it affects some people *passionately*, and it's undeniably some kind of classic. Written, produced, and directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger—master purveyors of high kitsch. (Film Forum; Aug. 3-4.)

A Room with a View—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. It's more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming foolishness. With Denholm Elliott, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach. It was directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. (3/24/86) (Paris.)

Ruthless People—A cheesy low farce, with Danny DeVito as a thieving millionaire who wants to kill his heiress wife (Bette Midler) and is overjoyed when she's kidnapped. With Judge Reinhold and Helen Slater (who has good eyes for rolling) as the warmhearted kidnappers; Anita Morris as the husband's mistress (she looks as if she could do considerably better); Bill Pullman as the mistress's ninny of a lover; and William G. Schilling as the police commissioner. Directed by the "Airplane!" threesome—Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker. (7/14/86) (Bay Cinema, Beekman, Waverly, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

Salvador—The director, Oliver Stone, is probably aiming for a Buñuelian effect—a vision so intensely scummy that it clears the air. If the result, with its grime and guilt, comes closer to suggesting a hyperkinetic, gonzo version of Graham Greene, that's still nothing to be ashamed of. Written by Stone and the free-lance foreign correspondent Richard Boyle, the movie presents the civil war in El Salvador during the years 1980 and 1981 as some kind of ultimate bad trip. James Woods, perhaps the most hostile of all American actors, plays Boyle as a scroungy hustler who knows how to function in chaos: the squalid confusion wires him up, and he feels on top of things. The title doesn't refer just to the country: "Salvador" means "savior," and Woods' Boyle is the one who needs to be saved. What Stone has here is a right-wing macho fantasy joined to a left-leaning polemic. He writes and directs as if someone had put a gun to the back of his neck and yelled "Go!" and didn't take it away until he'd finished. Made on location in Mexico, except for a few scenes set in this country; the money was raised from British and Mexican sources. With Elpidia Carrillo as the peasant madonna, Jim Belushi as Doctor Rock, John Savage as the dedicated photojournalist, and Michael Murphy, Tony Plana, and Cynthia Gibb. Cinematography by Robert Richardson; music by Georges Delerue. (7/28/86) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; Aug. 1-7.)

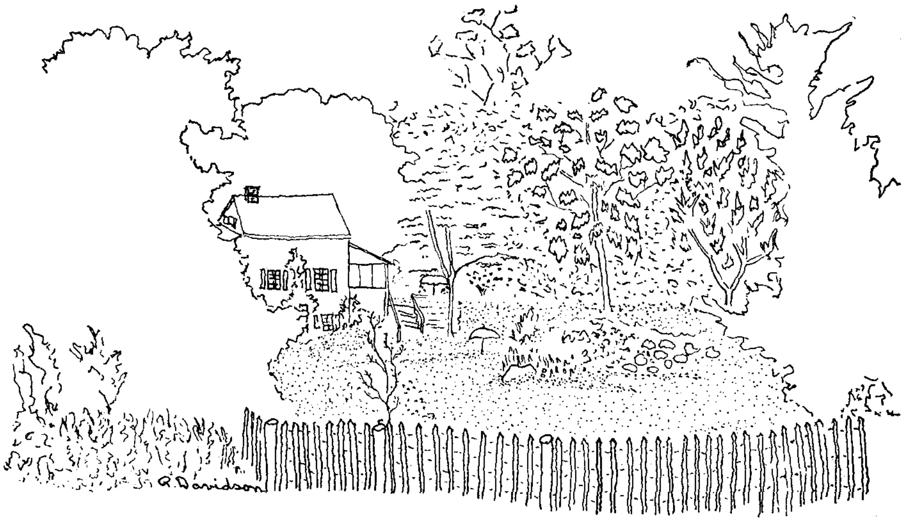
Top Gun—The strapping Kelly McGillis is an astrophysicist employed to teach the élite fighter pilots in training at San Diego's Miramar Naval Air Station; her co-star, the relatively diminutive Tom Cruise, is supposed to be the most daring of her students. When McGillis is offscreen, the movie is a shiny homoerotic commercial; the pilots strut around the locker room, towels hanging precariously from their waists. In between the bare-chested maneuvers, there's footage of ugly snub-nosed jets taking off, whooshing around in the sky, and landing while the soundtrack calls up Armageddon and the Second Coming. What is the movie selling? It's just selling, because that's what the producers, Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer, and the director, Tony Scott, know how to do. Selling is what they think moviemaking is about. With Val Kilmer, Anthony Edwards, and Tom Skerritt. (6/16/86) (D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ Embassy; through Aug. 7.)

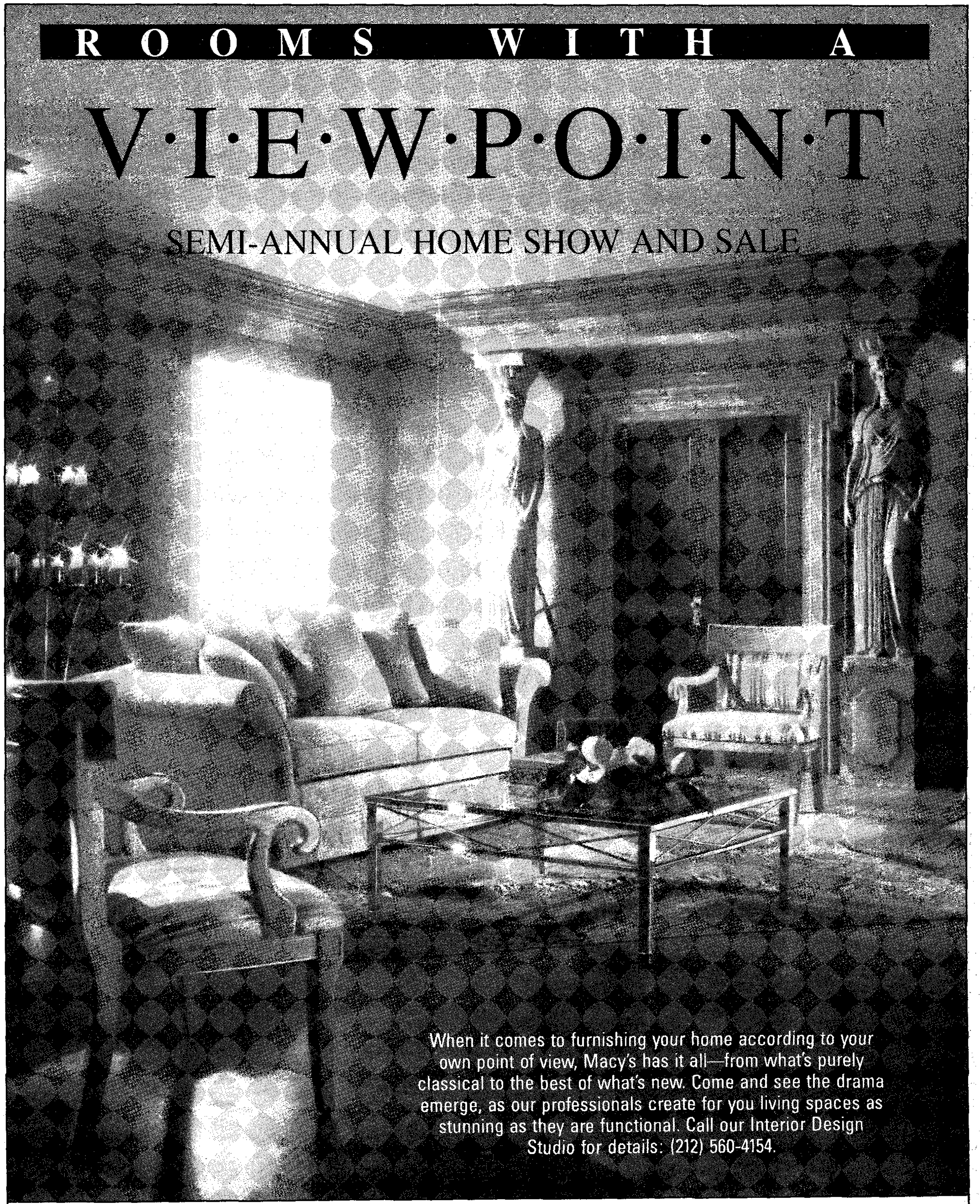
Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man (1981)—Bernardo Bertolucci's movie about a left-wing terrorist kidnapping in Parma centers on the father (Ugo Tognazzi) who is required to give up everything he has worked for—a big cheese factory, a villa, and a yacht—to recover a son, who he suspects may be in on the plot. Tognazzi does his robust-life-force and peasant-cunning number. He does have more energy than anything else in the movie, but it's the hollow kind of actor's energy you want to get away from. The movie is logy—complex yet undramatic; there's no urgency, no tension, and you sense that you're not going to find out what's going on, that it's all metaphorical. Screenplay by Bertolucci. With Anouk Aimée, Laura Morante, Victor Cavallo, and Riki Tognazzi. In Italian. (Thalia; Aug. 9.)

The Treasure of the Sierra Madre (1948)—One of the strongest of all American movies. Three Americans stranded in Mexico dig for gold and strike it rich—and the writer-director, John Huston, "looks on," as he says, and "lets them stew in their own juice." Bogart is the paranoid tough guy, Fred C. Dobbs; Walter Huston is the toothless, shrewd old prospector; Tim Holt is a blunt, honest young man. With Alfonso Bedoya as a primitive bandit who makes one appreciate civilization, Robert Blake, and Bruce Bennett. The first section (about twenty minutes), set in Tampico, with Bogart getting a haircut and fighting Barton MacLane in a bar, is so sure and lucid it's as good as anything John Huston ever did—maybe even better than "The Maltese Falcon." But there he sustained the hard, economic style; here he doesn't. And an episode involving the reading of a letter written by Bruce Bennett's wife is so false and virtuous that it's hard to believe that it's in the same movie as those scenes in Tampico. The picture is emotionally memorable, though—it has a powerful cumulative effect; when it's over you know you've seen something. (Thalia; Aug. 3.)

Vagabond—Agnès Varda wrote and directed this scrupulously hardheaded film about an eighteen-year-old girl on the road, a deliberately homeless drifter who lives on handouts, thefts, a little prostitution, and the occasional odd job. At the opening, her frozen body is discovered in a ditch in the countryside. Varda presents the movie as a documentary investigating how this happened. The characters are the sullen, suspicious, vacant-eyed young girl (played immaculately by Sandrine Bonnaire) and the witnesses to her last weeks. The purity and boldness of Varda's approach may call Robert Bresson to mind, but we see the closed-off girl strictly from the outside, and this factual, objective view isn't enough. With Macha Méril. In French. (5/19/86) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

What's Up, Doc? (1972)—Peter Bogdanovich tries to resuscitate screwball comedy; his chief source is the 1938 "Bringing Up Baby," with Cary Grant and Katharine Hepburn—an extended absent-minded professor joke that's a lovely piece of lunacy. Ryan O'Neal and Barbra Streisand are asked to play Grant and Hepburn. They're given no other characters, and O'Neal is embarrassing as he diligently goes through the Grant motions and mannerisms; Streisand comes off better because she sticks to her own rapid, tricky New Yorkese line readings. There are a couple of wonderful fresh moments (seconds, really) when Sorrell Booke trips Mabel Albertson and when they wrestle together in a hotel corridor. Though the picture works only fitfully and at a rather infantile, imitative level, that was enough to make it a box-office hit. Also with Madeline Kahn, Austin Pendleton, and Kenneth Mars. (Thalia SoHo; Aug. 5.)





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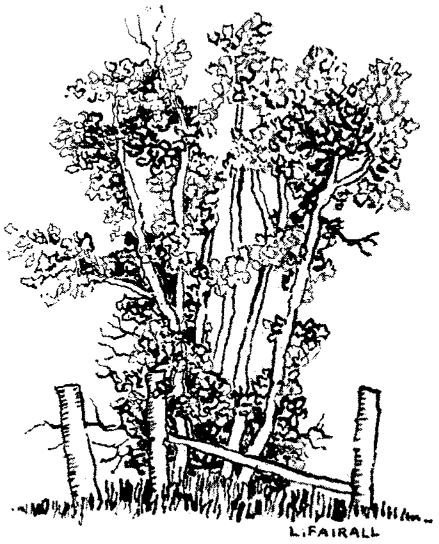
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WHEN it comes to forecasts—of the weather, of the price of oil, of hemlines—we're so used to surprises by now that if there is no surprise that's the biggest surprise. Hence it does not astound us, however much it may disturb us, to find that the rosy predictions for the national and world economies of just a few months ago have suddenly darkened, and that economists are now warning us of slow growth (if any), of unemployment, of insufficient demand, of growing debt, and of frailty in the international banking system. It does still surprise us, though, when the soothsayers, leaving their usual terrain of the frangible future, take another look at the supposedly solid past and start revising that, too. This is the point at which disorientation and dizziness set in. We had those feelings when we read a recent story in the business section of the *Times* called "The Average Guy Takes It on the Chin." According to the article, "the cheerful expectation of being better off than one's parents has died among many baby boomers." And with good reason, it seems. For example: Average weekly incomes have fallen by 14.3 per cent since 1973, after the effects of inflation are discounted. Median household income fell by six per cent between 1973 and 1984—to $26,433, in 1984 dollars. In 1973, the average thirty-year-old American male earned $23,580, and in 1983 the average thirty-year-old American male earned $17,520, both figures again in 1984 dollars. And that's without mentioning the average female, who is increasingly likely to be the head of the household and is making even less than the average male. Twenty-seven per cent of all the new jobs created between 1963 and 1978 paid eighty-seven hundred dollars or less annually, in 1984 dollars; between 1978 and 1984, the number of new jobs paying that wage (it works out to about four dollars an hour) or less grew to thirty-seven per cent, or almost four in ten.

Could this average guy, watching his income shrink, we wondered, be the same average guy who, in the nearly unanimous consensus of pollsters, editorialists, and other journalistic observers, was now "feeling good about America"? Was it he who in the last election, after watching the commercial for the Reagan campaign that said that it was "Morning in America," proceeded to pull the lever for the reëlection of the President? Did the television commercials override his own experience? Could they make him believe it was morning in America even when it was twilight in his paycheck? Are there some other statistics somewhere that tell an opposite story—a story less contradictory of the story America has been telling itself in the press and on the campaign trail for the last half decade or so? Do the statistics lie? Did the television commercials tell the truth? We don't know, but as it is now, when you read the *Times* story it's as if you went to bed one night with the Mets a safe fourteen games in front and you woke up the next morning and they were in third place, six games below .500, and everyone was into soccer anyway. Somehow, it appears, there has been a tremendous slippage between the world of numbers inhabited by experts and the world of images that, since the rise of television, the rest of us Americans have come to live in. At some point, one of these worlds is going to have to give way to the other—and chances are it's the image world that will have to be corrected. The future is inevitably uncertain, but when the past, too, starts to wobble and drift it's time to examine not just the condition of the nation but also the condition of the instruments with which as a nation we seek to see and understand ourselves.



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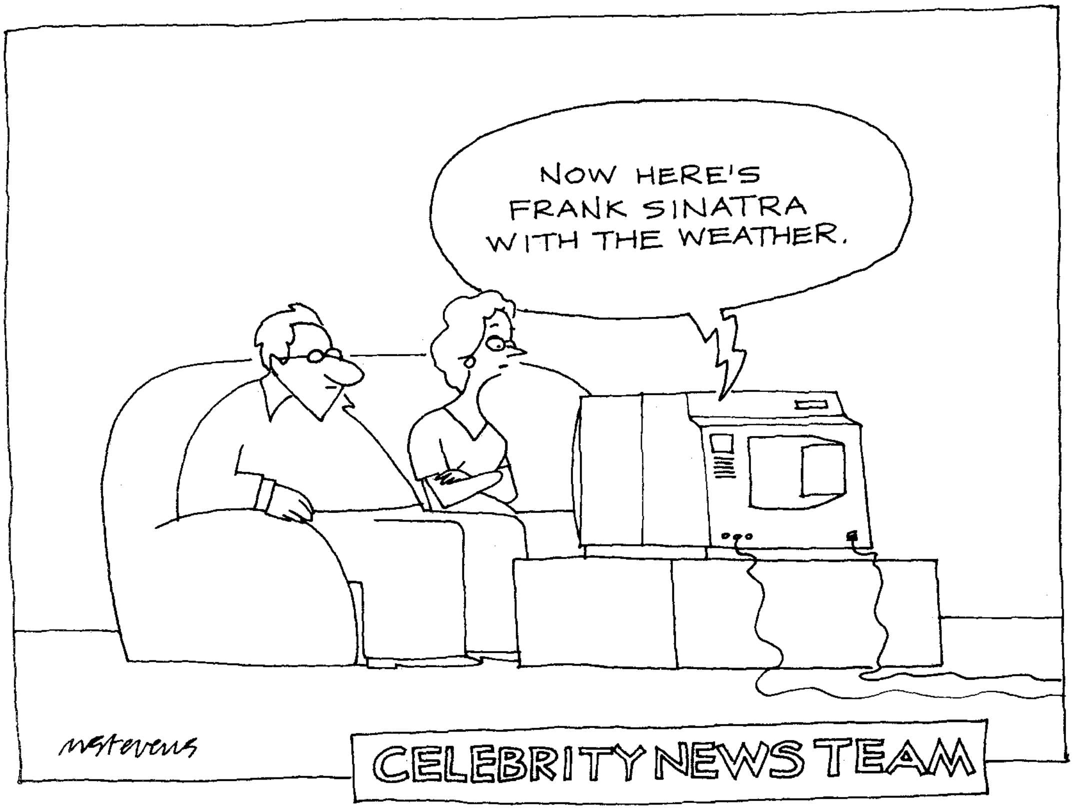
Ultimately Offering Olives

SHORTLY after dawn the Sunday before last, Sotiris Kitrilakis, a sturdy, quiet-mannered fifty-three-year-old gentleman, who is the founder and president of a California-based food-importing company offering a line of products called Peloponnese, left the upper-East Side apartment of his cousin, who was putting him up here, and loaded a taxi with about a hundred pounds of jars and cans of his wares, including six kinds of olives (Ionian Green, Atalánti, Thasos, Amfissa, Nafplion, and Kalamata) and such other Greek delicacies as wild capers and dolmas, or stuffed grape leaves, and with a number of display trays and stands and posters of his logo, which is a painting of Poros, a Greek village near Athens, complete with fishing boats, domed church, and olive grove. It was the opening day of the Thirty-second Annual International Fancy Food and Confection Show, at the Jacob K. Javits Convention Center. Mr. Kitrilakis, who has the traditional Greek bushy, unruly mustache (white), and who was dressed impeccably in a dark-blue-gray suit, a white shirt, and a dark-red necktie, drove quickly through the nearly deserted streets to the Center and was one of the first to set up a display inside—in Booth 1755, a ten-by-ten-foot space among the booths of seven hundred and twenty-five exhibitors at the show. Peloponnese was between Häagen-Dazs and the Champlain Chocolate Company, of Burlington, Vermont, and was directly across the aisle (one of thirty-three aisles amid the four hundred and ten thousand square feet of the carpeted exhibition hall plus the high-glass-ceilinged Crystal Palace approach) from Van Cortlandt Coffee, importers of chocolate-mint, hazelnut, Colombian fancy blend, naturally decaffeinated, and so forth.

How did Sotiris Kitrilakis come to be offering olives and stuff for sampling at the Javits Center? Easy. He was born in Athens, son of a Greek Army general. His mother taught French in a high school. When he was seven, the Germans occupied Greece. His father ran an espionage ring for the Allies. Sotiris Kitrilakis helped his family nurture its small garden, which, providing cabbage, zucchini, and other greens, was typical of the main source of food for most of the hungry or starving populace. No olives or olive oil. In 1949, he obtained, through the American Field Service, a scholarship to attend high school in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. From there, he went to M.I.T., earned a degree in chemical engineering in 1955, and stayed on awhile in graduate school, marching, like so many other technologically inclined students, along the path of various forms of energy conversion. He went to Greece in 1957, when it seemed that Greece was rebuilding its industries, but after a couple of years he returned to the Boston area. There he spent a decade working in various energy-conversion programs, including one seeking to develop plutonium as an energy source for a nuclear heart for the Artificial Heart Program of the National Institutes of Health. In 1970, by which time he had a wife and two children, he moved to Berkeley, California, founded a company called Tecna, and worked to develop a number of medical devices, including a heart-lung machine. In 1975, Tecna was purchased by G. D. Searle & Company. Sotiris Kitrilakis, now a consultant for Tecna, started spending long vacations in Greece, and built a house on Zakynthos, the southernmost of the Ionian Islands, which had been under the Venetians from the fourteenth century until the end of the nineteenth and had been planted profusely by them with olive trees. There was one huge old olive tree on his property, a Dopio, and it offered a lot of olives for making oil. From his olive tree and the people in the nearby village of Lithakia, Sotiris Kitrilakis rediscovered Greek country food, and he liked it. On trips back to California, where he was still working as a consultant, he started bringing along olives and olive oil for his own use. In no time, he was bringing back olive oil and olives in barrels. In 1983, he formed a trading company called Rockridge, after the name of his rapid-transit station in Berkeley. He gave an artist friend some stock in the company in exchange for the painting that became the logo for his company, and named his products Peloponnese. He moved into offices in Richmond, near Berkeley; found canners and packagers in Greece for Peloponnese; and, that summer, took olives and extra-virgin olive oil and wine vinegar and herbs to his first Fancy Food show, in San Francisco. Peloponnese was on its way. With two food shows a year behind him, Sotiris Kitrilakis was now on his seventh. In Booth 1755, he was relaxed about the whole thing. In fact, at 11 A.M., having refilled his sample trays of olives and grape leaves at least four times, he left Booth 1755 in the care of an associate and took a break, during which he went around to some of the other exhibits to do a little sampling himself.

For starters, Mr. Kitrilakis sampled Katjes Gummy Bears, Chocolate-Covered Gummy Bears, Black Forest Gummy Bears, Jollibo's Gummi Bears, Care Bears Gummi Bears, Sugar Free Jolly Bears, Katjes Gummy Fish, Katjes Gummy Sour Berries, Care Bears Care-a-Lot Cups, Care Bears Chocolate Chumms Bar, and Katjes Gummy Puffs. On to Lucky Beans, from Jamaica; Ricola Natural Herb Cough Drops, from Laufen, Switzerland; Westlow's Bonney Pepper Sauce, from Barbados; D. L. Jardine's Famous Foods, from Austin, Texas; the Peanut Patch, of Courtland, Virginia; Kosherific Crunchy Fish Fillets, from Jericho, New York; Boston Harbour Tea, via Dedham, Massachusetts; Pride of Hungaria Acacia Honey and Pick Salami, from Hungary; Cigar-Drink ("In a world constantly seeking novelty I sought to recreate that special time-honoured moment which blends all the warmth of a fine Cognac with that of a good cigar," a deluxe pamphlet said), of Bordeaux, France; Wolferman's ("Good Things to Eat"), of Fairway, Kansas; Piggy Brand Chocolate Truffles, from London, England; smoked salmon, from Strathaird Sea Foods, of Inverness, Scotland; Bessie's Gourmet Fruitcakes, of Signal Mountain, Tennessee; the Fudge Farm, of South Bend, Indiana; Nikki's Cookies, from Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Schamel Horseradish, of Baiersdorf, West Germany; Atkinson's Pecan Candies, of Garfield, Georgia; Midnight Sun Cloud Berries, from Kungsängen, Sweden; House of Tsang ("Flavors of the Orient"), from San Francisco; House of Aulsebrooks Crispbreads, from Auckland, New Zealand; Goin' Nuts Peanut Butter (Amber Maple), of New York City; Alpenglow Sparkling Cider, from Linden, Virginia; Two Cupboards Hot & Sweet Sauce, from Baltimore, Maryland; Robern Fruits, from Adelaide, South Australia (here he acquired a gold-metal kangaroo lapel pin); the Perrier Group, of Greenwich, Connecticut; Creole Delicacies Kitchens, Inc., of Metairie, Louisiana; the Sphinx Date Ranch, of Phoenix, Arizona; Mrs. Johnstone's Candy Company, of North Plainfield, New Jersey; Sarah Curran's Puddings, from Bewley Irish Imports, via West Chester, Pennsylvania; Peter Christian's Tavern's Mulled Cider Mustard and Tamari and Honey Salad Dressing, from New London, New Hampshire; Smith & Jamieson Tea, from Toronto, Ontario; Whole Earth No-Sugar-Added Peanut Butter, from

London, England; Ami Swiss Egg Pasta, from Islikon, Switzerland; and Volvic Natural Spring Water, from Bourg-la-Reine, France. Mr. Kitrilakis also paused to pick up a straw boater with a streamer reading "Foods and Wines from France," and some key rings, including one from Diamond Head Foods, of Honolulu, Hawaii. He entered the "How Many Italian Kisses Will It Take to Get to Italy?" contest, by Perugina, and the "Switzerland Cheese Weight Guessing Contest" (a cheese wheel with the diameter of a Jacuzzi), for a trip for two to Switzerland, and he entered the "Win a Free Jamaican Holiday!" raffle. Then he returned to Booth 1755 and swapped some of his olives and grape leaves for one of his Champlain Chocolate Company neighbor's white-and-brown chocolate cows. Shortly afterward, he learned that Haddon House Food Products, Inc., of Medford, New Jersey, had agreed to become Peloponnese's distributor. He was also busy taking orders: from Anton's Fruit Ranch, of Highland Park, Illinois; from Straw Ibis, of Logan, Utah; from Unique Cuisine, of Baton Rouge, Louisiana; from Trio's, of Little Rock, Arkansas; from the Gourmet Connection, of Greensboro, North Carolina; from Whole Food, of New Orleans, Louisiana; from Conte Philips, of Nashville, Tennessee; and on and on. What thrilled him most was that everybody who sampled his olives and grape leaves said they were terrific.


NOW HERE'S FRANK SINATRA WITH THE WEATHER.
CELEBRITY NEWS TEAM

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Distance

"I THREW a Frisbee at Robert De Niro's head in 'Once Upon a Time in America.' I wasn't in the movie, but the Frisbee was," Mark Danna, an editorial assistant on the magazine *Games* and three times national Frisbee champion, told us one morning last month as we stood on the Great Lawn in Central Park watching Scott Zimmerman, seven times world Frisbee champion, and Alan Adler, an inventor and Frisbee enthusiast, engage in various activities. "One thing you don't want to mention to Frisbee pros is Frisbee dogs. They steal the show, and all they do is catch. The damn things don't even throw. It's like asking John McEnroe, 'How high can your dog jump for a tennis ball?' " said Mr. Danna, whose mother got him a Pluto Platter in 1957, and who once wrote a round book on Frisbee. He also told us that one year at the world championships a West German Frisbee professional had to jump into a water hazard to retrieve his disk and so he took off all his clothes and came out holding the Frisbee in front of him; and he told us that Frisbee is shedding its drug-related image.

Along with our abhorrence of child labor, of abuse of furry animals with the cutest eyes, and of the pork-barrel construction projects that senators pass *not for the benefit of the people but to aid the selfish interests of a few*, we have a vigorous opposition to bait-and-switch sales techniques. We strongly urge that if you go to a store and ask for a product that you have seen advertised at a certain price, and the store pretends to be "out" of it but has a "better" model at a "slightly" higher price which you would be a "fool" not to buy—if that happens, we strongly urge "you" to get in touch with your "local authorities." And yet we have begun this article with a discussion of Frisbees and are about to drop them as a subject in favor of the Aerobie. Our only defense is that the Aerobie is a toy with, as yet, no following. It is the Joseph Biden, Democrat of Delaware, of toys, as incomprehensible without a mention of the Frisbee as is Mr. Biden without a reference to Gary Hart, Democrat of Colorado, who ran for President last time but didn't win. If we were to say simply that the Aerobie goes farther on the fly than any other human-propelled inert object, you would stare; if we were to say that the Aerobie is, by and large, a Frisbee with the center cut out, you would nod, and, having understood, go on to discuss something else, such as how everyone seems to be moving to the suburbs again. However, if we were to say that the Aerobie is, by and large, a Frisbee with the center cut out, we would offend Alan Adler, the Stanford professor who invented it. He had previously invented the first robot vision for semiconductor manufacture, the first telemetry system that worked inside the rotor of a jet engine, one of the first switching computer power supplies, the Wham-O-Rang, and the Skyro. Since inventing the Aerobie, he has teamed up with Scott Zimmerman for a series of demonstrations, and at one of them, in California last month, Mr. Zimmerman flung an Aerobie farther than anyone had ever thrown anything in recorded history—twelve hundred and fifty-seven feet.

"Perhaps there was a humongous Stone Age stone-thrower who could throw farther," Mr. Zimmerman told us.

"Man has been getting larger rather than smaller," said Mr. Adler, who is nice but tends toward the precise.

Mr. Zimmerman, who was going on from Central Park to North Carolina for a "Frisbee golf" tournament (Frisbee professionals refer to golf of the sort that Jack Nicklaus plays as "ball golf"), explained that the ring design offered several advantages over the traditional Frisbee design. "If you want to go to the park, you can just put it around your neck like a necklace. It's a sort of self-carrying thing," he said. Then he stood back at the north end of the Great Lawn and flung a bunch of orange Aerobies south; they all but disappeared from view against the sky before finally landing awesomely close to the lake in front of Belvedere Castle. Mr. Danna, who is marketing a device called a Toobee, which resembles half a beer can and wobbles with charm in flight, watched the flying rings. He turned to us and said, "People just like to see things fly, to see things hover. That's the trouble with a ball—you throw a ball, and gravity just sucks it down."

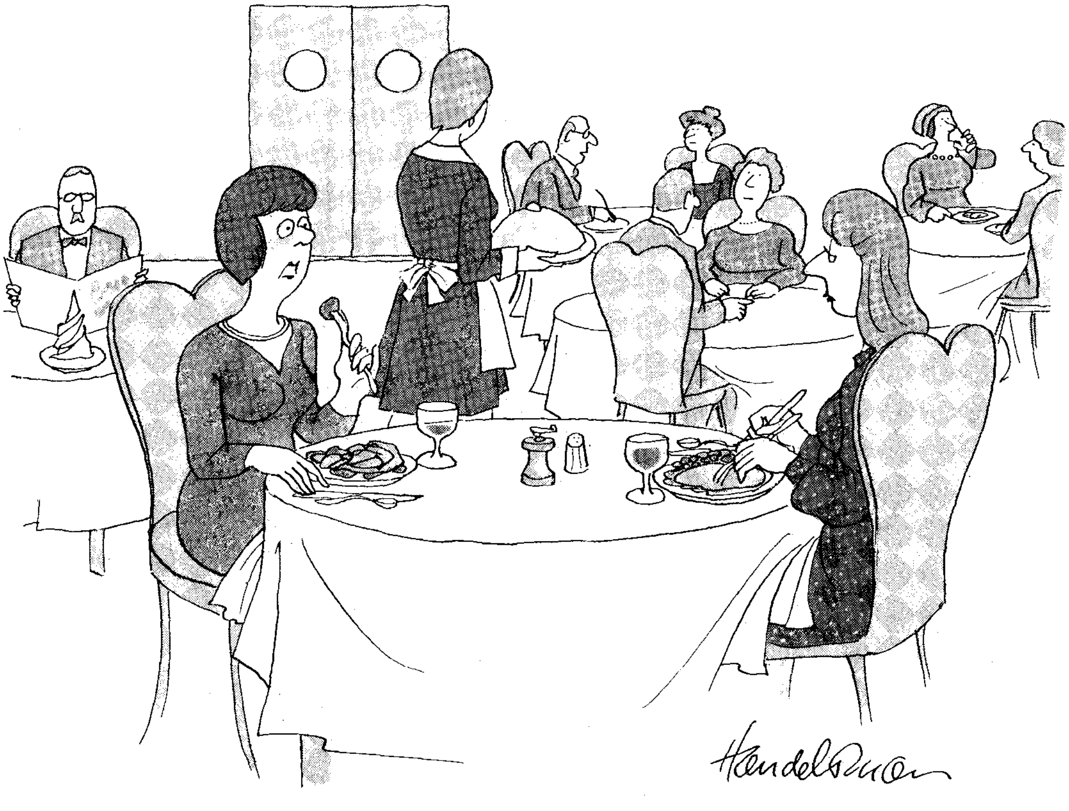
Bright Trucks

"I'LL tell you the God's honest truth," Domenick Rivell said about the paint job on No. 404, the nice new truck that he drives for Principe-Danna, Inc., of Long Island City, a supplier of ready-mixed concrete and unrelated to Mark Danna. "I think it's a nice-looking color. Really, it's not bad. Put it this way: it's eye-catching. It caught your eye, didn't it? Women love it. I was in the city the other day, and this actress—she told me she was an actress—said, 'That's a nice-looking truck.' I said, 'You're not bad-looking yourself.' A very nice personality this girl had."

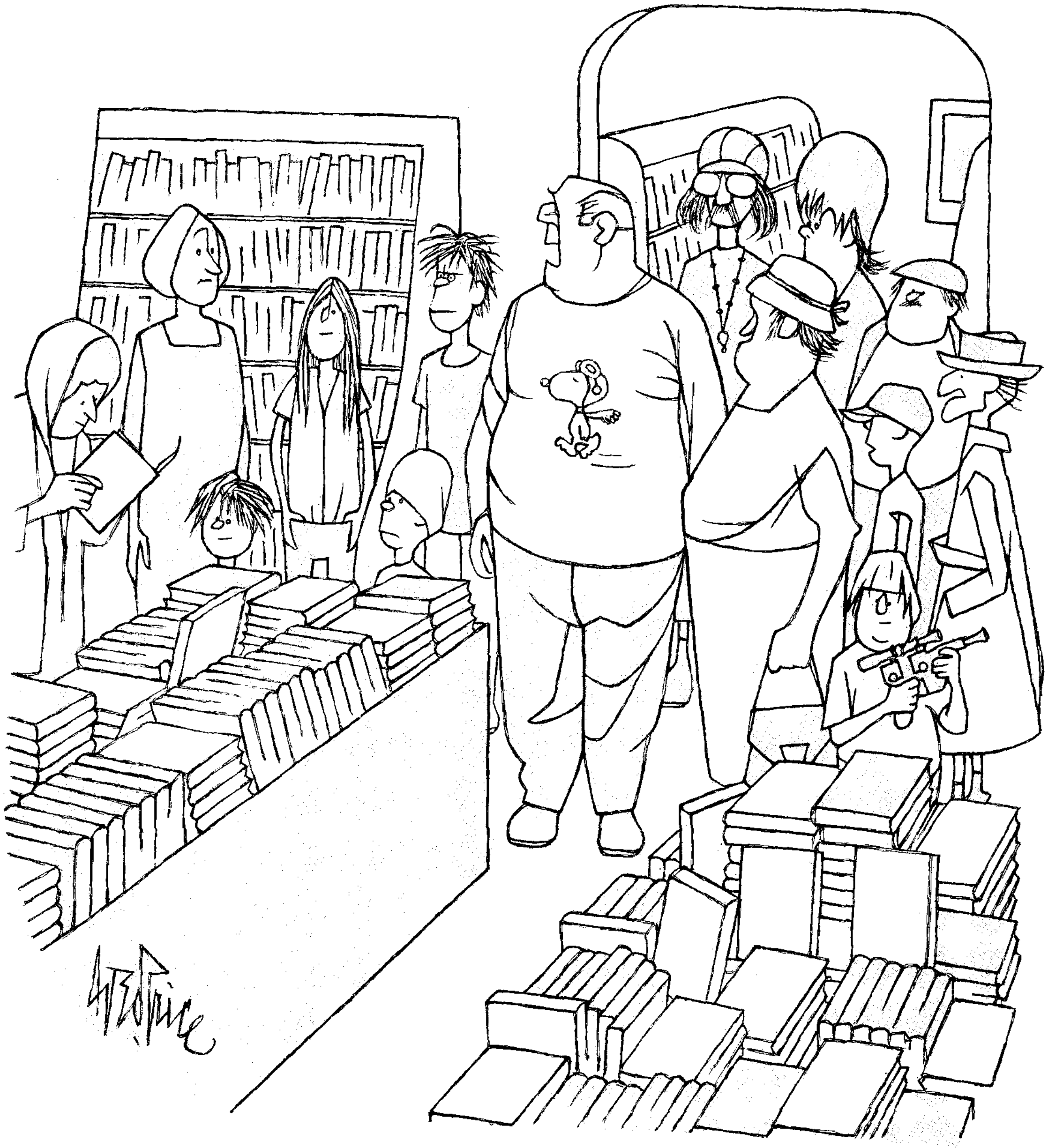
No. 404, like a half-dozen other concrete trucks in the Principe-Danna fleet, is pink—and not merely pink but *pink*. It happens that the Transit-Mix Concrete Corporation and the Certified Concrete Company, both of Manhattan, operate fleets of trucks whose barrels are green-and-white-striped and white with multicolored polka dots, respectively. It also happens that painting the Principe-Danna trucks pink was the idea of Lynn Carroll, the company's operations manager. Ms. Carroll's conversational manner is as colorful and to the point as any concrete-truck driver's. Therefore, when she says, "We're the only concrete company with the bright trucks," you might as well agree with her.

Seven months ago, a law went into effect that reduced from fifteen cubic yards to twelve cubic yards—which is to say, from thirty tons to twenty-four tons—the maximum load that a concrete truck could transport in New York City. This led Principe-Danna to buy six new trucks and to refurbish a dozen that it already owned. "I felt if we had something bright, a truck that a contractor and his crew could see from a half mile away, while we were still in traffic, they would be ready for us to pour when we got there," Ms. Carroll said the other day. "I thought a different type of color could help us save time on the job. So I told the guys around here, 'Watch out. We're gonna paint the new trucks pink.' "

At Pintchik's paint store, on Steinway Street, in Astoria, Ms. Carroll picked up some color samples. Then she and Lee Principe, the company owner, took all the Principe-Danna drivers to dinner one Friday night at the Charcoal Grill, on Twenty-first Street. They showed the drivers the samples, and Ms. Carroll said, "You have your choice—pink or pink." The new trucks, which were built and painted in Tulsa, Oklahoma (chassis), and in Waterloo, Iowa (barrels), arrived last December. Each has a light-pink barrel, a chassis only a degree or two cooler than



"I said it was Schubert, he said it was Schumann, I turned out to be right, he felt threatened, and I haven't seen him since."



“‘Loving Each Other.’”

• •

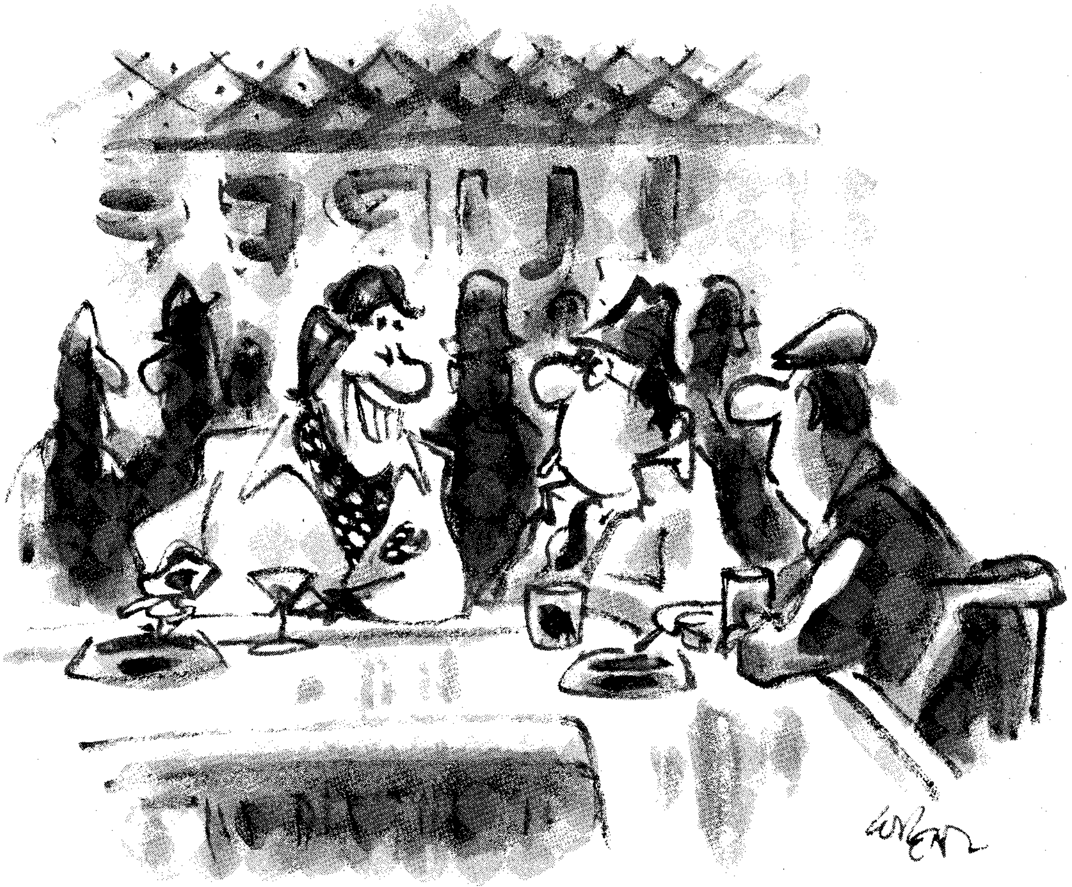
meltdown-hot pink, and a two-tone-pink striped front bumper. A photograph of one of the trucks was published in a recent issue of the magazine *Concrete Products*. “It’s a big shock—the pink—when you first see it,” Ms. Carroll acknowledged. “Especially if you’re in the industry. By the way, these trucks glow in the dark. That was an added benefit of the pink.”

A concrete mixing barrel filled to its twelve-cubic-yard capacity with “sidewalk” mix typically contains seven and a half tons of sand, close to eleven tons of crushed stone, and three and a third tons of Portland cement. (Most of the water is added at the site.) Above the mixing barrel of each Principe-Danna truck sits a three-hundred-and-eighty-five-gallon water tank that is decorated with a caricature of a pink panther smoking a cigar and wearing a Totes hat. The Principe-Danna employees with the most seniority drive personalized trucks. Domenick Rivell is five feet four inches tall. “Little Domenick” is painted in black script on the hood of his truck.

“Who calls me Little Domenick? I do,” he said the other morning while he was waiting for his truck to be loaded, at the Principe-Danna plant, on the Dutch Kills Canal. “It doesn’t bother me being short, because I’ve been short all my life.” Mr. Rivell is forty-seven and looks several years younger. He has brown hair with a touch of gray (some of the gray is actually splattered concrete), brown eyes, a strong jaw, and the build of an ex-bantamweight. He has been driving concrete trucks seventeen years, the last six for Principe-Danna. He describes his occupation as “truckologist.”

“Anybody who can drive a concrete truck in New York can drive anything anywhere,” Mr. Rivell said as he headed south in rush-hour traffic on Manhattan Avenue in Greenpoint to make a delivery in Brooklyn Heights. “I don’t care what color truck I drive. A pink truck doesn’t bother me. I’m not sensitive that way. People are gonna criticize, no matter what.”

Most Principe-Danna drivers have learned to lip-read the following expression: “A pink truck!” Whenever Ms. Carroll gets around to issuing matching uniforms—say, bright-pink jackets, T-shirts, and baseball caps—Mr. Rivell will be available to wear the company colors with pride. Often, when someone notices No. 404 and smiles, he leans out the window and shouts, “All right, brothers!” From time to time, even if someone hasn’t noticed and smiled at his truck, he emits a hearty “All right, brothers!” He has a theory that “it doesn’t hurt to say hello to everybody.” He drove through Williamsburg along Kent Avenue, past the old Schaefer brewery and the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and soon arrived at the corner of Fulton and Hicks Streets, in Brooklyn Heights, where a seven-story red brick apartment building is under construction. Two workmen met him on Fulton Street and helped guide the truck through a narrow entrance to the construction site. “They’re happy to see me,” Mr. Rivell said. “Always happy to see me. When the concrete comes,



"Take me, for example. I didn't always have charisma."

• •

everybody gets excited, because that's the finished product."

Descending the metal ladder attached to the cab of his truck, he said, "Whenever I go to a party, I'm always the first one up dancing."

The job superintendent, a squat gray-haired man named Carmine Magnolia, and Mr. Rivell greeted each other by trading punches on the arms.

"Carmine, don't get excited. I have everything under control."

"I let him in here because I love the color of his truck," Mr. Magnolia said.

Mr. Rivell attached three five-foot metal extension pieces to the chute on the rear of his truck. He had parked so that the chute extended through a ground-floor opening—a window-to-be—into a living room-to-be. Inside, eight men who wore rubber boots and held shovels or long-handled trowels stood on a steel deck covered with plastic sheeting and a meshwork of reinforcing wire. Mr. Rivell started the mixer, which caused the throttle to race and rotated the concrete barrel. When he pulled the discharge lever, fresh concrete whooshed down the chute. "All right, brothers!" he shouted.

Attacking it with their tools, the workers shouted, "More water! More water!"

"They always holler 'More water,' " Mr. Rivell said, above the din of the mixer. "They want more water in the concrete because they're lazy. More water makes it a lighter mix. They don't want to work too hard." He stuck his head through the window and smiled at the workers. "All right, brothers!"

Soon ten tons of fresh concrete covered the ground floor. While the workers levelled it, Mr. Rivell hosed down the chute and the rear of the mixing barrel. "All day long, I do this," he said. "You have to do this continuously, especially with a new truck. Especially with a new *pink* truck."

After the hosing down was finished, he backed the truck out, drove onto the construction site through a different entrance, and poured ten more tons of concrete into an adjacent room, emptying his mixer. He hosed down again, asked the superintendent to sign a delivery receipt, and was ready to go back to Long Island City to reload.

Twenty minutes later, Mr. Rivell and No. 404 were back at the Principe-Danna plant, and twenty minutes after that he was in Manhattan, on his way to fill some holes that remained in the pavement after Con Edison had repaired some buried power lines. The pink paint job attracted the attention of several scholars who were milling outside the Mabel Dean Bacon Vocational High School Annex, at Second Avenue and Fourteenth Street. Mr. Rivell read their lips, rolled down the window, and said, "All right, brothers!" Two blocks farther downtown, a tall, bearded young man took a camera from a shoulder bag, snapped a photograph, and waved at the truck. "There isn't one day goes by that this truck doesn't turn somebody's head," Mr. Rivell said. "I like my job and I like this truck."

At Fourth Street, he left Second Avenue and headed east. Between Avenues B and C, opposite the boarded-up former home of the Good Looking Coffee Shop, he found his objective: the Con Edison holes—one of them three feet square, the other three by six, and both eight inches deep. A Con Ed employee was supposed to be there to meet the concrete truck, but no one had yet arrived. "I'm ready to dance," Mr. Rivell said. "Where's the band?" As he parked, two young women accompanied by seven small children paused on the sidewalk. The children stared at the truck as if it were a float that had escaped from Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade. After a five-minute wait, Mr. Rivell decided to call the Principe-Danna office, where someone could relay a message to Con Ed. There was a pay phone in a bodega down the block. "You wanna come with me or wait in the truck?" he asked us. "O.K. I'll be right back. This isn't the greatest neighborhood in the world, but it's not a problem. Listen, we go anywhere with these trucks. We're not yellow. We're pink."

GHOSTLY

I FEEL a tapping on my shoulder. I live alone. No one else has keys. My heart races as if trying to flee to a safer body. But I am only startled for an instant. I turn around and, sure enough, it's only that ghost. He always shows up when I feel serene, most alive, which for a long time meant infrequent visits. Lately I've come to expect him at least once a week.

He never uses fancy theatrics to frighten me. No creaking footsteps from the closet or lightning bolts piercing the bedroom wall. No howls or shrieks, no low moans or clanking chains. "I'm not too good on the audiovisuals," he once explained after trying to project hand-shadow ghouls onto the wall.

Sometimes he hides behind a chair and emits a feeble "Boo!"—and then, "Don't be scared, it's only me." Once, I discovered the word "demon" written in what I thought was blood on the front door. It turned out to be a jelly smear from one of the doughnuts he'd brought as a treat. He apologized and then scrubbed the door clean.

Tonight it's just a tap on the shoulder. He shrugs, as if to apologize for startling me. We sit for a while, until I forget why I was so cheerful. He has a smoky presence, vaguely shaped into limbs and facial features—nothing you could grab hold of, though God knows I've been afraid to even try.

Three days later, I return home from work feeling chipper. He is lying on the couch and rises with a start when I close the door. "Huh! . . . Oh, it's only you," he says.

He seems weary, even more translucent than usual. I make some coffee, and we drink it quietly. He dunks his cruller and lets it dissolve in the blackness. The smoke from his cigarette looks like ghost children wandering in the air.

"Anything wrong?" I ask.

He stares at the cold coffee. "There's something about living I'm beginning to miss," he says at last. "I can't remember what it is, not for the life of me." For the first time I think I see a flicker of a smile. He shrugs and his borders undulate, giving the impression of a full-bodied fidget.

"Please go on," I say softly.

A bolt of lightning zips across the window, and he looks admiringly at it. "I thoroughly appreciated deadness," he says. "Now I feel almost nostalgic for the days when people disliked me for who I was, not for what I represent."

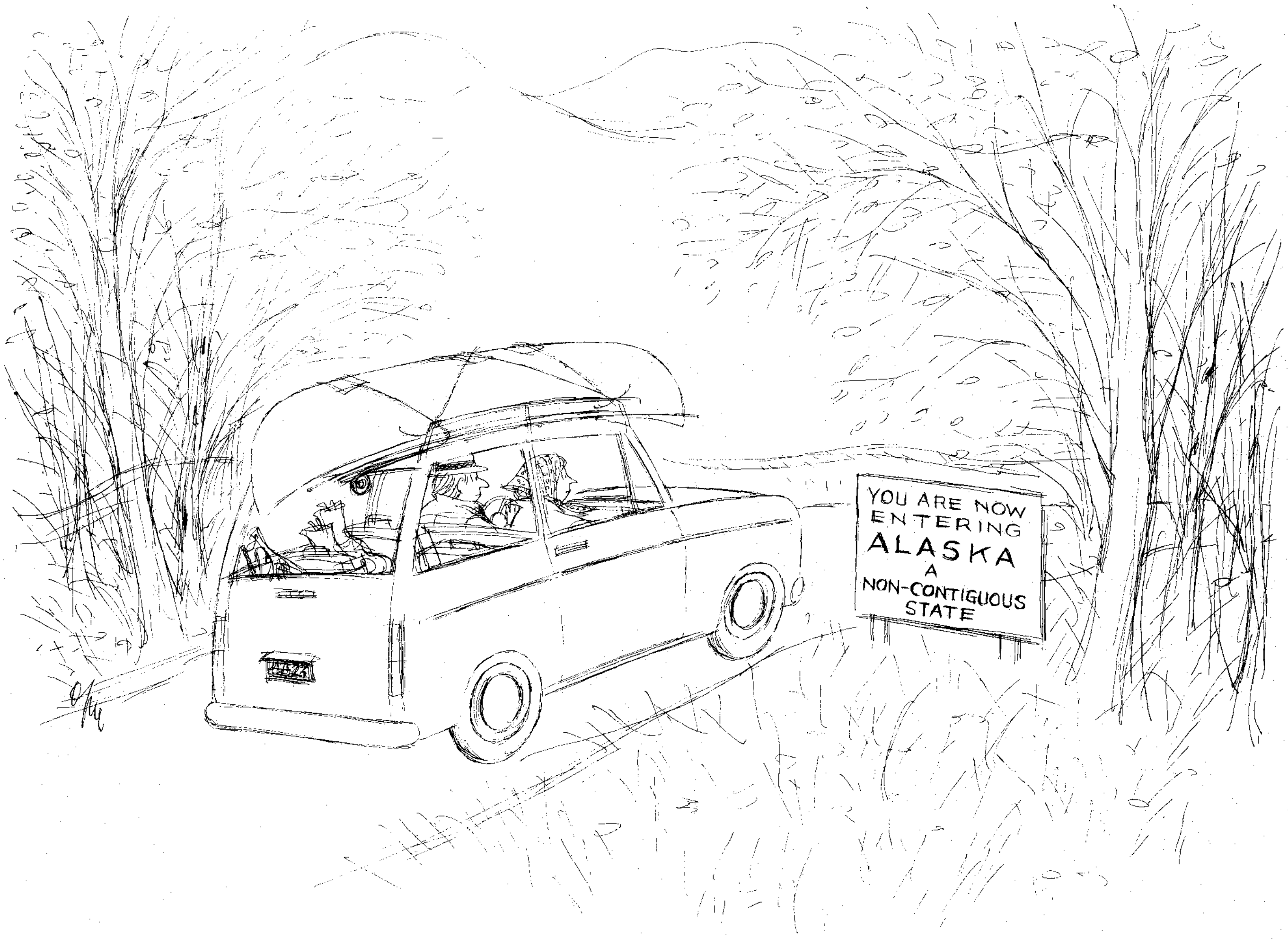
I reach out to touch him, forgetting how scared I've been to do that. He pulls away, though a coolness in my palm makes me think I might have grazed him. "Sorry," I say. "Only trying to help. You're fading away, pal."

"A throbbing where my bones used to be," he murmurs.

"Maybe you're coming back to life."

"I don't believe in that crap," he whispers as he merges with the last puff from his cigarette. Soon that too is gone, and I am alone in the room, which vibrates as if reacting to a tremor from someplace below. Traffic, no doubt.

—ALAN ZIEGLER



FROM A JOURNAL OF THE YEAR OF THE OX

—25/29 August 1985

—On my fiftieth birthday I awoke
In a Holiday Inn just east of Winchester, Virginia,
The companionable summer rain
stitching the countryside
Like bagworms inside its slick cocoon:
The memory of tomorrow is yesterday's story line:
I ate breakfast and headed south,
the Shenandoah
Zigzagging in its small faith
Under the Lee Highway and Interstate 81,
First on my left side, then on my right,
Sluggish and underfed,
the absences in the heart
Silent as sparrows in the spinning rain:

How do I want to say this?
My mother's mother's family
For generations has sifted down
This valley like rain out of Clarke County,
seeping into the red clay
Overnight and vanishing into the undergrowth
Of different lives as hard as they could.
Yesterday all of us went
to all of the places all of them left from
One way or another,
apple groves, scrub oak, gravestones
With short, unmellifluous, unfamiliar names,
Cold wind out of the Blue Ridge,
And reason enough in the lowering sky for leaving
A weight so sure and so fixed . . .

And now it's my turn, same river, same hard-rock landscape
Shifting to past behind me.
What makes us leave what we love best?
What is it inside us that keeps erasing itself
When we need it most,
That sends us into uncertainty for its own sake
And holds us flush there
until we begin to love it
And have to begin again?
What is it within our own lives we decline to live
Whenever we find it,
making our days unendurable,
And nights almost visionless?
I still don't know yet, but I do it.

In my fiftieth year, with a bad back and worried mind,
Going down the Lee Highway,
the farms and villages
Rising like fog behind me,
Between the dream and the disappearance the abiding earth
Affords us each for an instant.
However we choose to use it
We use it and then it's gone:
Like the glint of the Shenandoah
at Castleman's Ferry,
Like license plates on cars we follow and then pass by,
Like what we hold and let go,
Like this country we've all come down,
and where it's led us,
Like what we forgot to say, each time we forget it.

—5 September 1985

—Ashes know what burns,
clouds savvy which way the wind blows . . .
Full moon like a bed of coals
As autumn revs up and cuts off:
Remembering winter nights like a doused light bulb
Leaning against my skin,
object melting into the image
Under the quickly descending stars:
Once the impasse is solved, St. Augustine says, between matter and spirit,
Evil is merely the absence of good:
Which makes sense, if you understand what it truly mean
Full moon the color of sand now,
and still unretractable . . .

In a bad way,
I don't even know what I don't know,
Time like a one-eyed jack
whose other face I can't see
Hustling me on O hustling me on,
Dark of the moon, far side of the sun, the back half of the sky.
Time is memory, he adds:
It's all in the mind's eye,
where everything comes to one,
Conjecture, pure spirit, the evil that matter cannot present us—
As the sentence hides in the ink,
as cancer hides in the smoke,
As dark hides in the light,
Time hides in our pockets, not stirring, not weighing much.

—29 September 1985

—September butterflies, heavy with pollen, leaf down
In ones and pairs from the oak trees
through the dwarf orchard
And climb the gold-dusted staves of sunlight toward the south
Like notes from a lush music
we always almost hear
But don't quite, and stutter into the understory next door.

Night now. Silence. The flowers redeem
Nothing the season can offer up,
stars beginning to chink fast
Overhead, west wind
Shuffling the decks of the orchard leaves.
Silence again,
a fine ash, a night inside the night.

—4 October 1985

—The shadows of leaves on the driveway and just-cut grass,
Blurred and enlarged,
riffle in short takes
As though stirred under water, a snicked breeze
Moving their makers cross-current and cross-grained across the pool
The daylight makes in the ash tree
and the troubled oak.

These monochromatic early days of October
Throb like a headache just back of the eyes,
a music

Of dull, identical syllables
Almost all vowels,
                                        oohing and ahing
As though they would break out in speech and tell
    us something.
But nothing's to be revealed,
It seems:
    each day the shadows blur and enlarge, the rain comes
        and comes back,
A dripping of consonants,
As though it, too, wanted to tell us something, something
Unlike the shadows and their stray signs,

Unlike the syllable the days make
Behind the eyes, cross-current and cross-grained,
    and unlike
The sibilance of oak tree and ash.
                                                            What it wants to tell us
Is ecstasy and always,
Guttural words that hang like bats in the throat,
                                            their wings closed, their eyes shut:

What it wants to tell us is damped down, slick with desire,
And unaccountable
                                        to weather and its apostrophes,
Dark, sweet dark, and close to hand:
Inside its body, high on a branch, a bird
                                            repeats the letters of its secret name
To everything, and everything listens hard.

—12 October 1985

—Truth is the absence of falsehood,
                                                beauty the absence of ugliness,
Jay like a stuffed toy in the pear tree,
Afternoon light-slant deep weight
                                                diluting to aftermath on the lawn,
Jay immobile and fluffed up,
Cloud like a bass note, held and slow, now on the sunlight.
The disillusioned and twice-lapsed, the fallen away,
Become my constituency:
                                                those who would die back
To splendor and rise again
From hurt and unwillingness,
                                                their own ash on their tongues,
Are those I would be among,
The called, the bruised by God, by their old ways forsaken
And startled on, the shorn and weakened.

There is no loneliness where the body is.
There is no Pyrrhic degeneration of the soul there,
Dragon maple like sunset,
                                                scales fired in the noon's glare
Flaking and twisting when the wind spurts,
Sky-back a Cherokee blue,
                                                scales winking and flashing.
The poem is written on glass
I look through to calibrate
                                            the azimuth of sun and Blue Ridge,
Angle of rise and fall the season reconstitutes.
My name is written on glass,
The emptiness that form takes, the form of emptiness
The body can never signify,
                                                yellow of ash leaves on the grass,
Three birds on the dead oak limb.
                                                            The heart is a spondee.

—22 October 1985

—It is as though, sitting out here in the dwarf orchard,
The soul had come to rest at the edge of the body,
A vacancy, a small ache,
                                            the soul had come to rest
After a long passage over the wasteland and damp season.
It is as though a tree had been taken out of the landscape.
It is as though a tree had been taken out
                                                        and moved to one side
And the wind blew where the tree had been
As though it had never blown there before,
                                                                    or that hard.

Tomorrow the rain will come with its lucid elastic threads
Binding the earth and sky.
                                            Tomorrow the rain will come
And the soul will start to move again,
Retracing its passage, marking itself
                                                back to the center of things.
But today, in the blanched warmth of Indian summer,
It nudges the edge of the body,
The chill luminance of its absence
                                                        pulsing and deep,
Extraction the landscape illuminates in the body's night.

—11 November 1985

—I have no interest in anything
                                            but the color of leaves,
Yellow leaves drawing the light around them
Against the mumped clouds of an early November dusk—
They draw the light like gold foil
                                                around their stiff bodies
And hang like Byzantium in the Byzantine sky.

I have no interest in anything
                                            but the color of blood,
Blood black as a prayer book, flushed from my own body,
China black, lapping the porcelain:
                                            somewhere inside me blood
Is drawing the darkness in,
Stipple by stipple into the darker waters beneath the self.

I have no interest in anything
                                            but the color of breath,
Green as the meat-haunted hum of flies,
Viridian exocrine,
                                wisp of the wave-urge, jade
Calvary of the begotten sigh,
Alpha of everything, green needle and green syringe.

—28 November 1985

—All my life I've stood in desire:
                                        look upon me and leave me alone,
Clear my windows and doors of flies
And let them be, taking no heed of them: I abide
In darkness,
                        it is so small and indivisible,
A full food, and more precious than time:

Better to choose for your love what you can't think,
                                                                    better
To love what may be gotten and held,
And step above what can be cast out and covered up:
The shorter the word, the more it serves the work of
    the spirit:
Tread it down fast,
                    have it all whole, not broken and not undone.

—Charles Wright

TIME ALONE

THE last lingering dinner guest in the open-air dining room is now gazing down between thick black palm trunks and slightly swaying crenellated fronds to the pale gray beach and the black, almost somnolent sea, where small waves, white-edged, lace and interlace on the sand: Lila Lewisohn, a psychiatrist. Glamour is the word in Lila's mind. This is truly glamorous, she thinks, this night view of palms and sand, and sea. This is my secret reason for Mexico: the essence of glamour—beauty, mystery, "romance." And in a tired way Lila smiles to herself; she swam over a mile today, and now revels in sheer well-earned physical fatigue, along with the view.

A handsome, aging, exceptionally tall woman (over six feet, barefoot), Lila never tells strangers or those met casually what it is that she does, the reasons for this reticence being entirely obvious, to her. Undoubtedly her strong desire for privacy comes first, including a deep wish not to hear confidences of a personal nature. Another, perhaps more complex reason for her reserve is a wish not to intimidate, not to appear a person of power—even a person possessed of magical healing arts should she but choose to apply them. "Being this tall is scary enough," she has occasionally remarked to one or two of the few intimates (including both her husband and her lover) who have entered her very private life. "I don't have to add such a burdensome profession."

Except to those automatically put off by tallness, she does not look intimidating. Her face is deceptively mild, in fact, which could be a chosen—an "achieved"—look. Pale-gray eyes give her a look of softness. Only her wide mouth is (she feels) a dead giveaway: her mouth looks greedy, vulnerable, sexual.

To the couple who own and manage the small hotel to which she repairs each January, always alone, Lila is simply Mrs. Lewisohn, from San Francisco. Quite possibly they think her widowed; a husband has not been mentioned. And they do not pry, and Lila has accorded them, the Montoyas, the same friendly lack of curiosity. Juan and Frieda: he is small, with a slick black mustache, lively but impractical, in perpetual motion but accomplishing little. She is a big blond Swede, shy and energetic, resourceful as to the smallest (or largest) needs of guests.

That Mexican week, so eagerly anticipated by Lila (she has even caught herself in the dark and foggy days of a San Francisco summer counting the months until January)—that Mexican week is for her an entire, a perfect, rest. Which implies no people, no painful threads of human complexity (including her own, oh! always including her own) to follow and as best she can to sort out. Here in Mexico, far south on the western, Pacific coast, at the semi-shabby, rather crumbling adobe-style hotel, which is sprawled across a vine-strewn promontory, high up above the sea—here Lila concentrates on living only through her eyes. She *looks* at everything, absorbing, delighting in what she sees, and hearing very little beyond the roar of the waves.

Homecoming

Now, at the end of her dinner, she is very tired, though not too tired, she hopes, for the hour or so of reading to which she looks forward. Rereading, rather, "The Golden Bowl"—she is not even sure when she read it last. In most areas, those unrelated to her practice, Lila has a very poor memory, or so she says. In any case she is able to read and reread certain books with reliable pleasure.

Leaving the dining room, she starts out along the path to her small cottage, which is farthest from the central reception area—thus affording the widest view of sky and sea, and the least possibility of human contact. Her way is lit by somewhat erratically positioned yellow spotlights; loosely nailed to trees (no doubt the work of Juan), from irregular heights they blaze unhelpfully down on high, wild clumps of weedy grass. Looking, taking in, Lila thinks to herself, Even the weeds look glamorous. And in this startling illumination the dusty vines have a look of jungle creatures, with eyes, and shifting backs, she thinks.

Below where she walks, but not directly below (fortunately the path is quite safely back from the edge of the cliff)—down there the sea crashes, recoils and crashes, thunderously, again, again. And that is all she can hear, until suddenly, loudly and terribly, there comes an explosion of voices from the small house next to hers. Spanish words, German-sounding words, some English. WHORE! BASTARDO! ROTTEN!

Juan and Frieda. It is their house, their shouting. Curses, imprecations.

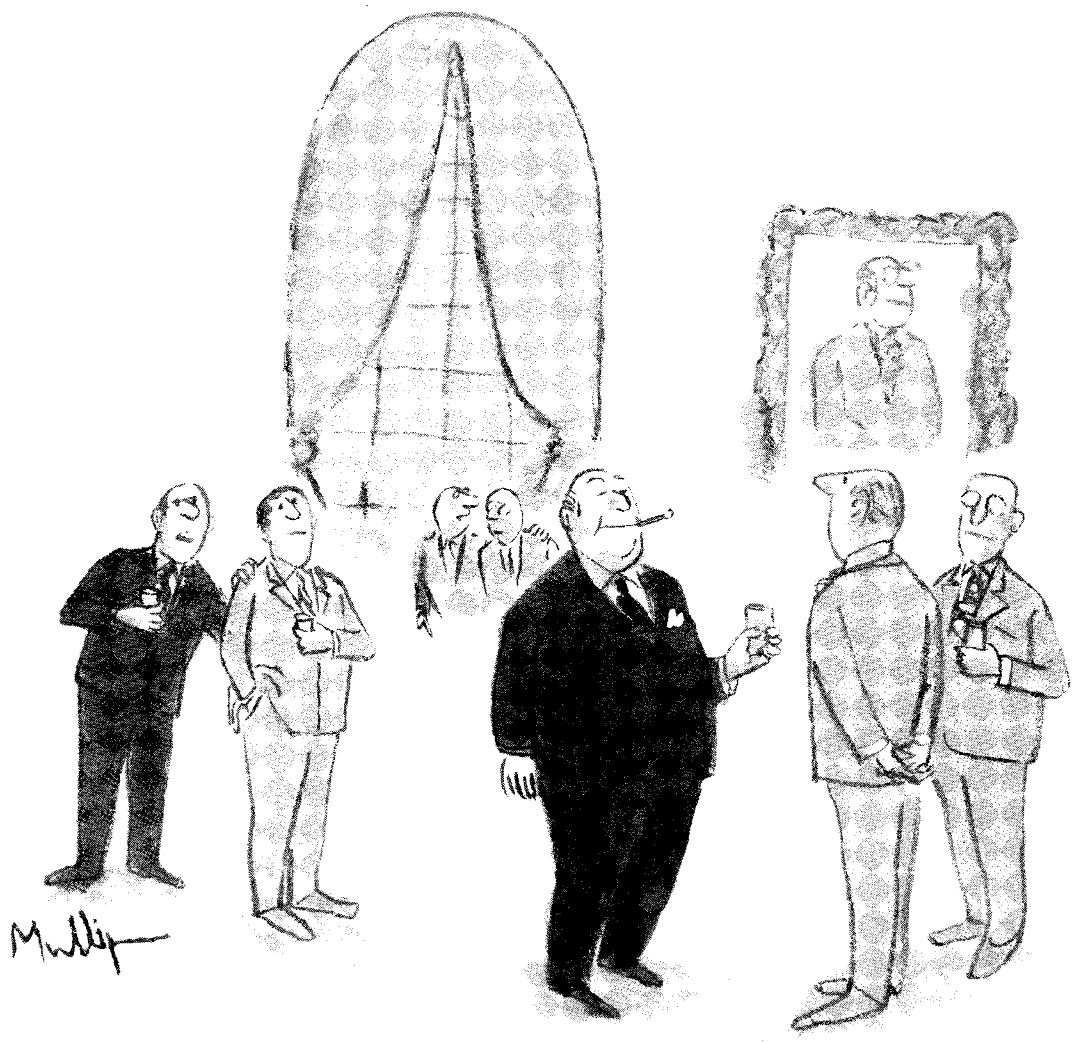
Lila frowns, and then smiles a little as she observes that quite unnecessarily she has begun to walk on tiptoe.

In her own cabin, the door closed, of course she can hear them still, and now her frown is of annoyance: they will make it hard for her to read.

In another part of her mind, the part that on these trips she tries to keep inactive—in that analytic area Lila registers some surprise: insofar as she has thought about Juan and

Frieda at all she has seen them as being fairly amiable with each other; and their physical disparity might even suggest some unusual attraction. Which would hardly preclude a passionate quarrel. Well, hardly.

Washed and brushed, in her sheerest cotton gown (the heat so far south is constant, hardly abating even during the night), Lila sighs, and turns the pages of her book, and tries to read.



"There's more to S.K. than meets the eye."

• •

IN another of the cabins, back among tangled manzanitas and some pine, Noel Blackwood, an elderly actor, also lies awake, hearing the quarrel. His cabin is approximately equidistant from that of Lila, to whom he has never spoken (he believes her to be a lawyer, a group he very much dislikes, in his case with some reason), and that of the Montoyas, whom he also tries to ignore, except when he needs something of a practical nature, like a reading lamp. Plagued by a fear of heights, along with a fairly long list of darker phobias, Noel requested this particular cabin as being farthest from the cliff.

Noel's acting days are so far in the past, beginning as they did in the old Group Theatre, and cresting in the (for Noel) politically impassioned forties, so long ago that these days a person not catching his name might venture, "I suppose you've been told how much you look like Noel Blackwood." Or, much more painful, someone, hearing the name, with horrible thoughtlessness might utter, "Not *the* Noel Blackwood. But he's been dead for ages."

Like Lila, Noel comes to Mexico for solitude. However, having observed the intensity with which she, Lila, is always looking around, with those great gray eyes, he believes her to be lonely, on the lookout for company—reason enough for not speaking to her, as Noel sees it, along with his negative view of her supposed profession. It would be hard to say just why he has chosen the law as her profession, except that disliking most women and being suspicious of them all (or almost all) Noel has picked up an air of professionalism from Lila, and gone on to mistake the nature of her work.

But now, hearing the quarrel, the Montoyas shouting at each other, Noel is very angry: such an unwelcome intrusion, dear God, going on now for more than an hour. However, since he, like Lila, is given to swimming distances (although at different times, from another part of the beach), Noel manages to get to sleep fairly soon after that last thought.

BROOKE and Kevin Harper, whose cabin is on the other side of the Montoyas', have themselves not been getting along very well, of late. This trip was planned as a restorative to their marriage. Striving for fun, tonight they drank a great deal, before dinner in the lovely outdoor bar, several margaritas apiece, and a bottle of wine with dinner; they thus fell asleep early and loggily. And were awakened by the noisy quarrel. Brooke, groggy, from the depths of her troubled dreams imagined that the shouted sounds were from herself and Kevin, quarrelling, and her first thought was Oh dear, now everyone will know. So far, she and Kevin have kept all their troubles to themselves, and sometimes the burden of silence is more than gregarious Brooke thinks she is able to bear.

It is especially difficult since (she believes) everyone who sees them, so young and blond and smiling (they make an effort)—everyone must think they are getting on famously.

And two years ago they were, on their first trip to this Mexican beach, this hotel. They were beautifully in love and about to marry, and to live in Memphis, Tennessee, where Kevin, a doctor-professor (hematology), had a residency. There Brooke would do graduate work in speech and drama: she wants to be a director of plays, maybe things for TV. Both the marriage and the move from Connecticut (they had met at Yale) were accomplished in high spirits. Then, in Memphis, what in New Haven had seemed funny, in a healthy, open way, turned heavily sad: Kevin's hyper-meticulousness (he very much disliked their rambling, drafty, hard-to-keep-clean house) and Brooke's intolerance of doctors (lionized by the local medical establishment, she reacted irritably to the long receptions, the fancy dinners). Secretly she rather liked their romantic gray clapboard house, at the edge of a wood which surely when spring came would flower with dogwood and redbud trees. But Kevin was right, the house was almost impossible to clean, and assuredly it was drafty. Neither of them had had any idea that Southern winters could be so cold, with fierce winds that seemingly travelled down the treacherous Mississippi, from some frozen northern reaches, Minnesota, Canada.

But the most darkly, most deeply wounding circumstance of the marriage (to Brooke) is its lack of love, so painful that she can hardly think of it. And, an omnivorous reader of magazines, all magazines, Brooke is aware, too, of the commonplaceness, the banality, even, of her-their problem. Recommended solutions abound, some of which—doorside Martinis, new nightgowns—she rejects out of intellectual snobbery. Others—more aggressiveness on her own part or a fling with another (maybe much younger) man—she sees simply as out of the question for herself.

Next year they will be in New York, Kevin at Sloan-Kettering, Brooke at (probably) Columbia, but will that really change things between them?

Now, stickily hot and unpleasantly suspended somewhere between being drunk and having a hangover, Brooke would like to touch Kevin—even very lightly, for reassurance, but his twin bed is just beyond her reach. At home their bed is king-size, and there, too, they are often far apart.

The horrible quarrel, the shouting, begins at last to abate. Words are now more widely spaced, and not quite so loud, like a large machine running down. But Brooke with her miserable head lies stricken still. It is like hearing your parents quarrelling, she thinks; you imagine that you'll wake up to find them both dead, pooled in blood. Even if you know they're only drunk.

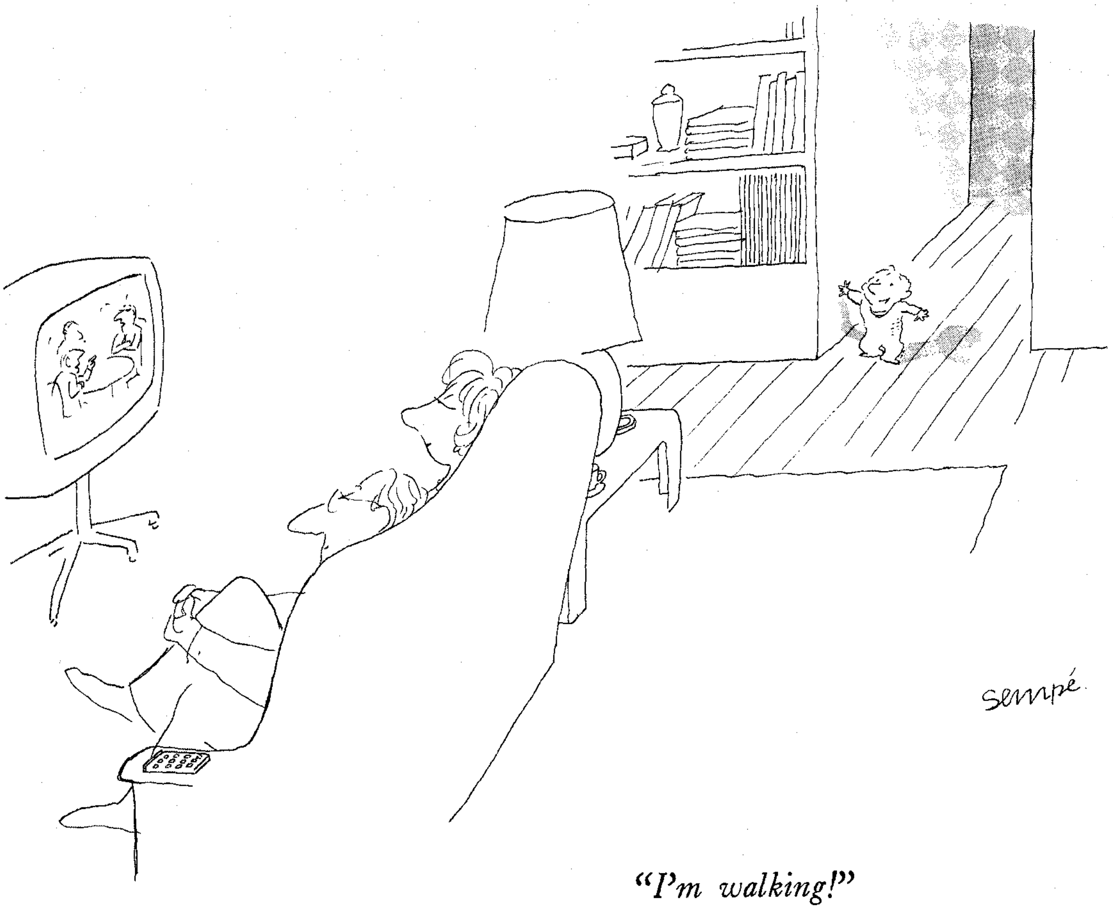
Kevin's heavy breathing indicates that he has easily fallen back to sleep, if indeed he ever woke. How like him, Brooke thinks. Oh, doctors! Men!

WHAT Lila observes the next morning, despite her determination to take note of nothing of a personal nature, is that Juan and Frieda are conspicuously not on speaking terms. Lila, as is her habit, arrives quite early in the dining room—today more difficult than usual since she slept badly, *so* annoying. And when she comes in Frieda is seated at her customary table, near the entrance. Pale Frieda, unsmiling as Juan enters from the opposite door, the one nearest the kitchen, and occupies himself with scolding a waitress. Juan, who never scolds anyone, discipline being left to Frieda, always. Juan goes back into the kitchen. He does not join Frieda.

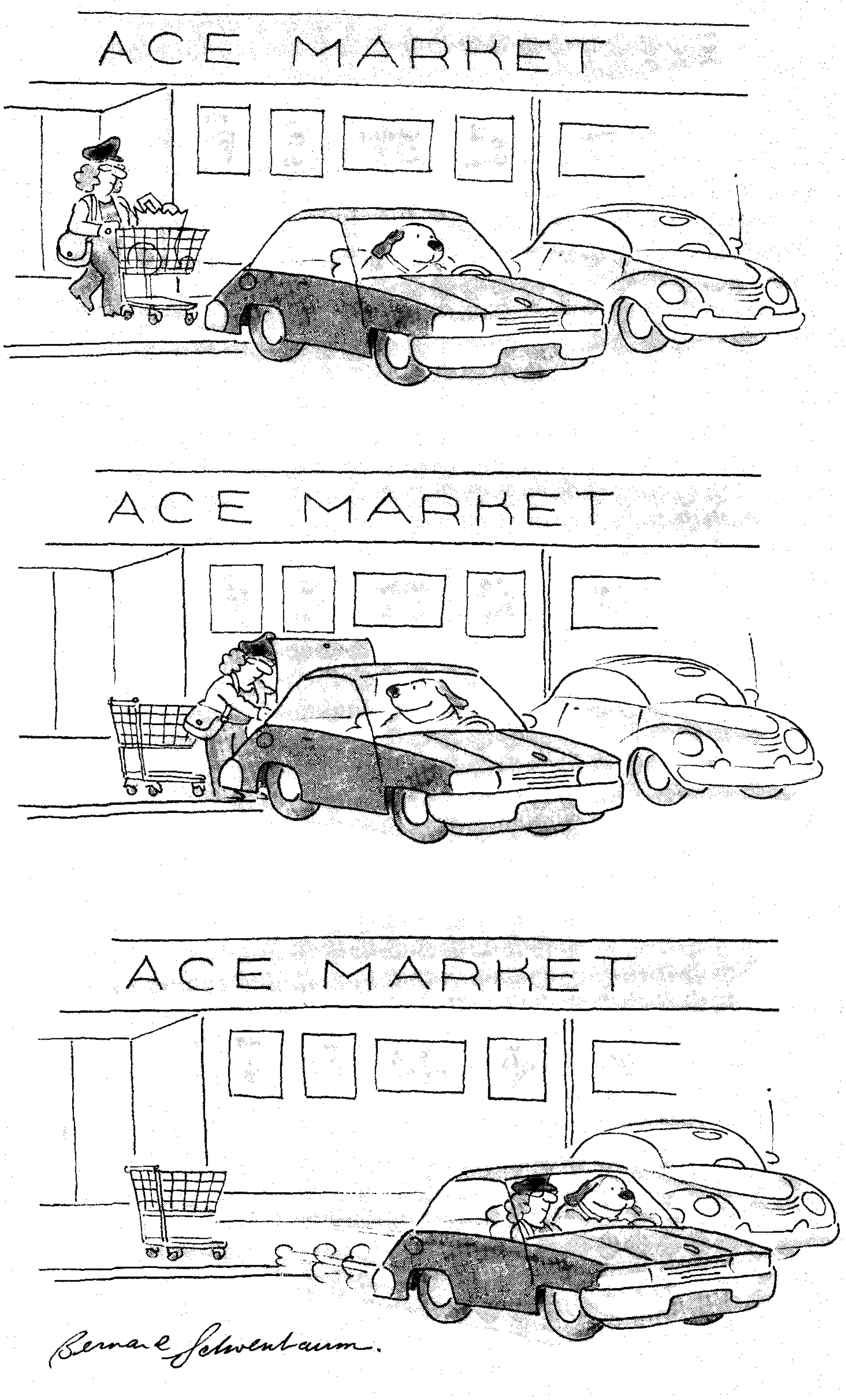
All, to Lila, very irritating. Juan and Frieda have forced themselves upon her consciousness, and set up unwelcome echoes. For help she looks out to sea, beyond the wavering tops of palms and the glittering bright-blue water. Already a few wind-surfers are out there, combatting the natural forces of heavy wind on their tiny skimming boards, clutching strong, recalcitrant sails. And much farther out some tiny dark fishing boats seem slowly to march across the horizon.

She will swim even farther today, Lila decides; she will treat herself to garlic clams and beer at her favorite grass-shack beach restaurant.

Lila's lover is also a swimmer, and he has sometimes argued that he, too, could come to Mexico, not exactly "with" Lila, but at the same time. "But that would be 'with,' " she has temporized, in part annoyed because what he has suggested is so very far out of the question now: he, too, is married, with children and many friends, a whole enmeshing life. Not to mention his busy profession: like Lila he is a psychiatrist. Two



"I'm walking!"



exceptionally occupied people, then, and a famished love affair. And their starvation of course intensifies the passion, as either of them could have pointed out to any patient.

Lila's breakfast rolls are fresh and warm, but they fail to make her feel much better. In fact she feels worse, more nearly depressed than a lack of sleep could account for. She is fairly used to not sleeping well.

Juan reappears from the kitchen, and with considerable misgiving Lila realizes that he is approaching her table. Juan, with his arrogant walk (a small-man walk, Lila has previously labelled it), his busy white smile. "Ah, Senora Lewisohn, how very well you are looking this morning. It so seems to agree with you, your stay in Mexico."

Lila smiles, assuring Juan that he is right, she is never so happy as when in Mexico, while another part of her mind is suddenly thinking, However, you really don't have to be small to be arrogant. Her husband, an excessively tall, extremely successful lawyer, walks very much the same way. And he, too, has a well-prepared smile—his courtroom look, Lila labels it in private. And then she thinks, Well, they're so dissimilar on the surface, no wonder it took me so long to see a connection. And, No wonder I couldn't sleep.

She watches as Frieda, pale and unsmiling, gets up from her table and leaves the room by the opposite door. Poor woman, thinks Lila in an automatic way.

As Lila heads down to her cottage to change into her bathing suit, a thin yellow dog, an amiable, familiar stray, crosses her path. She bends to pet him, but the dog veers away, just out of reach of her hand. Across one flank is a not-quite-healed wound. "All Mexican dogs are much too thin, and mostly wounded," Lila imagines saying later to her lover. In order not to think of him, then, or of ill-fated dogs, or of Frieda, Juan, or her husband, she concentrates on the wild, brilliant-hued bougainvillea, all pink and orange and scarlet, on either side of the path.

COMING in quite late to breakfast, as is his custom, Noel, too, observes a pantomime between Juan and Frieda, and he inwardly applauds the success of the performance: neither Frieda nor Juan in any way registered an awareness of the presence of the other.

No more malicious, really, than most people are (or is he?), Noel admits to himself that he rather enjoys the spectacle, the diversion afforded by this contretemps. He even goes so far as to admit that otherwise he has been just faintly bored. Without sex (so difficult to arrange, at his age, and these days so dangerous), he is reduced to his small stack of paperbacks for excitement and modest pleasure.

A week ago, at about the same time of day, there was a diversion of quite another sort. Just finishing his breakfast, Noel became aware that everyone, all the other guests and the maids and the management, Juan and Frieda, had rushed to the edge of the room. A strong instinct informed Noel that he should not join the others as they stared out at something up among the palm branches, the trembling fronds. And the validity of his inner voices was once more confirmed as he heard the young blond husband saying to his wife, who had, like Noel, hung back, "An armadillo. Really big. Ugly specimen." The young wife shuddered, looking much more wretched than the situation called for, in Noel's view. (He has thought of this couple as the Bobbsey Twins.) He now looks around the dining room and is pleased to find them nowhere in sight—although the young man does have a certain, uh, quality. And the girl's eyes, he has to admit, are quite out of the ordinary, such a waste, on such an ordinary girl.

Across the room he notes that the woman lawyer is also absent, and Noel, to his own surprise, feels the faintest flicker of disappointment—which, however, he understands at once: the day before he observed her to be reading a small leftist journal of ideas to which he himself subscribes. A surprise—one of Noel's major objections to lawyers, with whom he has had considerable less-than-fortunate experience, is their (as he sees it) invariable political conservatism.

Lila's swimming, which Noel has observed, also strikes him as an unlawyerly activity. Though fortunately they swim in different directions, he and she. She strikes out for a small island, inhabited by gulls and a few of the wilder, stranger seabirds, of which Noel is slightly afraid. Whereas he, more cautiously, heads out and then down the coastline.

And now Noel stands and stretches, thinking happily of his swim. How good it will feel, and how good for him! Does he look as much younger as he feels, in this beneficent air, these soft breezes? Noel wonders, and has no one to ask. "Better than ever," his mirror seems to assure him, though: the fine hair fuller, the famous eyebrows bushier, more forbidding.

He will swim for his customary hour, and then rest beneath his palapa. Lunch at one of the beach-shack restaurants, perhaps there to overhear some gossip about Juan and Frieda. Very likely big Frieda is having a go with some other Mexican, and clever Juan has found her out. Swedish women really are the limit, in Noel's experience, and he lists to himself certain famous actresses (some of whom are actually not Swedish but Norwegian or even Russian—for the moment all the same to Noel).

In any case, what he would most like this evening would be a public display of fireworks, as it were. Though, on the other hand, that might be a little frightening? And now Noel thinks, Suppose they really hate each other, hate for good? That would be the end of this hotel, which is surely such a find, in terms of price. It may be fairly boring, but wherever else could he afford to go?

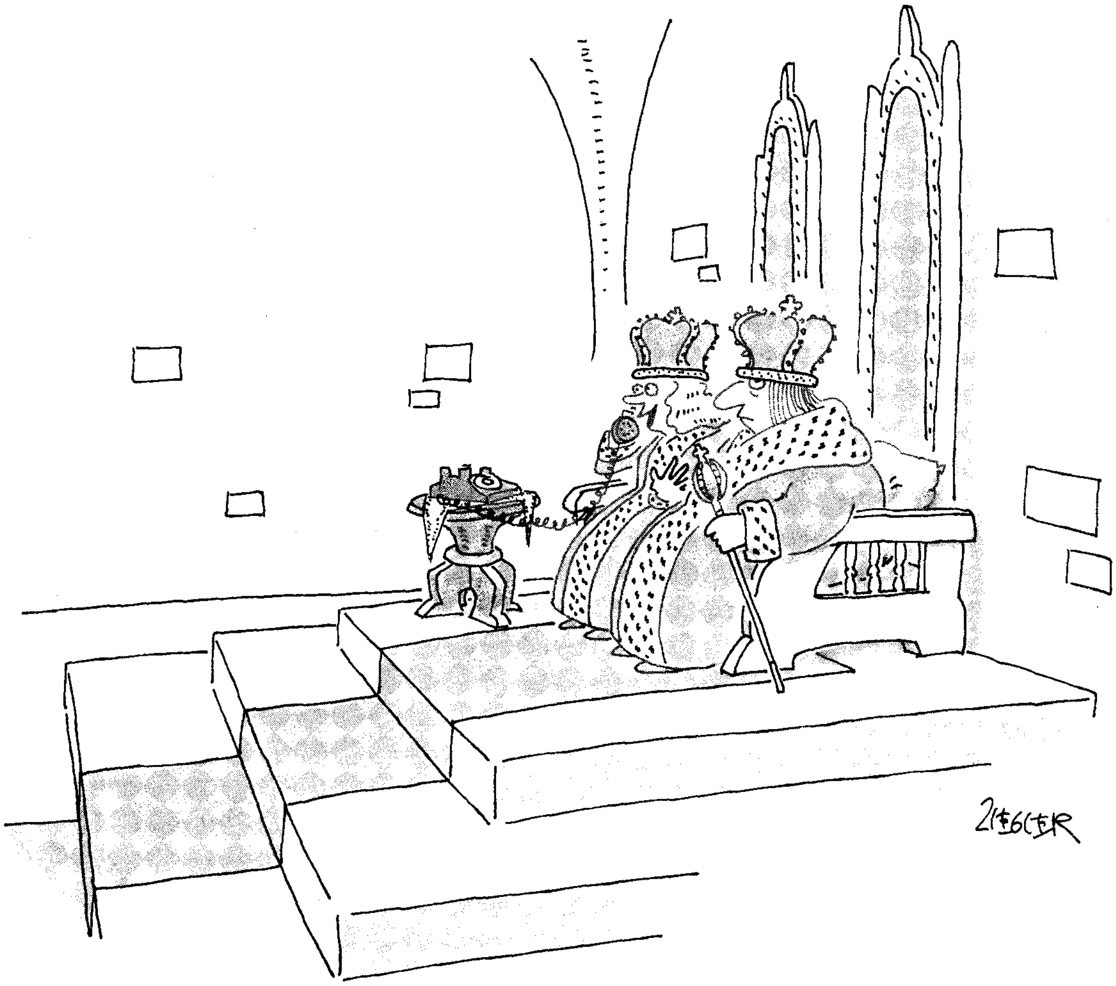
"ACTUALLY I don't think we look at all alike," says Brooke to Kevin, in a sudden, defiant way. They are lying this morning on their long bright-patterned beach towels, carefully sheltered by their umbrella from the blindingly powerful sun.

She first hears his muffled laugh, then Kevin asks her, "Who on earth ever said we did?"

"Well, no one, really." Taken aback, so hot and hung over, Brooke can't quite think. "I just get an impression that people believe that," she tells him.

"You're certainly prettier," says Kevin more distinctly, if somewhat perfunctorily.

Then why didn't you come to my play, that I'd worked on and talked about for weeks, that you know I really cared about? a familiar voice within Brooke cries out. However, those very words—and oh, how often has she thought them!—seem somehow to have lost a little of their force with time, or repetition, or



"And His Majesty sends you a great big kiss, too."

perhaps in their transition to Mexico. Instead, with more immediate strength Brooke thinks (but again does not say), Why don't we move our two beds together, then?

"Well, if I haven't captured the real you, kindly tell me who I have captured."

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By way, though, of acknowledging Kevin's compliment, if indirectly, she says, "I think everyone looks much better down here, don't you? Tans, and it does something good to your hair. Even that older woman, the tall one who's never around—"

"The swimmer. Yes, she does look good. For her age."

"In fact there she is," Brooke now whispers, Lila having just appeared on the beach, at the foot of the path that winds circuitously down from the hotel.

Brooke and Kevin watch as Lila, in a sensible dark, not-quite-stylish bathing suit, folds her towel neatly on the sand, near her palapa, and then strides toward the sea, wasting very little time on any single motion.

Brooke: "What long legs."

Kevin: "Not bad. A little muscular, though."

They watch as Lila wades out and begins to swim.

"That old man swims a lot, too," observes Kevin. He and Brooke by now are both sitting up, watching Lila as she recedes among the waves, in the dazzling water. They can just see a bright patch which is Lila's pale gray-white hair, and the flash of her sunstruck wet brown arms.

"That old man is Noel Blackwood, the actor," announces Brooke. "I'm sure it's him. He was terrific, I always thought. And brave. I read somewhere that in the fifties he was blacklisted, all that terrible McCarthy business. He never talked, never even wrote a book about it. It took all his money. You know, lawyers."

Like many doctors, Kevin is always happy to dwell on the greed of lawyers. He now tells Brooke a joke involving a plan to substitute lawyers for the animals generally used in laboratory experiments. "There're so many of them, and you don't get so attached."

Brooke dutifully laughs, and does not tell Kevin that a friend of hers, a young woman lawyer, recently told her another version of this joke, in which doctors are to be the experimental animals.

"Noel Blackwood and that woman swimmer don't seem to know each other, though," is Brooke's next remark.

Kevin laughs. "Why don't you introduce them? Fix them up?"

"Oh, I just might." But Brooke, who now feels considerably better, is really thinking how marvellous Kevin's body is, just now so near, so visible. In Memphis, with all their rush, their terrible divergent busyness, they make love in a hurry, late at night (when they do make love); they do not lie about naked, contemplating each other's bodies. And Kevin is beautiful, so long and smooth, the delicate blue veins beneath his skin, inside his arm—and all his body hair is silky, blond. And the smell of his flesh is so sweet, so purely what it is: clean healthy skin, with a faint overlay of sea, and salt, and suntan lotion.

Reading, or perhaps simply feeling, what is in her mind, Kevin leans across to kiss her shoulder, "Ah, you smell beautiful," he says. And kisses her mouth.

DESPITE all that swimming, during the hours of her supposed siesta Lila lies sleepless, spread diagonally across the bed, for which she is too tall. For a while she watches a tiny lizard making its way across her patched, cracked yellow plaster ceiling. It stops, its minute tail just slightly seems to twitch, then starts up again. My smallest guest, thinks Lila, as she imagines the following: And what did you do down there in Mexico, Lila? Oh, I swam a lot, and during my siesta I watched a small lizard crawling across my ceiling.

But with whom might she have this exchange—which smacks (to her) of self-pity?

However, looking at her watch she sees that it is almost past siesta time; she can get up now.

In her filmy, transparent cotton gown (no matter, no one can see her), Lila goes out onto the small terrace. She sits down in the very low slatted chair, and contemplates what promises to be yet another brilliant Mexican sunset: wild clouds all clustered near the burning horizon, the sun itself an impossible orange-red, intense, too intense—and then in an instant there is no sun, it has slipped down, gone, into dark.

Lila finds this somehow quite exhausting to watch. Or, possibly, did she swim too far today?

In a restless, sudden way she goes back into her cottage to shower and dress, having just decided to do what she has not done for years, down here: a drink in the bar before dinner.

The bar is even more open to air and to views than the dining room is. Unwalled, unroofed, it is simply a roped-off platform, just back from the edge of the promontory, above the palms, the beach, and the sea. Just now, at the drinking hour, it is fairly crowded; guests mill around the clustered leather-thonged tables, the matching chairs, and at the actual bar, a long carved wooden table impressively jammed with bottles, Juan himself, white-coated, sleekly smiling, stands and dispenses drinks.

Is he there doing this every night? From other years she remembers a bartender, some large and affable bearded person. This must be his night off, Juan filling in—and surely it is not always Frieda who comes around to the tables with her melancholy Swedish smile, taking orders for drinks. But tonight it is indeed Frieda, already at Lila's table, Frieda in a long white Mexican lace dress (what is called a wedding dress, or so Lila believes).

"I do not think to have seen you in this place for several years" is Frieda's greeting.

"I guess I don't usually come to the bar. But tonight I began to long for a margarita," lies Lila. Whatever wrenched her from her usual pattern of sleep and a couple of reading hours was surely not a yearning for drink.

"I bring one to you. Juan makes the best. Even better than Paco, who is expert. You remember."

Still smiling, with her heavy walk Frieda returns to the bar, to Juan, as Lila recalls Paco and his good margaritas. And remembers that during her early years of coming here she used to come to the bar fairly often.

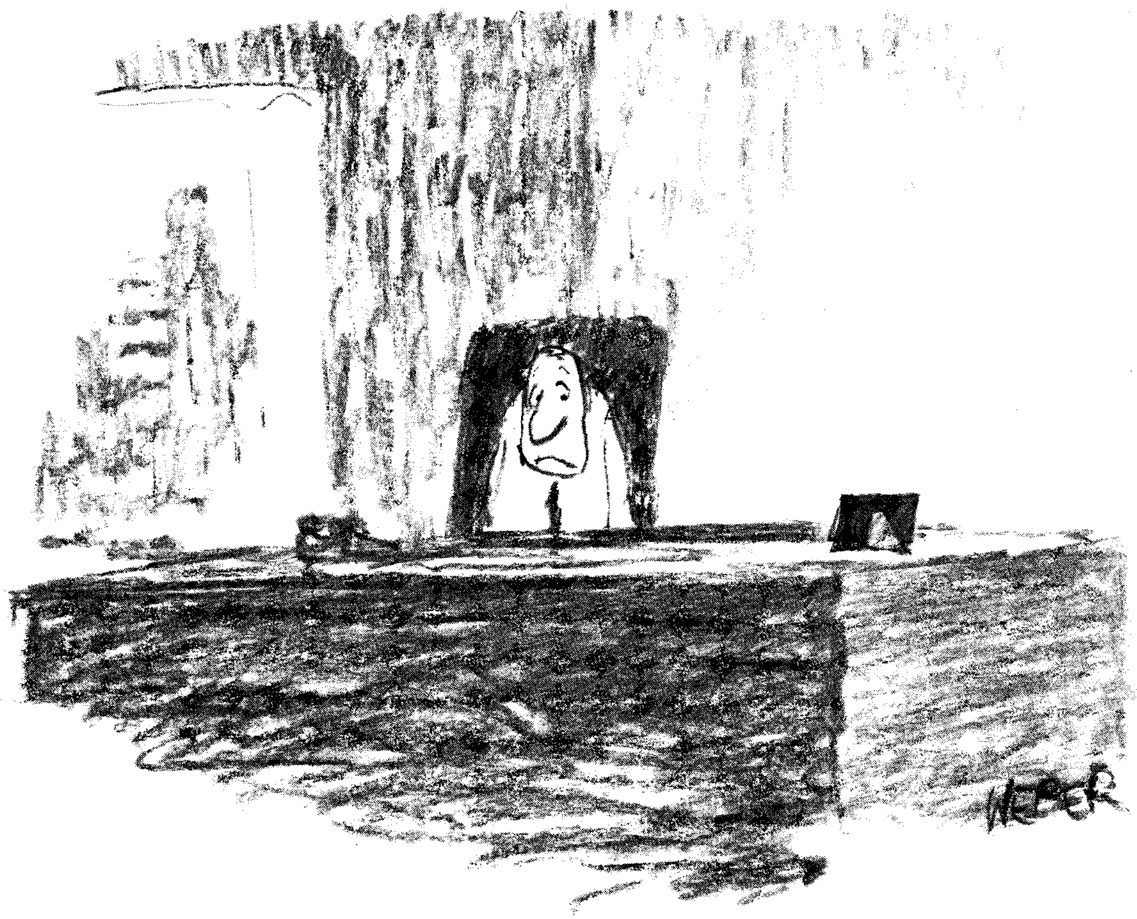
Before it all became unbearable, she adds to herself, and then she puzzles over those words that came quite unbidden to her mind. Before *what* became unbearable, she wonders. Surely not the place itself, this endless black sky all spattered with diamond stars, this glittery view of the sea, through palm fronds—all this glamour?

Something is wrong, has gone quite wrong, maybe everything is wrong, and, what is worse, given Lila's strong commitment to inquiry, she does not even want to think about it. Does not at all.

Instead she yields to a great wave of irritation at Frieda and Juan (and this, too, is out of character for Lila). How dare they fight like cats all night and then put on this charade? Smiling together as though they liked each other. How dare they? They even pretend to themselves—to Lila, a cardinal sin.

COMING up into the bar somewhat later, Brooke and Kevin at first do not recognize Juan in his bartender role. Nor Frieda, at his side.

But then "Oh, there's Juan, and Frieda!" whispers Brooke as they lower themselves into chairs near the thin loose

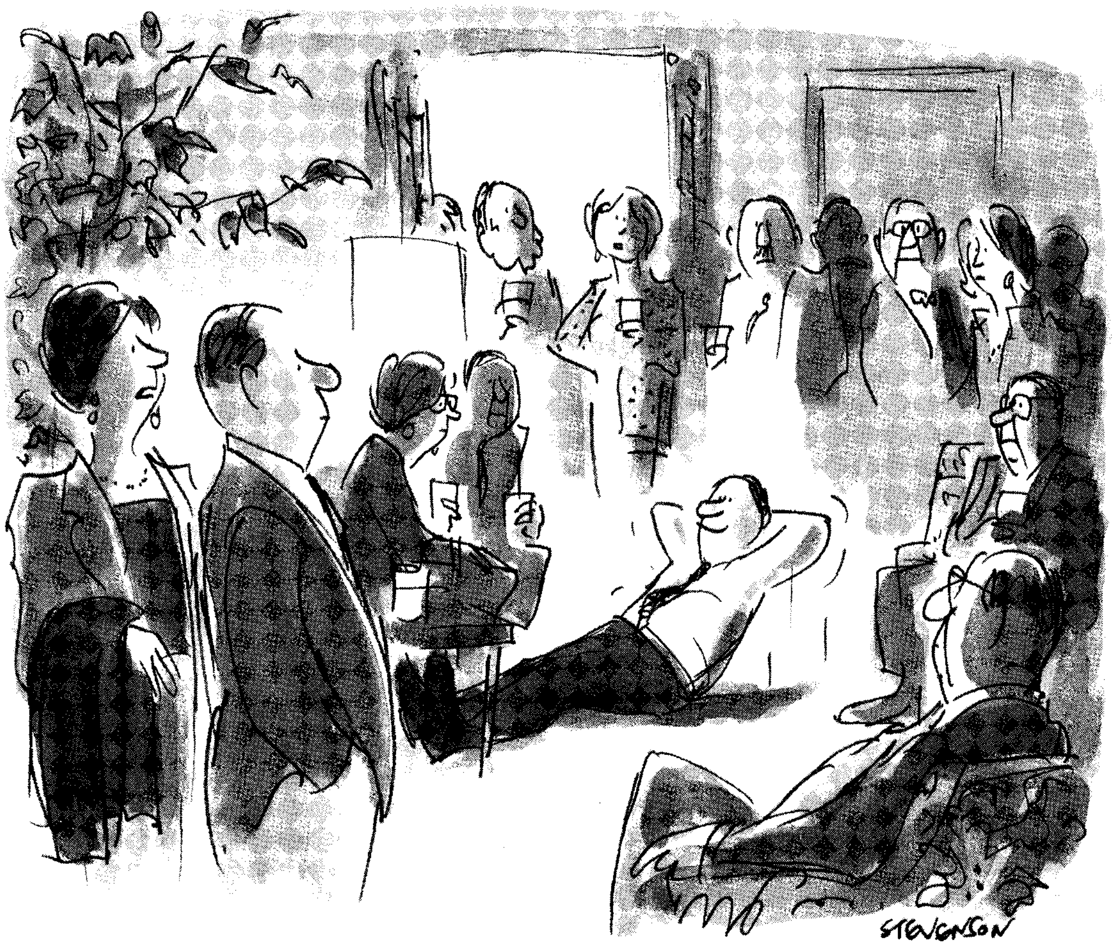


THE WEEK AT A GLANCE

ropes at the edge. "How pretty she looks! Did you notice? We're wearing exactly the same dress."

"Yours looks better," says loyal Kevin. "Well, I guess they made it up."

"I guess." It probably wasn't much of a fight anyway, continues Brooke, in her eager, inventive mind. That may be their way of communicating with each other, a lot of shouts and bad words that sound terrible to other people. They scream and yell a lot and it's part of making love. And from now on everything with them will be all right.



"How I dread it when somebody mentions fitness to Ernie."

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THE next day Noel decides that instead of swimming he will simply walk along the beach. Starting out, he heads for the packed, wet sand at the edge of the water, just beyond the reach of waves and foam. Looking down as he walks, he sees that the sand is patterned there in lovely circles, light to dark, pale to black—an effect somehow Japanese in its elegance, its simplicity.

Even if Juan and Frieda stay together forever (which they might well do, Noel thinks—well, of course they will), even if the hotel is always such a bargain, he will probably not come back. A stern, familiar inner voice has several times on this visit (and on others) reminded him that bargains for him, for "rich" Americans depend on the exploitation of thousands of Mexicans. And, besides, if he goes on living as long as he seems to be doing he can't afford it; he'll run out of money.

Thinking hard, contemplating the rest of his life as he stares down at the wonderfully patterned sand, Noel almost literally bumps into Lila, who is seated on some rocks, engaged in an examination of what looks to be a deep cut on the sole of her left foot.

"Oh!" they simultaneously exclaim. And "Excuse me!"

It would have seemed churlish, to Noel, simply to continue, leaving this woman to her wound. And so he says, "That's too bad. Nasty-looking. Maybe a doctor should see it. I think that blond young man—"

Lila smiles. "Actually I am a doctor. Though not what people call a real one. I'm a psychiatrist."

"How odd." Noel too smiles. "For some reason I thought you were a lawyer." Unlike many people's, Noel's biases toward psychiatry are all of a favorable nature. The one he visited years back was a kindly European woman with what at the time seemed advanced views on sexual direction; she did not wish to change him, in that way. And since then grateful Noel has associated the whole profession with liberality, humanism.

"A lawyer?" Lila repeats. And then she says, or starts to say, "My husband," and stops. Then continues, "My husband is also a doctor. A—psychiatrist." And she flushes, a pink tinge that rises from her throat, darkening her tan.

Noel has the curious sense that she is lying; the flush and her whole delivery suggest a lie. But why on earth would she want to lie to him about the profession of her husband? However, Noel, too, lies quite a lot, in the course of things, and if Lila wants to make her husband more interesting, or possibly more sympathetic than he is, he, Noel, could not care less. "You think the foot's all right, though?" he asks her.

"It's clean, I found the piece of glass. And I've got some disinfectant in my room."

She is not a lonely woman, Noel suddenly decides (he is given to these reversals); she is simply an independent spirit, rather like himself. (Thinking this, he ignores for the moment his own horrendous, almost crucifying bouts of loneliness.)

"If I'd known you were a psychiatrist," Noel now ventures, "I might have urged you to intervene in that appallingly noisy contretemps. Was it night before last?"

He said that lightly, almost jovially,

and so Lila laughs as she tells him, "I doubt if I could have done much good. I'm not 'into' family therapy, as we say in California. And quite possibly in their way they were enjoying it."

But Noel has observed that as Lila spoke she shuddered, just a little, that she did not look as though she thought the quarrel funny.

She looks in fact quite unhappy, and on an out-of-character impulse Noel invites her to have lunch with him. "There's a joint down the beach you might not have tried. I rather like it."

"Oh, marvellous," murmurs Lila, giving Noel a pleasant if strained smile, a widening of long gray eyes. And together they start off walking, Noel slightly ahead, Lila limping.

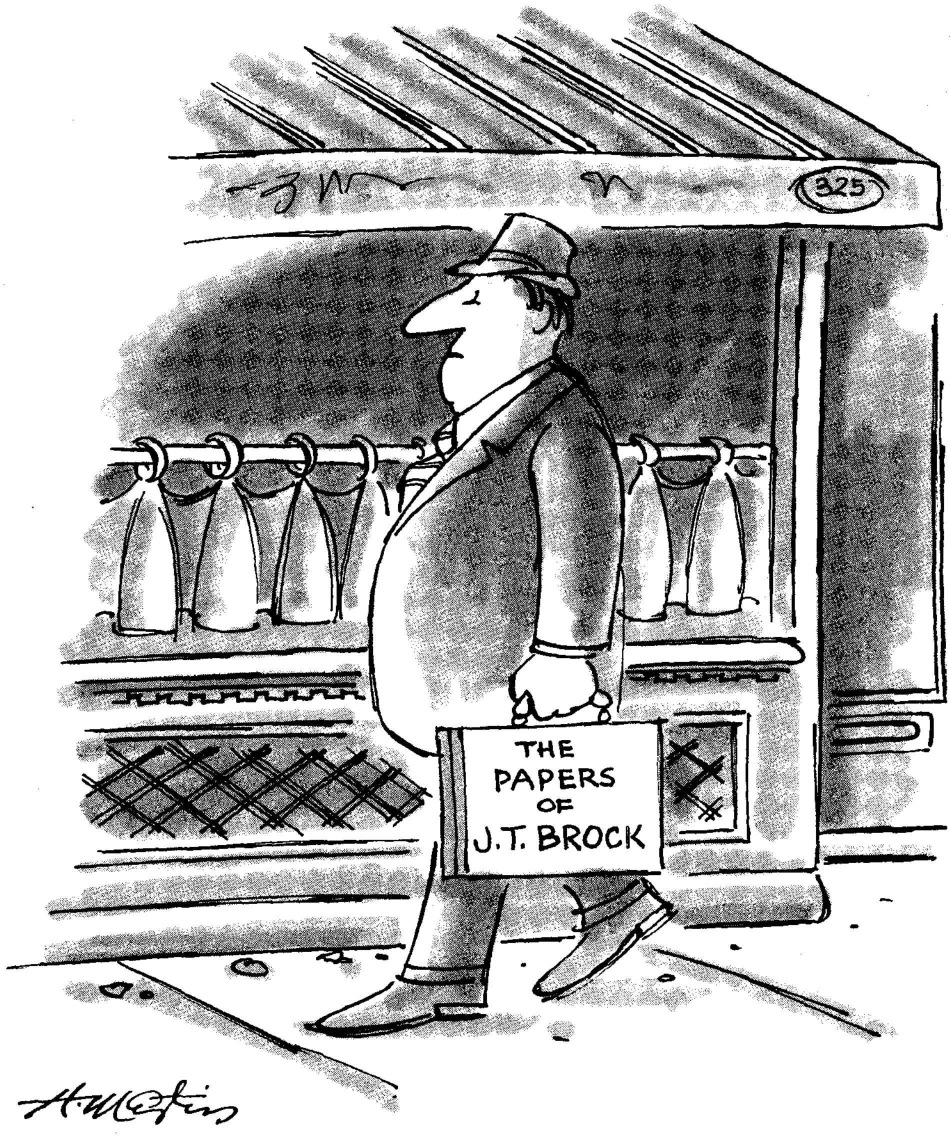
In the hills above the beach, just now in their view, before the true jungle there is an interim stretch of thick strange vegetation, all feathered out in grayish shades of green. A cleared space indicates some sort of human endeavor, up there, some tiny farms, or maybe American dopers.

"I always wonder who lives up there in those hills," remarks Noel now to Lila, conversationally, although he has not actually wondered until this precise moment.

"Well, I have to admit—" Lila begins, and then seems to cut herself off. "I don't wonder very much down here, about anything," she tells him, with a small frown of self-disapproval. "It seems to be where I come specifically not to think. I manage to ignore the Mexican poverty almost entirely, and then I get upset when I go home and read about it. I don't think of my patients, really. I hardly think of myself—not in any useful way, that is. But now—" And again she breaks off, and looks to Noel, as though counting on unspoken understanding.

In a pleased way Noel senses the unusualness of this conversation for this tall, bony woman. She is not simply making friends, and while assuredly she is taking advantage of the fact that they are not at all likely to see each other again (to Noel, a familiar pattern), he also senses that she rather likes him. "I suppose everyone tells you how much you look like a younger Hepburn?" he asks. It is the nicest thing he has been able to think of saying to her.

He has earned a long oblique look from Lila. "Well, coming from you that seems a tremendous compliment, Mr. Blackwood."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THE PAPERS OF J.T. BROCK

SINCE the number of restaurants on that stretch of beach is extremely limited—there are perhaps five in all, including one that is almost never open—it is not at all a remarkable coincidence that Brooke and Kevin should be seated in the open lean-to for which Lila and Noel are headed. And there they are, looking out to sea and checking what passes for action on the beach: some relentless Frisbee players; a cluster of sunbathers; three lean, long-legged dogs, two black and one yellow, who are playing an intricate game of interlaced legs, tossed heads, then sudden retreats; and a couple of busy, very preoccupied gray sandpipers, intent on appointments with incoming edges of foam.

"Look, there they are!" Brooke and Kevin say this almost simultaneously to each other.

"They seem to have gotten together even without your help," Kevin teases. "You didn't have to direct them."

"Oh, Kevin." Brooke manages to smile, although she feels that she has heard a few too many jokes from Kevin having to do with her chosen profession, directing. She is not basically a very bossy person; she simply loves the theatre, loves the shapes of plays. Still, she does smile before whispering to Kevin, "But why is she limping, do you think?"

"Probably pulled a muscle. All that swimming, and walking. She really overdoes" is Kevin's opinion.

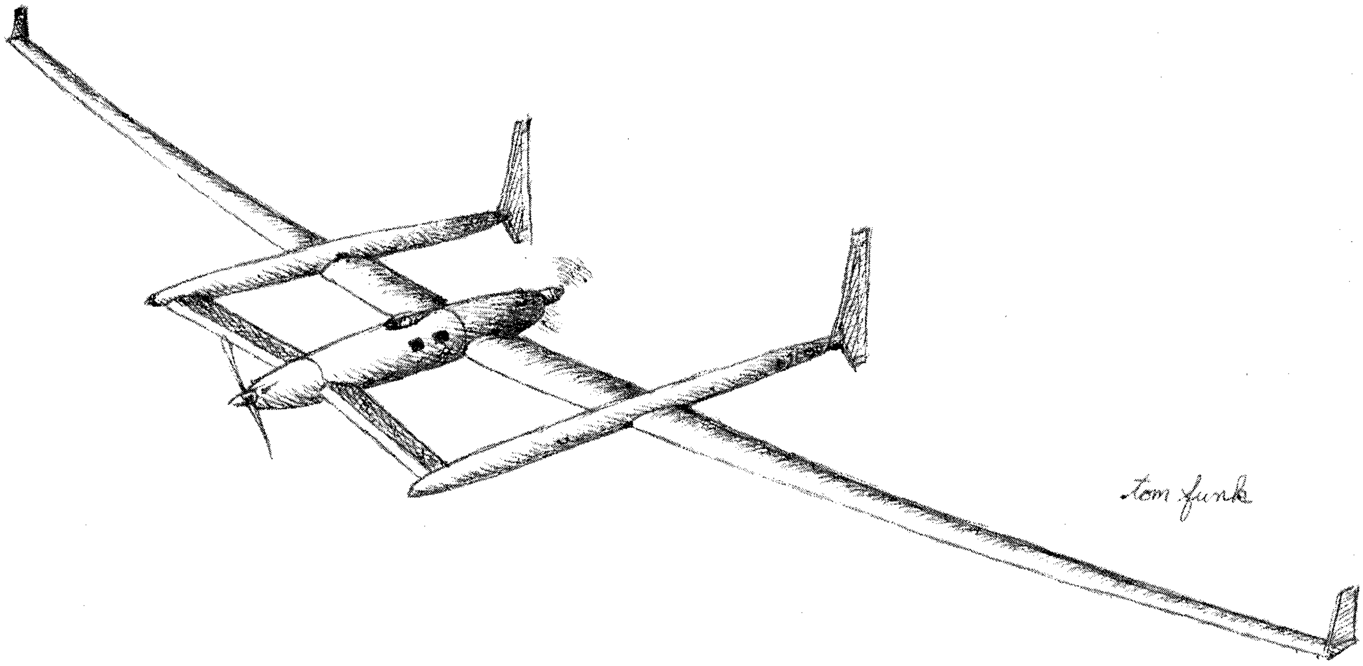
"Well, maybe. But I think they look absolutely great together. Don't you?"

They both laugh, mostly from a sheer, relieved sense of things having improved between them. For the moment, at least, they feel that they are getting along quite well. But who would not, in this caressingly warm, this lullingly beautiful place?

—ALICE ADAMS

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE LAST PLUM



NOTWITHSTANDING the setback of the recent Challenger disaster, we live in an age when manned spacecraft can regularly and unremarkably fly around the world, non-stop and unrefuelled, in about ninety minutes. But that continuing record of records takes place in vacual outer space, beyond the earth's gravity and weather, at an altitude of a hundred and seventy-five miles and a speed of seventeen thousand five hundred miles an hour. The closest more earthbound aviators have ever come to that non-stop unrefuelled record was back in 1962, when a United States Air Force B-52H, a huge, eight-engine jet bomber, managed to fly a paltry 12,532 miles from Okinawa to Spain—about halfway around the planet. For the small, eccentric fraternity of aviation-record seekers, the uninterrupted circumnavigation of the world—which must be a minimum 22,858 miles, according to the Fédération Aeronautique Internationale, the head chapter of the fraternity—on a single load of fuel remains the last great first of atmospheric aviation. No one has ever done it because such a feat has been considered technologically impossible—that is, until the Rutan brothers, Burt and Dick, decided to take a crack at it.

Of all the adventurers who have entertained this quixotic notion, the Rutans are the ones most likely to succeed: Burt is a recognized genius in pioneering aircraft design, and Dick is a recognized genius in piloting just about anything. No serious competition is within sight of them. Together, they created and constructed the Voyager, a highly unorthodox flying machine that can presumably overcome the crucial problems of the "impossible" flight—weight, aerodynamic efficiency, fuel consumption, and human endurance. They have been at it since March of 1981—more than five years of expensive drudgery—and, with luck, they hope to realize the dream flight this September. Since the planned irregularly westward course of the Voyager's trek will take at least twelve days, Dick Rutan, the command pilot of the two-person crew, chose the most compatible co-pilot he could find to share the flying—his girlfriend, Jeana Yeager.

From the moment I first heard about the Voyager project and its principals, I was attracted by its anachronistic devil-may-care (some say foolhardy) spirit. The whole idea seemed to me a throwback to the nineteen-twenties, another Lindbergh-type exploit combining extraordinary human courage with singular technical skill—qualities sometimes obscured in this committee-run, computerized space age of aviation. Last February, I went out to Mojave, California, the home base of the Voyager, to see how the airplane and its crew were making out.

MOJAVE is less than two hours by car over fine freeways from downtown Los Angeles, but it has about as much to do with that churning metropolis as Tonopah, Nevada, does. A boom-and-bust town of forty-two hundred people, Mojave lies on a gigantic plain as flat as your dining-room table, at the foothills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. The hard-packed steppe, extending almost to the horizon in every direction, is a providential, practically ready-made airport, and, with three hundred and sixty days of thirty-mile-visibility flying weather every year in that spectacular high-desert region, it is no surprise that the military is a large presence. Edwards Air Force Base, whose dry-lake bed affords the longest runway in the Western world, is the home of the Air Force Flight Test Center and is the primary landing field for the space shuttles. (The main runway is fifteen thousand feet long, with a smooth overrun of several miles.) Other large test facilities and aircraft plants are just down the road. And yet Mojave has the look of a town that has seen better days, dating back to the glorious twenty-mule-team borax-mining era of the eighteen-

"I'll get some more canapés. You unruffle Mr. Langstrum's feathers."

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eighties. The contemporary houses, motels, and stores are on the Spartan, strictly functional side, and flinty, weathered faces of what seem to be unreconstructed gold prospectors abound. Hefty men hang about in the Pancake House and convenience stores, chatting in their Southwestern drawl about hunting and fishing; plain women cheerfully offer long answers to simple questions. Mojave is a desert crossroads town, its clear air filled with the roar of semis and the whistles of freight trains. Folks around those parts still tell the time of day by the Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe.

A Chamber of Commerce billboard on the outskirts announces that this is the "Home of the Voyager," a testimonial to what may well be the brightest feather in the community's headdress one day soon. Since I had arrived earlier than expected, on a bright, chilly Sunday afternoon, I decided, spurred on by the billboard testimonial, to reconnoitre the Mojave Airport, where the Voyager is housed, even though my appointment with Dick Rutan and Jeana Yeager wasn't until the next morning. The sprawling airport, on the edge of town, befits a major city. During the Second World War, it was a Marine Corps pilot-training center, but in 1958 it was deactivated and presented to Kern County, California, for civilian use. It thrives today as a facility for aircraft refitting and for such special activities as Voyager Aircraft, Inc., which occupies the pale-green corrugated-metal Hangar 77.

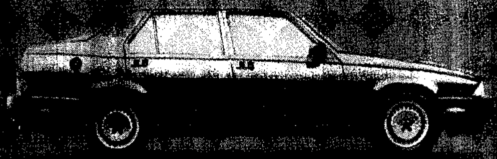
Casual visitors are more than welcome at Hangar 77, for the Voyager project is essentially a grass-roots endeavor, subsisting in large part on private contributions and purchases at the gift shop, which is in the main office. A few tourists were buying Voyager posters, T-shirts, caps, belt buckles, patches, and pins, and even record albums of Ferde Grofé's "Aviation Suite," at the gift shop, and a few others were watching a videotape presentation of the dream flight on a balcony overlooking the Voyager itself. In charge of the entire proceedings that afternoon were George and Irene Rutan, the parents of Burt and Dick.

George Rutan, a tall, blue-eyed retired dentist, whose knowledge of his sons' project is exceeded only by his pride in it, told me that he and his wife like to help out on weekends, allowing the other Hangar 77 employees a chance for a little rest. "Actually, Dick never stops working," he said. "Right now, he's flying the company airplane—a four-place Sierra on loan from Beech Aircraft—to San Francisco to pick up Jeana, who has just come back from an over-ocean training flight to Australia. She needs all the over-ocean training she can get, since the Voyager will be flying mostly over water. The pilot she went with, in a twin-engine Cessna 340, was supposed to give her a real workout, pretending they're lost over the Pacific. Let me brief you on the Voyager, and then you can watch the video, if you like."

Upstairs, George Rutan and I leaned on the balcony railing and studied the Voyager, beneath us, on the floor of the cavernous hangar. The

MILANO

POWER IN THE HANDS OF THE FEW.



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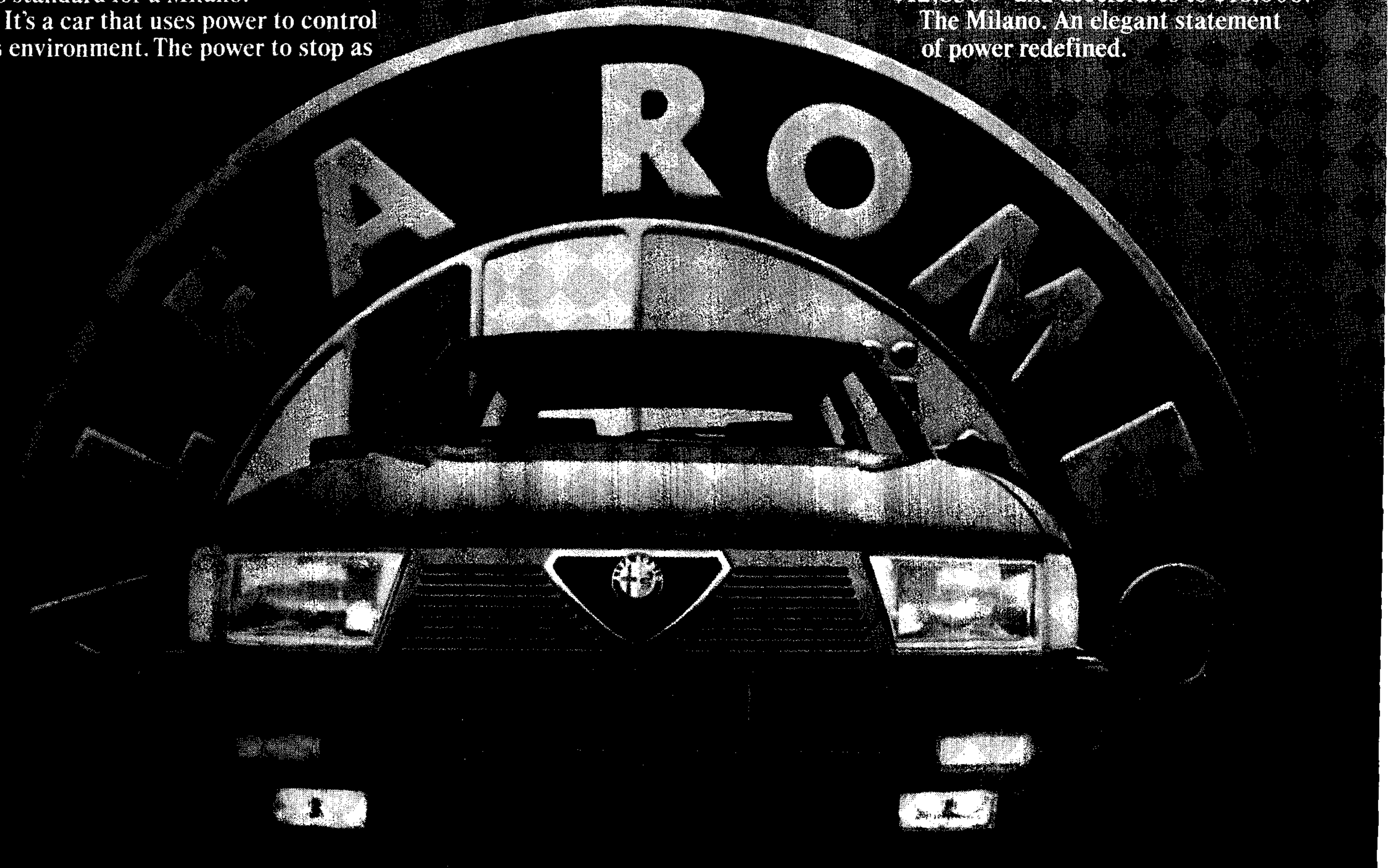

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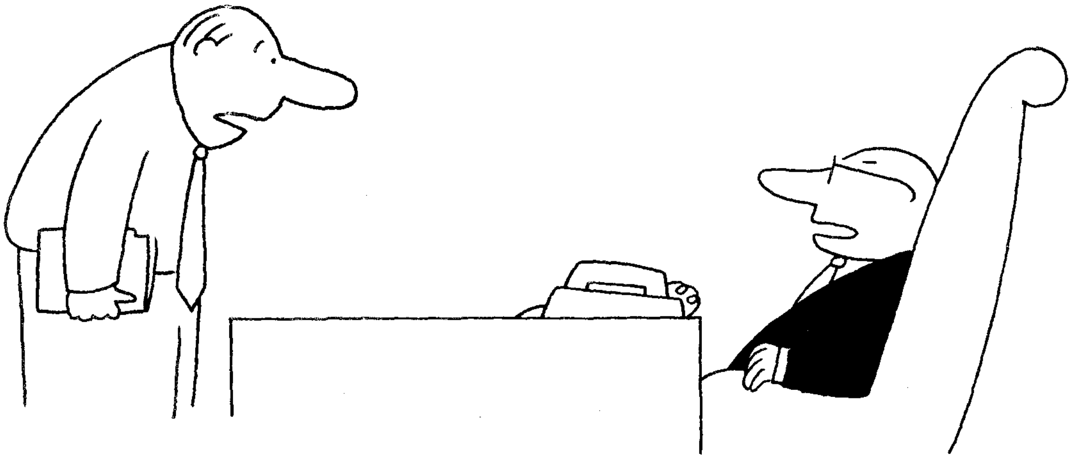
sight of that curious craft, its insides bared by the removal of the engine cowlings, filled me with a flood of contrary impressions: it is at once ungainly and delicate, masculine and feminine, primitive and state-of-the-art, outrageous and yet plausible. It looks like some sort of seagoing trimaran without a sail—twin booms flanking a fuselage (which supports the cabin and front and rear engines), all three torpedolike nacelles crossed by a short forward canard wing and a startlingly long main wing, which provides the immense lift the airplane will need for its mission. Indeed, the main wing's span, of 110.8 feet, is more than two feet longer than a Boeing 727 airliner's. That disproportionate airfoil in juxtaposition with a nose-to-tail length of only thirty feet lends an almost comical quality to the airplane, making it seem rather like a Disney birdling that sprouted adult wings prematurely.

"What you see is an airplane designed for one purpose only—to fly around the world without stopping and without refuelling," George Rutan said. "Every inch of it has been conceived for that event alone. It's a flying gas tank, really, without hardly a bit of metal in it, except for the engines and a few fittings. A metal skin would be too heavy for the Voyager's job. The nonmetal-construction concept came from Burt's mind. He used his favorite material—composite graphite, called Magnamite. Here, I'll show you a sample of the stuff."

He led me over to demonstration molds and small pieces of Magnamite, displayed near the video screen for the visitors' benefit. He handed me some thin black threads. "Those are the basic carbon fibres," he said, "and, as you can see, they're pretty flimsy. When they're impregnated with epoxy resin and made into Magnamite sheets—like in this sample—they're still pretty flimsy." I felt the sheet sample, and agreed. "Now here comes the big trick," he continued. "If you take these thin carbon-fibre sheets and make a sandwich of them on each side of a filler of this Nomex—a honeycomb of fireproof resined paper—and bond it under heat and pressure, why, then you got yourself a material that weighs practically nothing and is seven times stronger than aluminum." I fingered a proffered hunk of the finished product, and indeed it was all Mr. Rutan said it was—feather-light, tough, and supple.

"We can mold this composite stuff


“Prosperity doth bewitch men, seeming clear;
But seas do laugh,
show white, when rocks are near.”
CBarsotti

“Just say what you have to say, Harwell, and get out.”

to any configuration we want,” he went on, “and since it doesn’t react with gasoline, the way metal does, it’s a natural fuel tank. Ninety per cent of the Voyager is made of composite material, which means that it is probably the largest composite airplane ever built. It’s the material of the future, and my son Burt made it all possible with his Scaled Composites company, over there in Hangar 78. When the Voyager makes its round-the-world flight, you’re going to see more and more composites used in airplanes of all kinds. There are other practical advantages to the Voyager mission, too, like testing the effects of extended high-altitude flight on human beings and engines.”

Mr. Rutan excused himself to help out his wife in the gift shop, and I settled down to watch the video. I was joined by a married couple and their two young children, all of whom were as absorbed in the movie as if it were an all-ages family feature. For a promotional film, it was unusually honest and revealing—especially of the Rutan brothers and Jeana Yeager. It showed Dick and Jeana arriving in the Voyager at the 1984 Experimental Aircraft Association’s annual convention, in Oshkosh, Wisconsin—the only long-distance flight the Voyager had made as of that date. They were supposed to have flown non-stop from Mojave, but they ran into some rough weather over the Rockies, and the ultra-flexible airplane and its crew took a woozy battering. The wings actually flapped several feet with each gust; they can flap as much as thirty feet before they disintegrate. After eleven hours of such nauseous torture, the crew set down to recover in Salina, Kansas, continuing the trip to Oshkosh the next day. They at last arrived, peaked and grimly smiling, to a jubilant welcome at the convention, already heroes even before the big event. In an interview, they explained that the Voyager’s automatic-pilot system couldn’t keep up with the turbulence over the Rockies, so they weren’t able to change places in the cockpit-cum-resting area, which is about the size of a pup tent. “We learned an awful lot about ourselves and the Voyager,” Jeana said. One of the important things they learned was that while the airplane can survive severe turbulence, the combination of rough weather and cramped living space will be a constant threat to the success of the around-the-world flight.

For all the wear and tear they experienced on their trip to Oshkosh, Dick and Jeana exuded natural American charm in the video interview, with their joshing banter about who is the better pilot. “She’s better at cooking,” said Dick, who quickly added, “She’s better at hanging with it. She’s a lot stronger than I am and can undergo stress better.” On the Voyager there are no amenities, he pointed out—“no morning shower.”

“You scratch my back, I’ll scratch yours,” Jeana said, with a sweet little-girl smile.

“We’re compatible,” Dick went on. “We travel a lot together. Jeana doesn’t get scared as much as I do. We get mad at each other, but we don’t get mad at each other at the same time. The Voyager flight might have a psychological effect on us. We may come down and never want to see each other again. It’s a big responsibility—the last plum in aviation. A lot of people have worked hard and have faith in us.”

“It’s a part of history and a step forward into the future, too,” Jeana said.

LATE the next morning, I returned to Hangar 77 for my appointment with Dick and Jeana—and, I hoped, Burt Rutan. Wanda Wolf, one of three paid employees of Voyager Aircraft, Inc., was on duty as all-purpose receptionist, secretary, office manager, and gift-shop salesperson. She told me that it would be impossible to get hold of Burt. He had recently sold Scaled Composites to the Beech Aircraft Corporation, and was now extremely busy with various hush-hush projects for the parent corporation. In fact, he was about to fly off somewhere for several days.

My disappointment was assuaged by the appearance of Dick and Jeana from an adjacent room. In person, they both seemed to be exaggerations of their images in the video: Dick a tall, blue-eyed, black-haired test pilot with a pronounced Robert Redford style of irony, charm, and self-deprecation; Jeana a striking doll-like woman with long, dark hair, whose much-publicized shyness scarcely masked a steel will.

After some small talk, Dick said, “What do you say we have lunch? Lunch is my only real meal of the day, with this special diet they got us on, and I’m starved. Reno’s coffee shop is a good place.”

We sat three abreast in the front seat of my rented Buick and rode the couple of miles to Reno’s, in Mojave proper. I asked how Jeana’s training flight to Australia had gone.

“We passed through a cyclone, but it was no big deal,” she answered. “I’ve seen more weather just flying from Mojave to Los Angeles. The worst was the jet lag.”

“Jeana’s real tough, a good pilot,”

Dick said, and Jeana blushed. "She was one of the first civilians to go through the Air Force Water Survival Training Course—I had to get special permission from the Secretary of the Air Force for her to take it—and soon she's going to Wichita for an intensive cram session, where she's supposed to end up with a commercial pilot's license and multi-engine and instrument ratings in only two weeks. She's a private pilot now, with about eight hundred hours' flight time. Maybe she won't accomplish all that in just two weeks."

Jeana's blush turned to irate red. "Of course I will," she said, poking him in the ribs.

At Reno's, Dick ordered soup, fried oysters (the special of the day), salad, and a milkshake; Jeana ordered soup and salad.

No coffee—the ichor of pilots everywhere?

"I never touch coffee," Dick explained. "It's a drug, and we got to stay pure. You have the strength of a thousand if you're pure. No narcotics, like tobacco. We don't do chemicals, either. The body is a neat thing—it doesn't need to be supported with chemicals. I'm a nut on the subject. Practically a vegetarian, mainly because of the hormones they put in cattle. Terrible stuff. The diet we're already on is to condition our systems for the big push in September. It's two light snacks a day—bland things like Shaklee energy bars and packaged foods, because spices re-attack you—and one substantial formal meal. On board the Voyager for those two weeks or so, the formal meal we'll eat together, to give us some sense that we're still social human beings. Irradiated food packs, which were developed by NASA to keep without refrigeration, will be the formal meals—chicken à la king, lobster thermidor, and things like that. We tried a few of these, and some aren't very good at all. The Shaklee stuff isn't bad, though. You just add hot water. Real simple."

"Can we boil water at fifteen thousand feet?" Jeana asked.

"Shoot," Dick replied, frowning at her. "The higher the altitude, the easier it is to boil water. Don't you know that? If we go high enough, you can hold the container of water under your arm and boil it."

I asked them about medical expertise for their seemingly superhuman effort.

"We're probably overdoctored, if anything," Dick said. "Dr. George Jutila, of Fortuna, California, is heading up a team of medical people to advise us about diet, waste elimination, oxygen intake, high-altitude sickness, exercise, fatigue, psychological problems because of the consistent noise and lack of space and privacy, and, probably most important of all, circadian rhythms. Once we're up to altitude and on our way, we'll turn on the autopilot and adjust our circadian rhythms—each of us doing six hours on, then six hours off, one of us always being on. That will be our diurnal cycle. We'll start that circadian rhythm months before we take off, to get used to it. I'll go to bed, say, at nine in the evening and get up at three in the morning, which is when Jeana will go to sleep, and then six hours later she'll begin *her* day, and so on and on. During the flight, we'll maintain that schedule no matter what the sun is doing. Our body-temperature cycle won't have to be adjusted—it will artificially stay the same. You see, your body normally operates on a twenty-four-hour temperature cycle. There are periods within this cycle when your cognitive motor skills are well attuned and other times when they are not at peak level. During those low times, your body is ready to accept sleep. If you can't sleep during a low period, you're not going to be able to sleep so well six hours later, because your temperature cycle is up again. So you're fatigued, displaced, a zombie—like in jet lag. Jeana and I must be very alert to fly the Voyager, with no sleep debt. So we worked out this system, copying the Latins: six hours of real sleep, then six hours of work, then six of off-duty relaxation with a little siesta. Now, that's the grand plan of what we'll try to do, but there may be a big storm that will negate the grand plan. And if one of us is asleep and the other wants to talk to somebody—well, fortunately, we're both ham-radio operators, so we can gab with other hams and passing airliners. There'll be a lot of people who want to gab with us, and we'll probably have to shut them off. There's enough to do with navigation, communications, and just flying the airplane to keep us from being bored. Extreme boredom causes hallucinations. Once, on a record long-distance flight, I saw a little guy sitting on the wing and talking to me. Claustrophobia is another problem. On flight day, we'll take off as close to sunrise as possible. I'll be awake a good six hours before takeoff. Jeana will sleep right up to takeoff. She'll be awakened, get in the airplane, and we'll go. I'm piloting the takeoff. It's the most dangerous part of the whole flight. That's when we're fully loaded with fuel—a flying bomb."

But what if Jeana can't just calmly sleep up to the moment of takeoff?

"That's her problem," Dick said.

No sleeping pills?

He grimaced, and said, "I told you, we don't do chemicals. If we get skin rashes or infections from not bathing, we've got a pretty comprehensive emergency medical kit."

What about disease? Would they be quarantined before the big push?

Yes, they would, but Dick didn't want to say where. "There's this thing called high-altitude, or mountain, sickness," he said. "After about seventy to ninety hours at high altitude, especially when you sleep, you can develop pulmonary edema, which can be fatal. The doctors aren't sure why some people get it, but they're concerned about that for us. Astronauts don't have the sickness, because they're in a pressurized cabin. It's a problem that only we might have, being so high up for such a long time. So we need to acclimate ourselves for two weeks before takeoff, and we'll be quarantined, at a house ninety-three hundred feet up in the Sierras, where we'll rest and get used to the altitude. It's about two hundred miles north of here."

"Whoops! You're not supposed to tell where it is," Jeana interrupted.

"Oh-oh, I just blew it," Dick said. Then, quickly changing the subject, he continued, "Anyway, to stay as limber as we can in that teeny space on board the Voyager, we'll be doing some kind of isometric exercises. And we should have plenty of oxygen—enough to fly this mission at twenty-five thousand feet ninety per cent of the time for ten days—so we'll be able to climb for that tail wind or over that bad weather."

How about water?

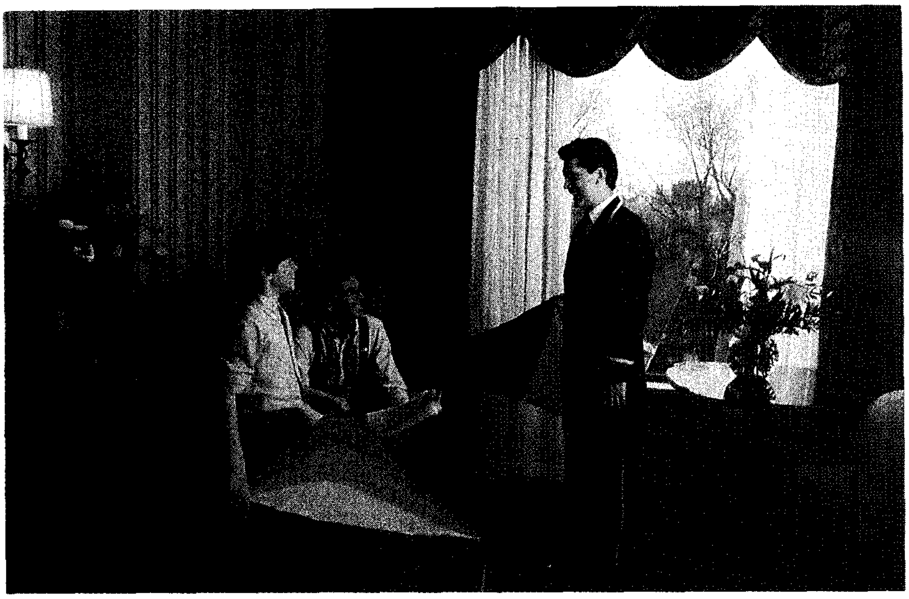
"Water is a necessity," Jeana said with dramatic understatement. She made a toasting gesture with her water glass and took a sip.

"You bet," Dick said. "We have to deal with three major consumables—fuel, oil, and water. The depletion of any one of the three will terminate the flight. We can run out of food and still go on for extra days, but not water. We don't ever want to get into a degraded mode, so we're real careful about dehydration. We're taking along ninety pounds of water, which will be in collapsible plastic containers in the back of the cockpit. Real space-efficient. I guess Jeana and I will load up on our personal intake of water before we take off.

"Speaking of which," Dick went on, "we have the waste-disposal question beat, I think. This is not very pleasant lunch talk, but there are relief tubes for liquid waste and fecal-containment bags for solid waste. Those bags have to be—uh, tested. The bags can be dropped through a little door in the bottom of the airplane."

As for the other major consumables—fuel and oil—Dick and Jeana said that they will take just enough to fly around the world, plus a reasonable reserve. The weight of the Voyager, empty, is only 1,858 pounds; fully loaded for its around-the-world flight, it will weigh 11,326 pounds—all but a thousand of those additional pounds being gasoline and oil: almost fifteen hundred gallons. That incredible fuel-to-empty-weight ratio—heretofore inconceivable in aviation—was made possible by the unique composite-material construction of the airplane. A state-of-the-art, superefficient liquid-cooled rear engine will make the most of every drop of that gasoline. There are seventeen fuel compartments built into the Voyager's flexible interior, and the weight of the takeoff fuel load will probably droop the Magnamite wings almost to the runway. Managing the fuel during the flight will be so exacting that the airplane is expected to return to earth weighing, all told, just 2,276 pounds.

The workability of the fuel scheme and the myriad other technological in-



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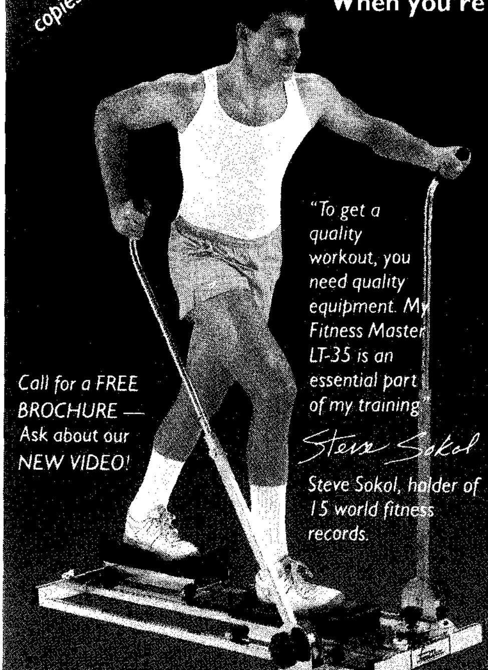

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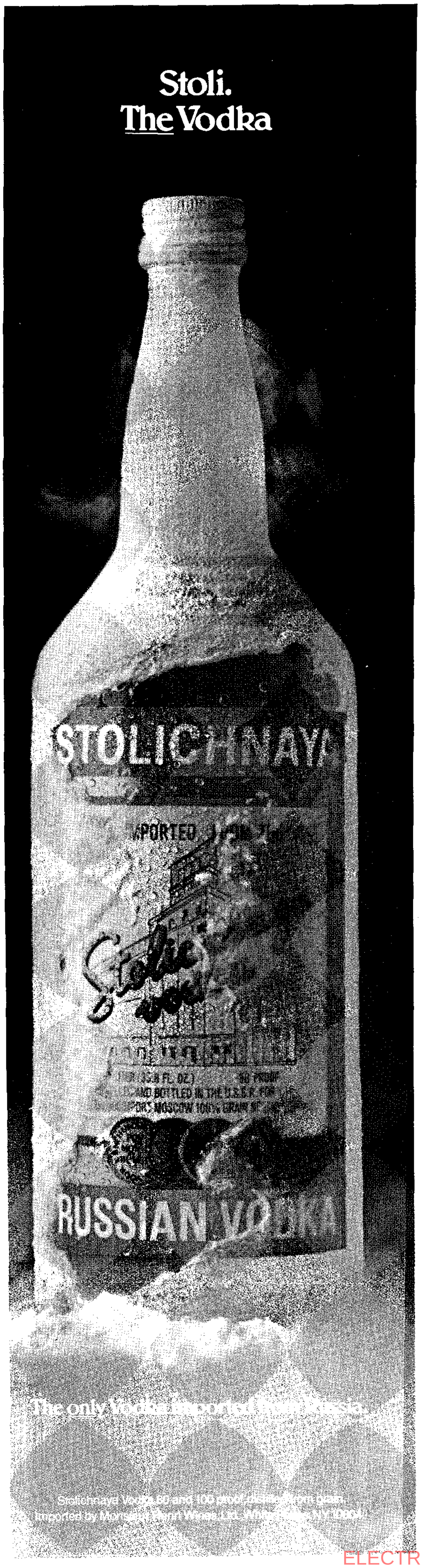

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novations has to be proved in a concentrated series of test flights. Dick told me, "We'll be doing short hops to see how everything checks out—food, water, fuel, engines, avionics, long-range navigation, oxygen, ventilation, heater, our own human systems, and so on. Everything. Then, this summer we'll perform something that will be closest to the real thing—the culmination of flight-testing. We'll try for the world closed-course distance record, flying up and down the California coast between San Francisco and Santa Barbara—never too far from Mojave, in case of an emergency. If we can get up there and spend five days or so in that thing, we'll learn a lot as well as break the closed-course record of 11,337 miles. That's a big job. All those things have to work, Jeana."

"That's right," Jeana said.

"If they don't work, we can't go around the world."

Jeana's face froze into the moue of a child deprived of dessert.

That was a natural cue for me to pose the question I had wanted to ask ever since I first heard of the Voyager project: "Why do you want to go? Or, to put it another way, why do two personable, normal Americans want so desperately to coop themselves up in an enclosed space the size of a pup tent, within a buffeting, noisy, frail contraption, in order to fly three miles above mostly open sea for two weeks?"

"Well, not for money," Dick answered. "Or for fame, either—although Jeana kind of likes that part." He received a soft, feminine elbow in his side for that. "Why fly around the world like this? We have made our careers in aviation, and every professional should try to do something significant in his field. We found that non-stop and unrefuelled flight around the world was the last major event still to be achieved in atmospheric aviation. It's like breaking the sound barrier. The man who broke the sound barrier"—he glanced at Jeana—"your cousin Chuck . . ."

Jeana laughed and said, "We're checking into that."

". . . now, he achieved a tremendous accomplishment, and it got a lot more attention than the man who went *twice* the speed of sound. Someday, somebody will fly twice around the world, non-stop and unrefuelled, when they figure out how to make engines even more fuel-efficient, but that person won't have the same place in history that we will. It's like the four-minute mile—everybody remembers Roger Bannister, who did it first. We want to establish a first, like Bannister, and, in the bargain, improve aviation technology. Aviation is in a sorry state because of its lack of technological advances. Airplanes that fall apart in the sky, that stall and spin for no reason—we don't need those things. We don't need airplanes that are horribly expensive because they're made out of aluminum. We hope to change all that. As for our personal comfort and safety—well, neither one of us wants to die in this thing. We're not big risk-takers, no matter what the world thinks. Some backup systems are incorporated into the Voyager, but having two of every kind of radio, two Omega navigation systems, two autopilots, and so forth, would mean straining our weight and space requirements. The failure of any one of those items means a mission abort, landing in Honolulu, Sydney, or New Delhi—not Iran or any other touchy political place, which we're steering clear of over the ocean. Then we'd repair the airplane and try again. We could try three or four times to accomplish the mission. We accept that possibility. For survival equipment at sea, we have a SARSAT beacon, which can pinpoint our location via Russian and American satellites, and we have very lightweight parachutes, which double as pillows, and super-lightweight raft and flotation devices, flares, a hand-held radio, a smoke bomb, and a signal mirror, and that's about it. Very minimal. If we have to stay longer than forty-eight hours on the ocean surface, we'll probably succumb."

Dick finished off the last of his milkshake as if it were a shot of good Scotch. "You know what's neat about all this?" he said. "Everybody in the Voyager program is just a regular individual. There's nothing really special about Burt, Jeana, Dick, or the others involved. Jeana and I are human beings doing hands-on flying; we're not controlled from Houston or Cape Canaveral by a lot of machinery. That's what other individual Americans can identify with and appreciate that they are Americans who still have the freedom to accomplish something like this. We're not stifled by a totalitarian regime. That's what is really neat. Our freedom is precious, and we've got to protect it."

AFTER lunch, back at Hangar 77, I had a chance to talk with Fergus Fay, a retired Rockwell International engineer who works as an un-paid volunteer mechanic on the Voyager. A compact man with gray hair, knowing eyes, and a self-effacing manner, Fay told me that he has been acquainted with Burt Rutan since 1976, when Fay constructed a Vari Eze (pronounced "very easy"), one of Rutan's light-airplane designs. "As soon as I saw one, I wanted to build it," Fay said. "I was fascinated by the technology Burt was coming out with on that airplane—the canard wing, the composite materials, and all. When I completed it, the Vari Eze flew just the way Burt said it would, which is a feather in his cap. Burt is so terribly busy these days you can hardly get to see him, but he'll make time if there's a problem with the Voyager. I've been in aviation all my life—well, since I was sixteen, anyway. Fifty-one years of flying—the Army Air Corps in the Second World War, then the Air Force, and later as an engineer with Rockwell, which built the space shuttle. When I retired from the space-shuttle program, I got bored doing nothing. I used to come up to Mojave to see Burt and help out Dick and Jeana on their record distance and speed flights in their Long EZ, an improved Vari Eze, and when I heard about the Voyager program I felt I could work for them. They're going to accomplish something not even the U.S. government was able to do. I like that, and I admire them for their free-enterprise approach. Hell, if the government was involved it would take fifty people to achieve what a few of us are doing. There's no money in it for me, but it's a lot of fun."

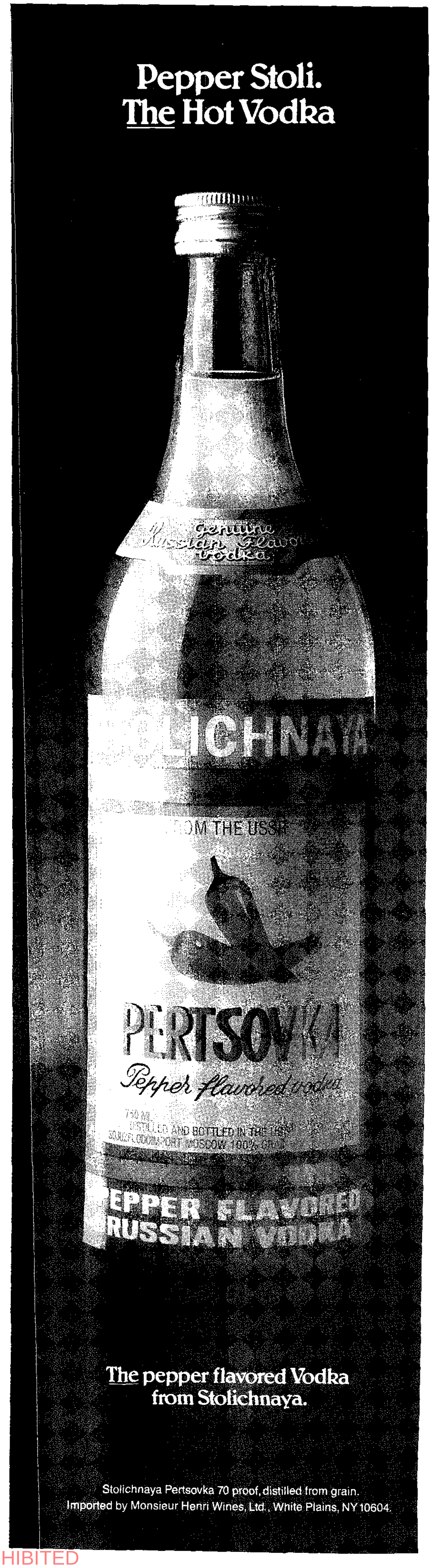
Fay is intensely optimistic about the Voyager's around-the-world flight. His special concern is the power source: the tried-and-true Teledyne Continental O-240 air-cooled, 130-horsepower front engine (which will be used only for extra pull during the heavy takeoff and initial climb-out and cruise; it can be re-started in an emergency or to gain altitude) and the brand-new Teledyne Continental IOL-200 liquid-cooled, 110-horsepower pusher rear engine (which will have to run continuously for the entire flight). Obviously, the prototypical rear engine is critical; if it fails, the mission fails. It cannot be re-started (an electric starter was omitted to save weight, and the propeller can't be windmilled for an expediential start). Because it consumes so much fuel, the front engine alone can't keep the Voyager aloft for long. So the IOL-200 must purr along without a glitch for at least two hundred and eighty-eight hours.

At first, Fay had his doubts about the IOL-200. "My personal feeling was that I like to see an engine in service for fifteen years before it's really proven," he said. "Now, that front engine, the O-240, is *proven*—the finest I ever saw of the type. But I was won over watching the IOL-200 run in our tests. It functions like a regular liquid-cooled automobile engine, in that it burns very little oil, runs cool but provides plenty of cabin heat with no carbon-monoxide seepage; and, best of all, it cruises on only five gallons an hour. Toward the end of the flight, it should still be pushing the Voyager along at about a hundred miles per hour. Of course, no engine is one hundred per cent reliable. No mechanical or electronic device is, for that matter. But we're using the best stuff in the world, and we treat it like an infant baby. If I didn't think we had at least a ninety-five-per-cent chance of success, I wouldn't be wasting my time here."

During the main event, in September, the Voyager's crew will be in frequent radio communication, via satellites and relays, with a control center at Hangar 77. (In the Smithsonian's National Air and Space Museum, an ongoing Voyager-progress exhibit is planned, and if the flight is successfully completed the airplane itself may be permanently displayed there, alongside other historic aircraft.) The Mojave control center will be forwarding meteorological, navigational, and technical advice as it is needed, and Fay will be a key adviser. "I'm gradually compiling a technological file so if there are any contingencies on the flight I'll be ready to help. It'll be like the first moon shot, with monitoring from the comfort of a warm room where you can think clearly and logically, with all the data and schematics at your fingertips. If there's some problem, we can look at the whole picture calmly. How is the weather? What is the fuel flow? What's going on? Then we'll come to the best conclusion. Remember the Apollo 13 shot? They didn't make it to the moon, because of trouble, but NASA improvised and got the crew back O.K."

I asked Fay if he thought that Dick and Jeana were the best crew for the Voyager mission.

"Can't imagine two better people," he answered quickly. "Each is unique,



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but they have a nice, healthy respect for each other and work excellently as a team. Psychologically, too, they're both winners. They know it's not going to be easy, but they are secure about handling whatever comes along—they're not the hand-wringing type. You find that self-confidence only in certain pilots, I've noticed over the years. The Voyager mission is a human thing, like climbing Mt. Everest. It's there, so, goldangit, let's do it! For my part, I'm emotionally caught up in the project. I want to see it come off. This is truly a labor of love. The same goes for all us worker-bees on the Voyager—especially Bruce Evans. He's the crew chief. If you want to see dedication, see him."

I MANAGED to catch up with Bruce Evans, the crew chief and another of the three paid employees of Voyager Aircraft, Inc. (Wanda Wolf and Mike Russell, the hangar-maintenance man, are the other two), in his office later on. We conversed while he continued what he said was endless paperwork. Evans, like Fay, came to the Voyager project by knowing Burt Rutan through the construction of a Vari Eze. In December of 1982, Evans was a house builder and developer in San Diego. He was in the habit of flying up to Mojave in his Vari Eze "just to kick tires and visit with Burt and Dick," he told me. "That's what's nice about having your own airplane. It's a great excuse just to take off and go somewhere. Especially in a Vari Eze. You have the feel of putting on that airplane rather than getting into it, and it's a double thrill to fly something you built yourself. I think Burt is the sharpest designer around—absolutely a genius. Anyway, I wasn't doing any house-building job in 1982—the interest rates were very unfavorable for spec builders—and when the Rutans asked me to help out on the Voyager I thought about it for one second and said yes. I figured it was a nine-month deal. Well, for me it's been more than three years now."

Evans put aside his paperwork for a moment and smoothed back his red hair. "I suppose the Voyager is a crazy, compulsive dedication," he said reflectively. "One of those things you really want to do, not for financial gain or anything like that. It's a great goal to see the thing go around the world, and I'm sticking with it. Flying around the world won't be easy, but I know every centimetre of that airplane, inside and out, and my expectation is that it will work according to plan. The medical and human factors are probably more doubtful than the airplane. My first commitment was to build the Voyager. I'm a builder, remember. Now, the current phase—getting it ready, testing out all the systems—that's taking way longer than I thought. In June of 1984, when Dick took the Voyager up for the first time, solo, just around the Mojave Airport, it was one of the biggest thrills of my life. Jeana was co-pilot on the second flight, later that same month. When they go off together around the world in September, my inclination is to be in a bar somewhere in Mexico."

"For the whole twelve days?" I asked.

"Well, I hate to go down there and stay in a bar for that short a time," he said, "but if that's all the time they're going to take on the flight, I guess I can hack it. As I say, my *inclination* is to do that, but I'll try to be where I can be most useful—at the control center, I imagine. Then, after the mission, I definitely plan to go to that bar in Mexico for an extended stay. There are lots of nice bars down there, although I have a particular one in mind. I'm going to need that break before going back to building houses in San Diego. But I'll miss the excitement."

I RETURNED to Hangar 77 the following morning to inspect the Voyager up close, and to talk some more with Dick and Jeana, if their tight schedules would permit it. The first person I encountered at the hangar office was Dick, who was looking haggard and vexed. He explained that he was up at five o'clock that morning for a daybreak flight in the Beechcraft Sierra to Santa Rosa, about fifty miles north of San Francisco, where he was supposed to take possession of an electronic device designed specifically for the Voyager—a tiny computer that continually monitors all the engine functions. He was informed by radio in mid-flight that the device wasn't ready for installation yet, so he returned, disappointed, to Mojave. "I wanted to test out that new monitor real bad," he said. "It's just what we need—hardly any weight at all, and it does everything all the engine instruments together do. We have a lot of that miniaturized stuff on board—like a small microfiche viewer for all our maps, charts, and manuals. A company in San Diego offered us that system, which reduces about twenty pounds of reading matter to an ounce, and I could've kissed them. Now, with this latest delay, we've got to sort out our immediate testing plans. Damn. I'm going to do some wiring work with Fergus on the airplane. Jeana's around here someplace."

Jeana soon appeared, and sat down on an office couch next to a sleeping black cat. The cat awoke and they nuzzled each other. I asked Jeana about her life before Voyager, and she responded in terse, barely audible sentences. Celebrity has not come easily to Jeana Yeager.

"I was born in Fort Worth, Texas, in 1952, which makes me going on thirty-four," she said. "My father is a teacher in Mesquite, near Dallas. I graduated from high school in Commerce, Texas, but I didn't go on to college. Instead, I worked in Houston, doing mechanical drafting. Later on, I came to California and worked for Bob Truax, who was developing a private-enterprise shuttle rocket. About 1977, I took a notion to fly, and I got my private pilot's license the next year. I guess I just love flying. At an air show in Chino, California, I met Dick, who was performing aerobatics in a Rutan Long EZ and trying to sell them, too. That was in 1980. I just met him and liked him. We've been together in Mojave just about ever since. Now I better get back to work." She gently placed the cat in its accustomed sleeping position on the couch and, with a demure gesture of farewell, returned to an inner office.

Among the biographical facts Jeana didn't tell me were that she has set four world speed records in a Long EZ and that she had been asked to be an astronaut on the Truax shuttle before the enterprise ran out of funds.

AFTER solemnly promising not to touch, I was allowed into the roped-off sanctum sanctorum—the central area of Hangar 77 where the Voyager was being curried and primped by Dick Rutan and Fergus Fay. I felt honor-bound not only to avoid any tactile indiscretions but to speak in hushed, reverent tones, for one is in the immediate presence of a unique treasure—fragile, pristine, priceless. One is also in, one senses, an antiseptic operating room: not a smudge of grease or oil is anywhere to be seen, not a tool is out of its assigned niche, not so much as a cotter pin is merely lying about. As the saying goes, a place for everything, and everything in its place.

While Dick and Fergus Fay meticulously worked on bundles of wiring under the front engine, I circled the fantastic flying machine, noting its peculiar details: small vortex generators protruding like broken glass atop the forward, or canard, wing (both the vortex generators and the canard provide aerodynamic stability); a thin coat of white paint over all but the bottom of the composite surfaces, to save weight (less than four pounds of paint was applied, to protect the naturally black Magnamite from the sun); a pole antenna jutting straight out from the rear of the left boom; a single rudder on the rear of the right boom; four cabin windows and a bubble canopy, which offered me a glimpse of the austere, inhumanly constrictive living and piloting space; bare-bones instruments and controls in the cockpit; and various legends and symbols emblazoned all over the airplane—"VOYAGER, EXPERIMENTAL, N269VA," American flags, and the logos of corporations that have donated equipment to the project.

"It's hard to find anything on the Voyager that wasn't donated," Dick said, watching me read the logos. "And thank goodness for that. Well, what do you think? Will it fly around the world?"

I held up crossed fingers.

"Things do break, I guess—usually at the wrong time," he said. "But life is a bitch and then you die. That's my philosophy."

We agreed to explore that philosophy and other matters over lunch at a franchised Wendy's, another culinary temple in Mojave.

The short ride to Wendy's was made in what Dick calls "the company car"—an ancient Toyota Corona station wagon crammed with jury-rigged electronic contraptions and sporting a California license plate reading "LONG EZ." I noticed that Dick seemed looser, more open than he had the previous day with Jeana. (She was catching up on her paperwork.) During the rattly ride, and later, over a stuffed baked potato, salad, and milkshake, he casually told me the story of his life. He was born in 1938 ("Shoot, I'm almost forty-eight years old"), in Loma Linda, outside Los Angeles ("The whole town is Saturday Night Adventurer headquarters, boy. That's really Seventh-Day Adventist"), and raised in rural Estacada, Oregon, then Los Angeles, and then Dinuba, near

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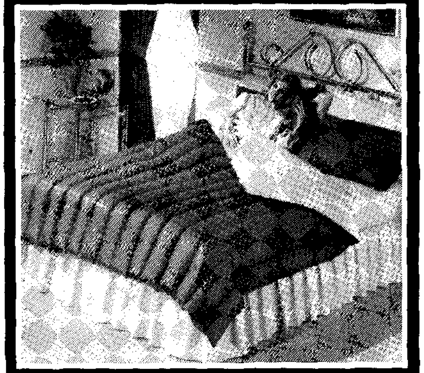

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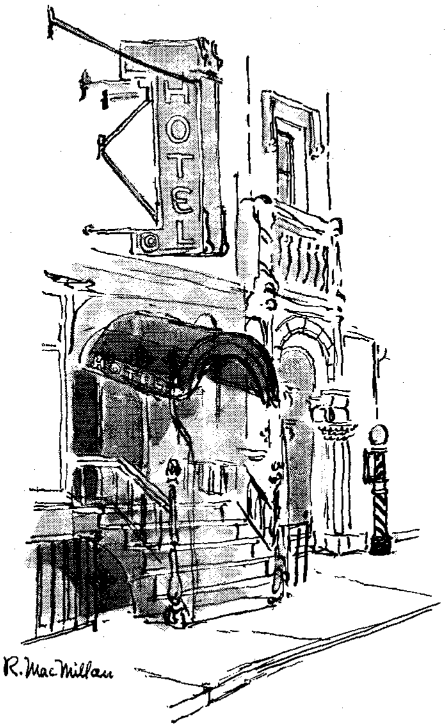
Fresno, in the Central Valley of California. Fascinated by motorcycles and airplanes—especially airplanes—he began flying lessons at fifteen; he soloed on his sixteenth birthday, the minimum legal age, and by the time he finished high school, in Dinuba, he had earned a commercial pilot's license, a certified flight instructor's rating, and a power-plant mechanic's permit. Soon thereafter, he became an aviation cadet in the Air Force, from which he retired as a lieutenant colonel in 1978.

"Whenever I saw an airplane as a kid, I wanted to get up there in it," he said. "Those contrails of the big jets overwhelmed me. It was my destiny to fly, and the only kind of flying I thought was interesting at all was in the military. Maybe I should've gone to college and chased girls and had a lot of fun, but I didn't because I was in too much of a hurry to fly hot airplanes. In the Air Force, I did O.K. until the higher ranks, when you needed a college degree to be competitive, so I finally got a degree through correspondence courses. I was a fighter pilot all over the place—from Iceland to Germany to Vietnam."

It was in Vietnam, flying the F-100 ("the slightly supersonic Super Sabre," Dick called it), that he experienced his watershed life crisis. A gung-ho fighter jockey (Killer was his nickname), he volunteered for a hundred and five missions over North Vietnam in the late nineteen-sixties. He even tape-recorded battle impressions from the cockpit to send home to his parents. He said that he was addicted to his own adrenaline high at the sacred altar of his controls. Then, one day in September of 1968, he was strafing a truck over the North and his F-100 was hit by ground fire. "I didn't know what hit me," Dick said, still somewhat dazed by the memory. "All I saw was flames. In the F-100, the whole belly is fuel tanks, and the wings are full of fuel. Anyhow, I stayed with the burning airplane to the South China Sea, ejected, and was rescued by our choppers. Up till that experience, I thought I was really accomplishing something in combat, and my flying in Vietnam, through the worst of it, was the most exciting time of my life. I was being utilized for what I did best—I was earning my pay. Suddenly, I realized what a terrible thing it all was. I guess I had been brainwashed, in a way. The stupidity of that war! All those dumb reasons we went over there, and how little we understood the enemy! Criminal is what it was. The ground troops and the search-and-destroy business—they'd go out and have half their platoon killed by climbing some stupid hill. For what? Holy bananas, I don't know how those guys kept doing it!" For his extraordinary service, Dick won the Silver Star, five Distinguished Flying Crosses, sixteen Air Medals, and the Purple Heart. He stopped volunteering for dangerous combat missions, but he stayed in the Air Force for another ten years.

Just five days after Dick received his commission as an officer, he married his high-school sweetheart, Geraldine Tompkins. They have two daughters, one currently in college and the other in high school. But when Dick left the Air Force the marriage soured; Geraldine liked the life of an Air Force wife, and Dick felt frustrated by the military. They agreed to separate. At loose ends and in need of a job that wouldn't bind him to a desk from nine to five, he came to Mojave and went to work for his younger brother, Burt, who had launched his profitable Rutan Aircraft Factory. About that period of his life Dick told me, "My brother did his own test-flying back then. He's an excellent pilot, but I'm better. So I went on his payroll. He designed and built the Rutan airplanes, and I tested and marketed them. We had a lot of fun, although we didn't always see eye to eye. Burt and I were never really close—not because we didn't like each other but because there's a five-year difference in age, and, well, Burt was always more interested in creating airplanes, and I just wanted to fly them. He's smarter than I am, in some ways. He did real well at California State Polytechnic."

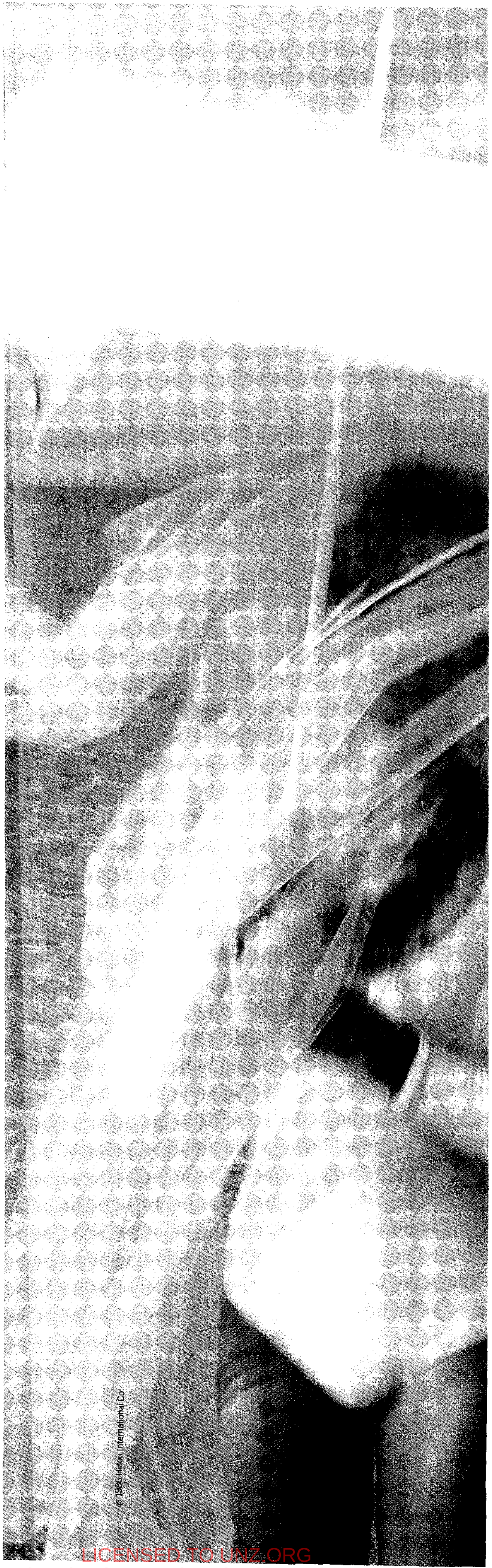


After a while, however, Dick grew restless. He saw himself essentially as a test pilot, wrenching prototypical airplanes through violent aerobatic maneuvers, but Burt wanted him to spend more time at the factory, as production manager. "Being a test pilot is the only true fun in civilian flying," Dick said. "Like Chuck Yeager, who made a big name for himself in these parts. Half the scientists said that breaking the sound barrier couldn't be done. Well, Yeager got into that X-1 and did it. You can forgive him just about anything else he did for that. As I said, life is a bitch and then you die. Anyway, I wanted Burt to design a whole new competition aerobatic airplane. I had already started dating Jeana, and the two of us thought we'd form a company to build his aerobatic design and show what it could do. But Burt wanted to build a new type of sailplane. Then, one day, we were sitting in a restaurant down the road from here, and Burt said that maybe it was possible to fly around the world without stopping or refuelling. I had heard him mention that before, but I never took him seriously. As crazy as it sounded, given the current technology, I figured that if Burt thought it really could be done we were going to damn well do it. And a record like that would get Jeana's and my company off on the right foot. In that restaurant down the road, Burt sketched on a napkin what he thought the airplane should look like, a conceptualization. But would it be feasible? Would it have to be as big as an aircraft carrier? Over the next couple of weeks, he did some formal engineering and evaluation studies on a computer, and then he came back to us with the configuration of the airplane—the Voyager you see today. We figured eighteen months and two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It's been five years and almost two million.

"Once we had the plans, Jeana and I pooled all our earthly capital to form our company, Voyager Aircraft, Inc. My folks let me move into an old house they owned around here. My mother would come by and put some food in the refrigerator for us. We turned the living room into an office and wrote proposals to different corporations for funding. We spent eighteen months doing that—spent every nickel and more we had—and we were totally unsuccessful. Nothing. The narcotics industry was sort of interested—a tobacco company—but I said no. I also said no to some foreign electronics outfits; I'm a pretty staunch American, and I believe in keeping things at home. Still, I wouldn't even accept any U.S. government money. We were dead broke. Finally, Burt said, 'Shoot, come into my little shop and build the pieces of the airplane there, and we'll scrounge for parts.' We scrounged plenty, and talked all kinds of companies into providing materials, and we built, in pieces, a huge airplane. For about a year and a half, we slaved in that dirty, grubby place. Bruce Evans walked in the door, and we hired him for not very much. There were a few others, too. It was a filthy labor of love. I come from the military, with its spit and polish, but my brother doesn't. I hated that shop. We needed more and cleaner room to assemble the airplane, so I talked the Mojave Airport people into lending us Hangar 77 for a couple of months, just to get the thing together and flying. We thought that once it flies we'll get all kinds of sponsors. We flew it, but nothing happened. The corporation executives wouldn't take the chance with hard cash, in case the Voyager fails its mission. Right now, it would be cheap publicity for them, but after we pull it off it's going to cost them. That's O.K., too, but first I need to get from here to there and back in one piece."

The way things stood, Dick and Jeana, the sole owners of Voyager Aircraft, Inc., were deep in debt. Their loans so far amounted to three hundred thousand dollars. The cash flow from private contributions, gift-shop sales, contracts commissioned by a marketing director, and honoraria from speaking engagements was barely enough to keep the project going. And the future fiscal problems were enormous; for instance, the control center, in Mojave, would cost about a million dollars, and Edwards Air Force Base wanted a ten-million-dollar liability-insurance policy taken out for the use of its endless runway, where Voyager will both begin and finish its historic flight.

Dick and Jeana are personally riding on sheer dedication. They receive no salaries from their company—just occasional expense money. "The other day, a local pilot asked me to check him out for a biennial flight review," Dick said. "I got twenty-five dollars



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for doing that, and I went right out and bought myself some new sneakers, which I needed badly. That's how Jeana and I live. But we're going to pull this thing off, by hook or by crook."

I ACCEPTED an invitation to visit the Rutan parents at their place in Palmdale. Just thirty-five miles south on a straight freeway from Mojave, Palmdale is a sudden thickening of development in the high desert. It is the habitat of three corporate giants of the aerospace industry—Rockwell, Lockheed, and Northrop—and on the fringes of the giants' workshops are instant malls, housing clusters, and municipal buildings, sprouting from the barren landscape like the Emerald City of Oz. Nearby, the San Andreas Fault snakes its way toward San Francisco—an acknowledged fact of nature amid the unnatural.

The house of George and Irene Rutan looks exactly the same as the others on its newly developed street, with tan stucco walls and bright-green lawn. Inside, it is the comfortably furnished, memorabilia-filled home of a retired professional who has a strong interest in aviation. The memorabilia leave no doubt that this is the home of the Rutan brothers' parents.

George and Irene are *echt* Californians, the products of ancestors who migrated west early. They told me that they met at La Sierra College, a Seventh-Day Adventist institution near Loma Linda, and were married when they were both twenty-one. George was a premedical student, but it was 1937, and the Depression prevented him from finishing school. Soon after their first child, Richard, was born, they moved to a "survival farm" in Estacada, Oregon, where they somehow made do off their land and the occasional odd job. A daughter, Nellie Ann, was born there in 1942, and fifteen months later Elbert Leander—nicknamed Burt, not from Elbert but, circuitously, from Burpy. (He was a colicky infant.) After serving in the Navy during the Second World War, George at last won a dental degree at the University of Southern California and then set up a thriving practice in Dinuba. The Central Valley town was an ideal environment for bringing up kids—good schools, nice people, plenty of room.

The elder Rutans take much of the blame, or credit, for their sons' notable tenacity and dedication. "We let them do things other parents wouldn't let

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their kids do," George said. "I wanted them to be completely self-reliant, never babied. Maybe I didn't reward them enough. Maybe I was too tough on them, the way my parents were on me. When Dick was a child, he was real independent and adventurous, even a little wild. He would often disappear in the woods for hours, and he got into a few scrapes. He was never a good student, as far as grades go; the intelligence was there, all right, but he needed to be interested to study, like in geography when he decided to work hard and got an A—the only one he ever got, I think. Dick always had a natural talent for mechanics. First, it was bicycles, and then motorcycles—taking them apart and putting them back together. I made a deal with him that he could ride a trail motorcycle off the highways. Later, when I gave him my old 1949 Ford, he made it into something mechanically unique: if you used the turn-signal lever the horn would sound, and if you pulled the headlight switch the engine would start. There was a bit of the wise guy in him, a bit of the ham. There still is."

Irene said, "Dick's real love, though, was airplanes. He built lots of models, but just to fly them. When one would crash, he just threw it away and built another. Little Burt, who was five years younger, kind of quiet, and really looked up to his older brother, would retrieve the smashed-up model and make an original design from the scraps. That was when he was only six, too. From the first, Burt wasn't so interested in flying models as in building them."

"Unlike Dick, Burt did well in school," George said. "He was forever thinking, always had new ideas going around in his head. He was a dreamer. He's still that way. Since both boys were nuts about aviation, I got them up in a real airplane early. Dick wanted to take lessons, but he was too young, so he cleverly suggested that *I* take lessons. I did, and I was hooked. In fact, I'm still a weekend pilot. I bought a Beechcraft Bonanza with two partners in 1953, and soon after that Dick began his flying lessons."

Irene chuckled, and said, "I drove him to the airport to solo on his sixteenth birthday, and then I drove him downtown to get his driver's license."

"Burt was a natural pilot, too," George went on. "He soloed after just three and a half hours of instruction—his instructor said he could have soloed after his first landing, it was so good—but his mind was really on designing more original model airplanes. He didn't get his pilot's license till college. When he was nine, he refused ready-made model kits. 'I know what I want to build,' he'd say. 'Just get me a big sheet of white paper to draw on and some balsa wood.' So I'd get him the paper from a butcher shop and the materials from a hobby shop, and he'd construct these models that won first-place trophies in the state and national meets. Models were his whole life, just as flying was Dick's. As for Nellie Ann, caught in the middle between two aviation-crazy boys, she wasn't very interested in flying. She needed Dramamine when she went up in my Bonanza. It's amazing that she became a flight attendant for American Airlines. Like Dick, she was rebellious. Burt never rebelled for one second."

The Rutans encouraged the obvious differences in their sons. When Dick announced his intention of becoming an Air Force pilot immediately after he graduated from high school, they went along with that fervid desire, though they thought that Dick would "blow the tests." He didn't, of course, and after a stint as a navigator he emerged as a crackerjack fighter jockey. "Dick worked hard and was at the top of his cadet class," George said. "In the Air Force, he was off in a world he loved." And when reclusive, moody Burt chose to hole up in a shop behind the house and invent ever more sophisticated model airplanes rather than share in the Dinuba High School social swirl (as Dick had), the parents understood that, too. "He loved working alone in that shop so much that when it came time for college he didn't want to go," George said. "But we saw he needed to get away. Once he was at Cal Poly, he liked it, and made honors in aeronautical engineering. He was—is—a genius, a genuine original."

With his degree and new ambition, Burt worked for large and small aircraft corporations, and for the Air Force Flight Test Center, at Edwards Air Force Base, on the McDonnell Douglas F-4 and F-15 fighters. As a performance-and-control engineer, he flew with the test pilots in the F-4—"the juiciest job," according to George. But he had his own unconventional ideas for aircraft design, and he wanted to start his own company to

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test them out. His father advised him to plunge right in, and in 1974 George put up ten thousand dollars to back up that advice. Burt rented a Second World War-era shack at the Mojave Airport and hand-built, like overgrown model airplanes, his canard-wing, composite-material creations. During the first operative year of the Rutan Aircraft Factory, he sold plans for the Vari Eze to the burgeoning build-it-yourself aviation market and made a lot of money. He quickly paid back his father, expanded his factory space, and proceeded to design more unusual techniques and aircraft. He has since bought a large home near Mojave, where he lives with his third wife.

About the time Burt was making it big, his older brother was becoming increasingly irritated with the Air Force. What ultimately caused Dick to retire early was an unfulfilled promise of a squadron command, which was given instead to an officer with more administrative experience. Separated from the military, Dick came to Mojave to work for his brother as production manager and chief experimental-flight test pilot.

"I persuaded Dick to take that job," George said. "The boys needed each other. For two years, they got along just fine. Then Burt said he wanted Dick to spend more time in the shop and do fewer air shows. Dick rebelled. He wanted to fly. They began to see everything differently. Irene and I felt it was best not to act as umpires, best to stay out of it. Maybe there's a little jealousy on Dick's side. Burt is a rich businessman. Yet fate has brought them together with the Voyager project. It's all Dick's and Jeana's baby now, but they couldn't have got it going without Burt. He talked all those people in the industry into donating the hardware." George gazed out the window at the quiet street. "But, you know, when the boys get together they never stop talking about new crazy ideas—like flying down the narrow inner gorge of the Grand Canyon in a special airplane. They forever want to do what nobody has ever done before. Burt says that he's got hundreds of ideas in his head, that he'll never run out of them."

Jeana's status as a full partner in Voyager Aircraft and as the co-pilot of the Voyager once caused some fraternal friction. "At first, Burt wasn't a fan of Jeana," George said, shaking his head dolefully. "He thought that Dick could do better by getting another guy for a co-pilot. That made for some hard feelings. But that's all changed now."

Irene added, "When they were building the airplane, that little girl worked right along with those fellows all the time."

"The funny thing is that Jeana is ideal as a co-pilot on the Voyager, because she weighs so little and she's such a good flier," George said. "She once flew Dick's Long EZ in a cross-country race. After she took off, the propeller blade broke—a real dangerous situation, because the vibration can shake the airplane to pieces. Well, she shut down that engine and landed dead-stick on a freeway, just busting the nose wheel. She came up behind a Datsun with two girls in it, and they didn't even know she was there until she bumped them a little. Jeana hopped out of the airplane and pushed it off the freeway, so traffic went right on past her. A real cool pilot—just like Dick, who's had several near misses but always got out of them O.K. He takes chances when he shouldn't, though. Jeana has more grit than most men. Tell her she can't do something and she'll quietly go ahead and do it. She's hard to get to know, but she's a great girl."

Dick had told me the previous day that there was no reason for him to get married again, since he already had children. I asked his parents what they thought about this.

"Dick and Jeana are very close, but I don't think either of them wants marriage just yet," George said. "Things can change, though. What I'm worried about is their finances. I wish they had a sponsor. Even Lindbergh had prize money going for him. Dick gives all his retirement pay to his wife and kids. I don't know what he'll do if the Voyager drags on much longer, living from hand to mouth as he does. I worry that maybe Dick will get bored with all the tests and make shortcuts, which is not good test-pilot practice."

Did the parents also worry about the perils of the around-the-world voyage itself?

They were both thoughtfully silent for a moment. "We're used to the danger of our sons' careers," George said at last. "If anybody can do it, Dick can. He's used up a lot of luck. I just hope he doesn't run out of luck on this one. But Irene and I can put those thoughts out of our minds. I know that the kids aren't going to change to satisfy us. They do their own thing. Always have. Years ago, I decided that if they keep on flying—Nellie included—there's probably a fifty-fifty chance that one of them is going to get killed or have a serious accident. Those are the odds. After accepting them, I'm not going to worry. We are concerned, of course, but less so than other people would be. I don't know why. Maybe because we know that they know what they're doing."

Irene added, "My confidence is in Burt's designs and Dick's and Jeana's piloting. I feel no great fear. They will make it. I'm one hundred per cent sure."

"I'm less sure," George said. "They really bit off a tough one, from what I can see." He paused, and then laughed. "Dick likes to kid Jeana about the Voyager trip. 'You know,' he tells her, 'we're actually going to have to fly that thing around the world over the ocean for twelve days on one tank of gas.' "

ON July 15th, after an abortive start due to a malfunctioning propeller, the Voyager and its crew completed a one-hundred-and-eleven-hour flight of 11,600 miles in a closed course over the California coast, breaking the world closed-circuit record for distance and time aloft. During that flight and earlier test hops, Dick and Jeana encountered various foreseen and unforeseen problems, which are being solved: brutal engine noise and vibrations, crushing fatigue (Jeana fainted after the record-flight landing), flying-and-sleeping-routine discrepancies, uncomfortable bedding, inefficient waste-disposal, autopilot and avionic glitches, and the bother and weight of Jeana's beautiful long hair, which has been cut to a boyish bob.

With all the new attention, funds, and improved hardware forthcoming since the July flight, it looks likely that this September Dick and Jeana are actually going to have to fly that thing around the world over the ocean for twelve days on one tank of gas.

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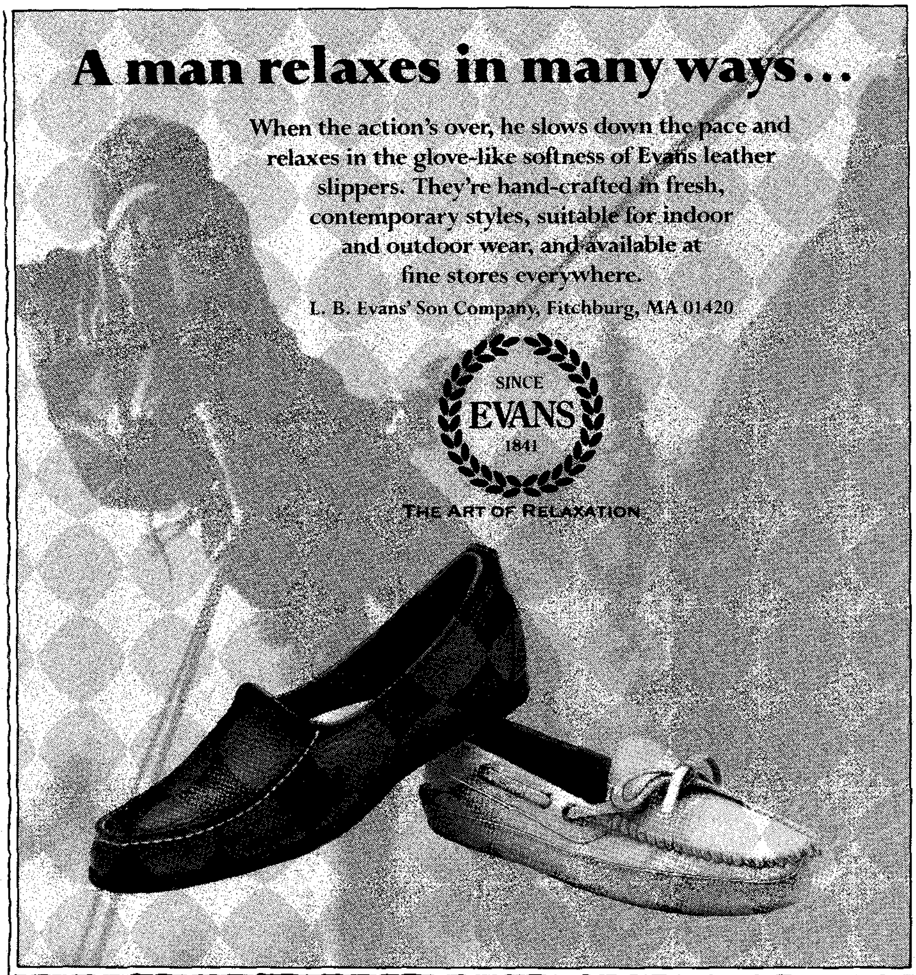
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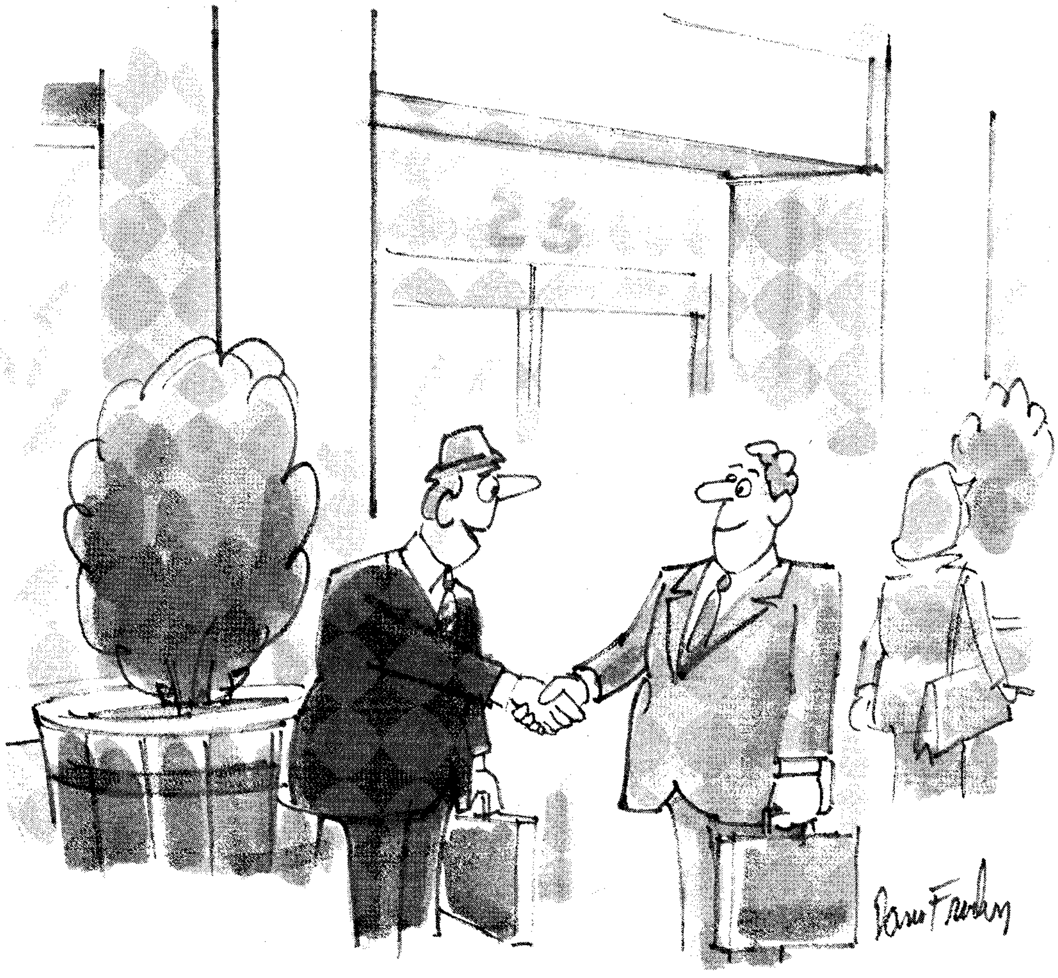
THE SPORTING SCENE

SHINNECOCK HILLS AND ANOTHER OLD-TIMER

ONE of the best-known stories connected with the early years of American golf concerns William K. Vanderbilt, Duncan Cryder, and Edward S. Mead, three gentlemen from Long Island who were spending the winter of 1891 in the popular French spa of Biarritz. Willie Dunn, a Scottish golf professional who had turned to golf-course architecture, was then in the process of building a course in Biarritz. The three Americans approached Dunn one day and asked him if he would show them how this new game was played. He took them to the most spectacular hole that he had laid out—the famous chasm hole, a par 3 of about a hundred and twenty-five yards, with its tee on one side of a deep ravine and its green on the other. Dunn proceeded to hit a series of iron shots onto the green, some of them close to the pin. The Americans were deeply impressed. Vanderbilt, who had patently never heard of the St. Andrew's Golf Club, which had been established in 1888, in Yonkers, New York, is said to have remarked that he thought this was the kind of game that would do well in America. The Americans arranged then and there for Dunn to come to Southampton as soon as he had fulfilled his other commitments and build a golf course for them.

Few innovations from Europe have clicked more solidly in this country than golf. Willie Dunn arrived in Southampton in the summer of 1891, and his sponsors took him out to a plot of four thousand acres of sandy soil overgrown with blueberry bushes and underbrush some two miles south of Peconic Bay. A task force of a hundred and fifty Shinnecock Indians, an Algonquin tribe that had roamed Long Island for centuries, removed the heavy brush and followed his instructions for shaping certain features of the land as he laid out twelve holes over terrain that had the rolling aspect of Scottish linksland. The summer vacationers at Southampton were excited by what Dunn had wrought. By late September, the club, which had been incorporated under the name Shinnecock Hills, had enrolled forty-four men and women members, each of whom owned from one to ten shares of stock. Women have played a large part in the growth of Shinnecock Hills. During that first summer, the men's twelve-hole course was so jammed that later a special nine-hole course was built for the women. The second year, the men's course and the women's course were replaced by a well-designed eighteen-hole course open to both sexes. High on the tallest ridge, just north of the course, the first American golf clubhouse was erected. The work of the celebrated architect Stanford White, it was a charming two-story building with gables, unpainted shingles, white trim, and many windows to give the interior a bright and sunny feeling. The popularity of Shinnecock Hills rose another sizable step with that lovely, beckoning clubhouse. Besides being the first American golf club to have a clubhouse and to be incorporated, Shinnecock Hills became the first to have a waiting list.

For some time, the members of Shinnecock thought that they were the only Americans who played golf. Before long, they learned about the St. Andrew's Golf Club, the oldest permanent American golf club, and about the Tuxedo Club, in Tuxedo, New York, which had been founded in 1889, and the layout in Newport, Rhode Island, which Willie Davis, a Scottish professional summoned from Montreal, had come up with in 1893 for Theodore A. Havemeyer, who was known as the Sugar King. In December, 1894, representatives from Shinnecock Hills, St. Andrew's, and Newport, and also from The Country Club, in Brookline, Massachusetts, whose nine-hole

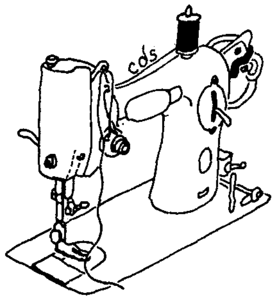


"Ted Burton! How are you? How's my ex-wife? My kids? My dog?"

course was laid out in 1893, and from the Chicago Golf Club, twenty-five miles west of Chicago, whose course Charles Blair Macdonald had built in 1894, met at the Calumet Club, in New York City, and formed the United States Golf Association. The inaugural United States Amateur championship and United States Open were originally to be held at Newport in September, 1895, but the dates clashed with those of the America's Cup yacht races, and so the championships were moved back to early October. In those days, the important event was the Amateur, not the Open. Macdonald, who had learned his golf on the Old Course while attending the University of St. Andrews, and who thought that he was divinely appointed to govern the growth of the game in the United States, fortunately won the Amateur, and thus saved years of bickering. The first winner of the U.S. Open was Horace Rawlins, a twenty-one-year-old English professional, who was the assistant at Newport. Rawlins put together a 91 and an 82 to lead a field composed chiefly of transplanted Scots.

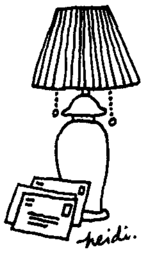
In 1896, Shinnecock Hills was host to the U.S. Amateur and the U.S. Open. The entrants from the other clubs were properly impressed by Stanford White's clubhouse and by the problems posed by the linksland character of the course, which was unquestionably one of the best tests of golf in the country at that time. That year, and the next year as well, the Amateur was won by Henry J. Whigham, an Englishman, who had captained the Oxford golf team and had later married one of Macdonald's daughters. Whigham's intention was to be a college lecturer, but he was happy to accept the post of drama critic for the Chicago *Tribune*. When the Spanish-American War broke out, he served as a war correspondent for the *Tribune*, and later he covered the Boer War, the Russo-Japanese War, and the Boxer Rebellion. After that, he was ready to settle down, and he did so by becoming the editor of *Town & Country*. There was no doubt that he was the commanding player in the amateur field in 1896 and 1897, for he won the first final 8 and 7 and the second 8 and 6.

The 1896 Open held a good deal more interest than most of the early Opens, owing largely to the presence in the field of John Shippen. The son of a black Presbyterian minister and schoolmaster, Shippen, as a youngster of sixteen, had been a member of the crew that helped Willie Dunn clear the land and lay out the holes at Shinnecock Hills. Dunn, who was fond of Shippen, had taught him the rudiments of golf. By 1896, when Shippen was twenty-one, he had become an accomplished player, and a number of people picked him to carry off the championship. At the end of the morning round, after a 78, he was tied for the lead with Jim Foulis, the professional at the Chicago Golf Club; Joe Lloyd, the professional at the Essex County Club, north of Boston; A. W. Smith, an amateur from Toronto; W. Tucker, of St. Andrew's; and, of all people, Willie Dunn, who had become the professional at the Ardsley Club, in Ardsley-on-Hudson, after he finished building a course for the club. Foulis won that thirty-six-hole championship decisively when he shot a 74 in the afternoon, since whatever chance Shippen had of winning was over when he took an 11 on the thirteenth hole. According to one report, he pushed his drive onto a sandy road and wasted a number of strokes before he got his ball out of the sand and back onto the fairway. Shippen was an extremely able golfer. Following the 1896 Open, he became the professional at the Maidstone Golf Club, a fine course in East Hampton. He then put in a few years at the Aronomink Golf Club, near Philadelphia, before returning, in 1902, to Maidstone and serving as its professional for eleven years. From 1913 to 1918, he was the private professional for two wealthy men, Henry Clay Frick and James Cromwell. He spent the next two years as the greenkeeper at the National Golf Links, in Southampton. In 1924, Shippen popped up as the professional at the Shady Rest Club, in Scotch Plains, New Jersey. He stayed at that club until he retired, in 1960, one of the vaguely remembered top-class instructors and players during the scantily documented early years of American golf.



THE professionals had enjoyed playing Shinnecock Hills in the 1896 Open, but quite a few members of the club felt that the championship had revealed a number of weaknesses in the course that should be corrected. The club embarked without delay on an extensive program of upgrading it. After all, Shinnecock Hills had from its birth been considered one of the best courses in the country, and the club members wanted it to continue to merit that reputation. To begin with, the course was lengthened. For the Open, it had measured only 4,423 yards, and many of the holes had lacked sufficient yardage to provide the top players with a proper challenge. A fair percentage of the par 4s were stretched to four hundred yards or thereabouts. Two of the par 5s were lengthened—one to five hundred yards and the other to five hundred and fifty yards. The fairways and greens were reseeded with finer strains of grass, and plans were made to fertilize them more regularly. The greens were redesigned and made larger. The natural undulations of the course were carefully retained. The course's artificial hazards were dispensed with and its natural hazards emphasized. All this was part of the general plan to increase the length of the course to over five thousand yards and, during the process of remodelling, to strengthen the distinctive qualities of the individual holes. The thorough revision of Shinnecock Hills was completed early in 1897.

Good golf courses usually produce good golfers, and, as might have been expected, since Shinnecock Hills encouraged its junior members to work on their games, it soon produced a national star. This was a young woman named Beatrix Hoyt, who was a granddaughter of Salmon P. Chase, Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury. Miss Hoyt did not play in the first United States Women's Open championship, which was held in 1895 at the Meadow Brook Club, in Hempstead, Long Island, and was carried off by Mrs. C. S. Brown, of Shinnecock Hills, who put together a pair of snappy nine-hole scores, a 69 and a 63, for a winning total of 132. Mrs. Brown chose not to defend her title the next year, when the Women's Open was held at the Morris County Golf Club, in Morristown, New Jersey. Miss Hoyt entered the championship for the first time that year. She was sixteen then. The possessor of a nice, natural swing, she was the medalist—the winner of the medal awarded to the low scorer in the qualifying round—with a 95, and in the final round she defeated Mrs. Arthur Turnure, also of Shinnecock Hills, 2 and 1. This presaged a brilliant career. In 1897, at the Essex County Club, north of Boston, Miss Hoyt won the medal with a 108 in a rainstorm. She won her first match 8 and 6, her second 6 and 4, and her third—the final—5 and 4. In the following year, 1898, the Women's Amateur was played at the Ardsley Club. Miss Hoyt, the medalist, with a 92, won her first three matches 4 and 3, 6 and 5, and 6 and 5, and then took the final from Maude Wetmore, of Newport, 5 and 3. In 1899, when Miss Hoyt was seeking her fourth straight title, the championship was played at the Bala course of the Philadelphia Country Club. Miss Hoyt was the medalist, with a 97, but she was eliminated in the first round, 3 and 2, by Mrs. Caleb F. Fox, a thirty-nine-year-old grandmother. In the final that year, Ruth Underhill, of the Nassau Club, on Long Island, edged out Mrs. Fox, 2 and 1. Miss Hoyt was on hand in 1900, when Shinnecock Hills was the venue of the championship for the first time. She captured the medal with a 94, won her first match 7 and 6, and squared things with Mrs. Fox by beating her, 1 up, in the next round. In the semifinals, Miss Hoyt came up against Margaret Curtis, who was to become a great force in women's golf in this country. Miss Curtis won their match on the second extra hole. Miss Hoyt was only twenty at that time, and she had many years of good golf ahead of her. Photographs of her swing illustrate vividly why she was so good. On her backswing she made a strong, athletic hip and shoulder turn and built up a good deal of power that she released as she hit through the ball. Beatrix Hoyt never competed again in a golf tournament. She became a painter of landscapes and a sculptor of animals, and lived past eighty. She remains something of a woman of mystery, a sort of Edith Wharton character.



During the first decade of this century, Shinnecock Hills reigned as the unrivalled center of fashionable social life in the Southampton sector of Long Island. There were ornate teas and dances at the club, and the lunches were nothing less than opulent. Besides the very well-to-do, the membership of the club included the leaders in many diverse fields. For example, there was Elihu Root, Theodore Roosevelt's Secretary of State; Finley Peter Dunne, the humorist, who created Mr. Dooley; Andrew Mellon, the financier, who was one of the first Americans to put together a remarkable art collection, which he gave to the country; and Walter Travis, who, in 1904, was the first American golfer to win the British Amateur championship, and who later became the first editor of the *American Golfer*. Then, suddenly, in 1911, Shinnecock Hills became a little less than the crème de la crème. In that year, Charles Blair Macdonald officially opened the National Golf Links of America, which was situated on a plot of land tangential to Shinnecock Hills, just to the north of it and overlooking Peconic Bay. He had been thinking about and working on this project since 1901, and in 1907, having got things in place, he began building what he hoped would be considered the first great American golf course.

From his knowledge of the outstanding Scottish and English courses, Macdonald was well acquainted with the individual holes in those countries which the golf authorities considered to be the best, and he thoroughly understood the characteristics and features that made the great holes great. For example, British golf connoisseurs rated the fifteenth hole at the North Berwick Golf Club, known as the Redan hole, one of the top par 3s in the land. Named after a fortress protecting Sevastopol, which was stormed during the Crimean War, the Redan hole featured a deep bunker carved into the face of a large, abrupt hillside. The entrance to the high-perched green was to the right of the bunker. The golfer who took that safe route and played a good shot almost certainly got his par 3, but there were golfers who wanted a crack at a birdie 2 and persisted in attempting to carry the bunker, even though they knew the high price they would have to pay if their shot, a rather long one, did not come off. Fairly early in his inspection walks over his rolling acreage, Macdonald came across a hill that would lend itself perfectly to a Redan-like hole. (Today, many well-travelled golfers consider the Redan at the National a better hole than the original Redan.) Macdonald also found or developed holes that presented challenges similar to those of such celebrated holes as the Alps, the seventeenth at Prestwick; the Sahara, the third at Sandwich; and the Eden, the eleventh, and the Road, the seventeenth, at St. Andrews.

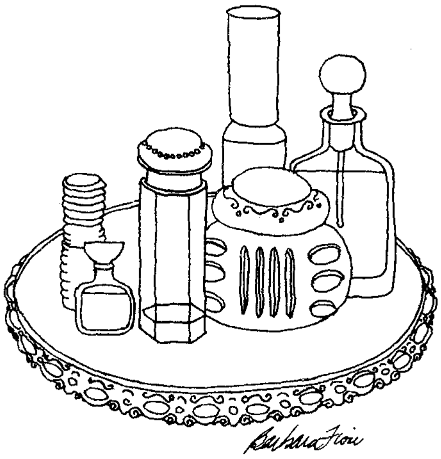
Along with these copies of classic holes, Macdonald built original holes of his own that were suggested by the conformation of the land at his disposal. (One of the most highly regarded of these is the fourteenth, known as the Cape—a relatively short, left-to-right par 4 that calls for the golfer to play his tee shot across a stretch of water to a tight landing area in a narrow fairway that swings to the right. If he plays the required tee shot, he has a fairly short iron left to the green.) The strength both of Macdonald's own holes and of the holes he sought to copy lay in their embodying the principles of strategic design, which, in brief, offers the golfer fascinating but challenging shots to play, and rewards him for his skill if he brings them off but punishes him for his audacity if he fails to. In every instance, the golfer is offered an alternative route to the green and a safer shot to play. On a course that adheres to the principles of penal rather than strategic design, the golfer is penalized whenever he leaves the straight and narrow path from tee to green. This can be frustrating,wearisome, and less stimulating than golf on a good strategic layout.

The ecstatic praise that was heaped on the National was hard for Shinnecock Hills to take, since its course had, from birth, been so highly esteemed. Yet on the surface, at least, the two clubs got along well. In 1912, for example, an agreement was reached whereby they exchanged playing privileges: a member visiting the other course paid a token green fee of a dollar. The following spring, when some renovation work on the clubhouse and the course delayed the opening of Shinnecock Hills, the National kindly made its facilities available to the members of the neighboring club until the alterations were completed. "Despite this apparent harmony, the sailing was not always smooth," Ross Goodner, a golf historian, has stated in his book "The Seventy-Five-Year History of Shinnecock Hills Golf Club." "For example, many old-timers claim it was more than coincidence that the Shinnecock club manager, chef, menus and even the flag found their way to the National."

DURING the nineteen-twenties, Shinnecock Hills—the whole eastern tip of Long Island, in fact—glistened with the joie de vivre of that confident decade. Every Friday night during the season, there was a gala dance at Shinnecock Hills, and every Saturday night there was a gala dance at Southampton's tennis headquarters, the Meadow Club. Near the end of the twenties, though, Shinnecock Hills was hit, and hit hard, by two unexpected developments. One was the stock-market crash, and the other was the highway department's decision to build an east-to-west road that would cut across several holes of the course south of the clubhouse. Lucien H. Tyng, the president of the club, responded shrewdly to this difficult situation. He purchased sufficient acreage for a new eighteen-hole course to be built north of the clubhouse. (Tyng bought the land himself and later sold it to the club for twenty thousand dollars, an exceedingly low price even in those days.) The firm of Toomey & Flynn, based in Philadelphia, was engaged to build the new course; work on it started in 1930, and was finished in the summer of 1931.

When people discuss the courses designed by the most talented American golf-course architects of this period, William S. (Bill) Flynn is mentioned only occasionally, and it shouldn't be that way. As a young man, he was a close friend of Hugh Wilson, the exceptional amateur architect who built Merion's East Course, completing it in 1912. Wilson was working in the nineteen-twenties at Merion, revamping some of the holes he thought could be improved, when he died, at a very early age, in 1925. After Wilson's death, Flynn completed the remodelling of Merion's East Course. He was then a partner in the firm of Toomey & Flynn, having allied himself in 1921 with Howard C. Toomey, a former railroad contractor, who took care of the business operations of the firm. Flynn designed and built a succession of handsome courses. These included the Country Club of Cleveland; the James River course of the Country Club of Virginia; a third nine, called the Primrose, at The Country Club, in Brookline; the remodelling of the Atlantic City Country Club, and the design and construction of a new course for the Seaview Country Club, in nearby Absecon, New Jersey; a private eighteen-hole course for John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in Pocantico Hills, near Tarrytown, New York; Indian Creek, in Miami Beach, and the best mountainside course that I've ever seen—the Cascades Course, at the Homestead, in Hot Springs, Virginia. Flynn, who died at fifty-three, had a wonderful ability when it came to moving earth to conjoin natural terrain, and he had an excellent eye for building holes that rewarded the golfer who hit the explicit golf shots he was asked to play. As Ronald E. Whitten, an outstanding scholar of golf-course architecture, has pointed out, Flynn's name is often missing from lists of the eminent golf architects of that period, such as Donald Ross, A. W. Tillinghast, Perry Maxwell, Walter J. Travis, H. S. Colt, and Alister MacKenzie. This is a serious oversight. It brings to mind those lists of the writers of the music and lyrics of the smash Broadway musical comedies and revues of the nineteen-twenties which duly note the work of Irving Berlin, Vincent Youmans, Cole Porter, Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II, Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart, and George and Ira Gershwin but somehow omit Buddy DeSylva, Lew Brown, and Ray Henderson, who did the songs for "Good News!" "Hold Everything!" "Follow Thru," and three editions of "George White's Scandals."

One other point: Flynn was very fortunate in having L. S. (Dick) Wilson, who was in his early twenties when he began working with Flynn on the East Course at Merion, serve as the supervisor of the construction crew that built the new Shinnecock Hills. Dick Wilson eventually went into business for himself, and turned out some first-rate courses. Among those that come quickly to mind are the new courses of the Deepdale Golf Club and the Meadow Brook Club, at the western end of Long Island; the Laurel Valley Golf Club, in Ligonier, Pennsylvania; two courses for the NCR Country Club, in Dayton, Ohio; the Cog Hill public course, west of Chicago; the Blue Course of the Doral Country Club, in Miami; the Bay Hill Club, near Orlando; and the Pine Tree Golf Club, in Delray Beach, Florida.

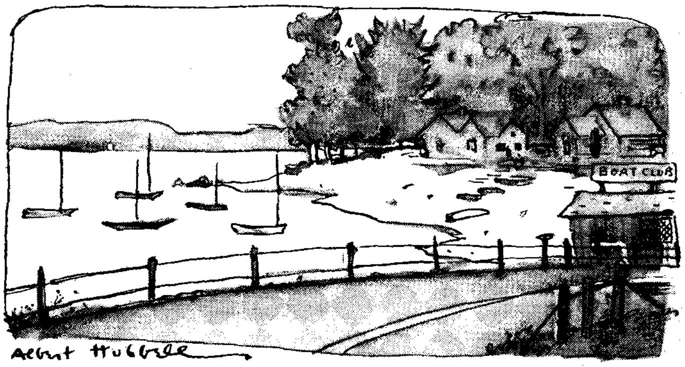


Shinnecock Hills' new course, which is its present course, measured 6,749 yards when it was opened for play, in 1931. (At that time, the club also had a nine-hole course, called the South Nine, which was made up of selected features of the old eighteen holes. Few golfers played it, however, and after a while it went untended, and it was eventually forgotten.) Flynn's course had a different look from any other of its vintage in our country, because, like Willie Dunn's original layout, it was a linksland type of course: it was built on sandy soil, and drained well; its fairways heaved with severe undulations; and, being situated on a five-mile-wide strip of the South Fork of eastern Long Island, it was periodically lashed by heavy winds off the ocean. If there was any one American course that Shinnecock Hills resembled, it was its next-door neighbor, the National Golf Links. This is understandable. The National has such a potent personality that it was bound to have some influence on Flynn—he even built his own Redan hole, the seventh—but from the start Shinnecock Hills had a quality of its own. Flynn routed his holes adroitly. Most of the shorter par 4s play into the prevailing southwest wind, off the Atlantic, and most of the longer par 4s play with the wind. The layout is unusual in that it has twelve par 4s and only two par 5s. Its four par 3s are unusually strong and attractive holes. Even when there is almost no wind, the course is not easy to handle. It requires accurate driving and iron play. Although a good percentage of the greens are not bunkered in front, and allow a player to bounce his approaches onto them, all in all the course confronts the average golfer with an unbroken succession of superior holes, which lead him to attempt to hit longer and better shots than he ordinarily does. It invariably pleases the accomplished golfer—Ben Hogan, for instance—because each hole spells out its challenge clearly.

Shinnecock Hills had its financial ups and downs until 1948, when the club was thoroughly reorganized, with a new constitution and new bylaws. Its professional, Charles (Charlie) Thom, a brawny, warmhearted Scot, had been selected by the club back in 1906, and he remained in that capacity until he went into semi-retirement, in

1961. He continued to be a vital part of the scene at Shinnecock for seventeen years longer. In 1967, the U.S.G.A. used the club's course for the first time since 1900, when it held its Senior Amateur championship there. The Association thought so much of the course and the club that it selected Shinnecock Hills as the site of the 1977 Walker Cup match with Great Britain and Ireland. This match turned out to be a somewhat disappointing event—the visiting team won only eight of the twenty-four points—but the course again made a strong impression on the U.S.G.A. officers and staff. At length, at the Association's spring meeting in 1981, it was decided that there was a way that the Open championship could be put on at Shinnecock Hills in 1986, despite *the fact that the club operates only* between May 1st and November 1st. If the officers of the club found it acceptable, U.S.G.A. would follow what has long been the regular procedure of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, which stages the British Open and the other annual British championships: it would arrange to rent Shinnecock Hills for a specific period. The U.S.G.A. would take care of the parking, the catering, the scoring, the marshalling, the housing, and the many other problems connected with running the Open. It would rely on the club only to provide the work crew that would carry out the U.S.G.A.'s plans for preparing the course for the championship.

For the 1986 Open, Shinnecock measured 6,912 yards and played to a par of 70. P. J. Boatwright, Jr., who has been the U.S.G.A.'s executive director of rules and competitions since 1969, added between a hundred and fifty and two hundred yards to the course by building new back tees, thirty yards or so behind the old back tees, on the fourth, fifth, ninth, and eighteenth holes, and also building new back tees on the sixth and the sixteenth. Some greens and the faces of some bunkers which had been damaged were reseeded this spring and came along well, as did extensions to some greens, which had been added to provide new pin positions. The U.S.G.A. traditionally puts a high premium on accuracy off the tee in the Open, and the fairways at Shinnecock Hills were narrowed to between twenty-seven and thirty-two yards. The secondary rough bordering the fairways was about two inches high and, usually, six feet deep. Behind it, the primary rough was four or five inches high. All around the course, punctuating the rough and glowing in the sun, were rambling stands of tall, reed-like tan-and-green wild grass that was going to seed. In Boatwright's mind, the wild grass gave Shinnecock Hills a look that was closer to Muirfield, outside Edinburgh, than to any other British links. His thoughts just before the start of the Open—it was played on June 12th through June 15th—reflected those of everyone in the U.S.G.A.: "We want fast, firm greens, and we'd love a little wind."



THE 1986 U.S. Open will live in *history for several reasons.* Returning to Shinnecock Hills after a lapse of ninety years, the championship was carried off by the veteran Raymond Floyd with a superbly thought-out and executed closing rush. Earlier this year, Jack Nicklaus, who is forty-six years old, became the oldest winner of the Masters tournament. At forty-three years and nine months, Floyd became the oldest man ever to win our Open, the tournament that since 1930 or thereabouts has generally been regarded as the most important event in international golf. The first round of the 1986 Open may also be long remembered, because very few rounds in the annals of our championship have been played under comparably fierce conditions. In their warmup rounds, the players had become acquainted with the course when the wind, as it normally does, came out of the southwest. Weather forecasts mentioned the possibility of cold, rainy weather for Thursday's opening round, but no one foresaw the kind of day it turned out to be: a gray, chilly one on which an east wind whistled over the course, sometimes gusting to over forty miles an hour, and at other times bringing heavy showers, which at one point, early in the afternoon, forced suspension of play for about fifteen minutes. The wonder is that anyone managed to stay in the 70s, but ten players actually broke 74: Gary Koch and Jodie Mudd had 73s; Tom Watson, Rick Fehr, Kenny Knox, Tommy Nakajima (of Japan), and David Frost and Denis Watson (both of South Africa) had 72s; Greg Norman, the big, powerful Australian, had a 71; and Bob Tway had a 70—even par. This was no day to venture out onto the course unless one had an imperative reason, and my own fairly brief sortie came only after I had twice returned to the press tent to put on more clothing—a woollen sweater, rain trousers, a woollen scarf, and a windbreaker—underneath my raincoat.

The golfers who made the most headway against the elements and the course all had pithy observations to make. Denis Watson, whose threesome had teed off at 10:03, said, "I should imagine that anyone who scored well probably drove the ball in the fairway. . . . Today was one of the worst days I've ever played. . . . I think the scoring will be reasonable if the weather gets half decent. It's really like being at a British Open course." Tom Watson, who started his round at 9:45, was obviously happy with his 72. "Shinnecock Hills is a most unforgiving golf course," he said, in his Kansas City straight-at-you manner. "It was not set up for the wind. I can't recall playing in conditions like this at the U.S. Open." Watson, who had fought his way home in 34, one under par, was acutely aware that he managed to do this only because he holed a sixty-foot bunker shot for a birdie, a twenty-foot putt for a birdie, a fifteen-foot chip for another birdie, and a twelve-foot putt to save his par on the eighteenth. Norman, whose threesome had started play at 8:19—it was the ninth group to go out, and conditions were already harsh—said that trying to get used to the wind was the hardest thing about the day. "I think that 71 was like shooting a 67 or a 68 under good conditions," he added. "There were some par 4s where 5 was a good score today." He emphasized that his 71 depended largely on his play on and around the greens. On the out nine, Norman had got down in one putt on three holes. This included a twenty-five-foot putt for a birdie on the long fifth. Coming in, he had managed to stay even with par because he one-putted no fewer than seven greens. He holed a six-footer, a ten-footer, and a twelve-footer for pars, and on the par-3 seventeenth he made an eighteen-footer for a birdie. Tway, the leader, with a 70, felt that he had played such a good round largely because he had won the Westchester Classic the previous Sunday and had gone into the Open in a confident mood. Like the other low scorers, he thought that his chipping and putting were chiefly responsible for his score. He had one-putted ten greens, holing once from twenty-five feet, twice from twenty feet, and twice from ten feet. "Today is sort of a survival day," he remarked. "If you are in the mid-70s, you are still in the hunt . . . I have never played such a hard course in such hard conditions. This is a tough golf course in calm, eighty-degree weather." Tway, who is twenty-seven, is a tall (six feet four), long-legged, slim young man who hits through the ball with an impressively smooth tempo. A three-time All-America selection during his years at Oklahoma State University, he failed in his first three attempts to gain his P.G.A. Tour card in the tournament that is held annually at the tour's qualifying school. He finally succeeded in getting his card in the fall of 1984, and had a fairly good season last year. This year, Tway has won the San Diego Open as well as the Westchester Classic. He has established himself as a player with a bright future.

ON Friday, the day of the second round, it was cloudy early in the morning, but the wind had moved to the west—a happy portent. The skies gradually cleared, the sun broke through, and since the wind blew at only ten miles an hour at its strongest, it was a perfect day for golf. Early in the afternoon, I made my way out to the sixth, one of the holes onto which a new back tee had been added for the Open. Transformed into a 471-yard hole, with the prevailing wind slightly against the golfers, the new sixth played as a stern par 4. From the low-set new tee, the golfers could not see the fairway, which breaks from left to right about three hundred yards out and swings to a slightly elevated green that is protected on the left by a good-sized bunker. Faced with a blind tee shot, the players, during their practice rounds, had been forced to settle on some feature of the bumpy rough just ahead of them or some tree in the distance as their point of reference for the middle of the fairway. After their drives, nearly all the players were left with long second shots. For example, Ben Crenshaw, who was playing with Norman and Craig Stadler, two big hitters, used a fairway wood on his second and hit a fine shot that landed softly on the front part of the green. Stadler was on with a long iron. However, Norman's 2-iron approach landed slightly past the middle of the small green—most of the greens at Shinnecock Hills are small or medium-sized—and the downslope at the back carried the ball two or three feet into bunchy rough some twenty-five feet past the pin. At this moment, the leader board off to the side of the sixth indicated that Norman was three strokes under par through the fifth hole on this round and was leading the tournament. (He had birdied the first, the fourth, and the fifth.) The gallery around the green focussed intently on him as he prepared to play his shot from the rough. He took a sand wedge and tried to pitch the ball onto the green, but he wasn't able to get all of the ball on the face of his club. The ball squirted seven or eight feet onto the green, and then slid back down the slope and finished just at the edge of the rough. One of the relatively new techniques that the touring professionals have mastered is how to play the sand wedge from lies similar to the one Norman now had. He gave the spectators a perfect demonstration. Using the sand wedge as if it were a putter, and counting on the flanged sole to do its job, he made good contact with the ball at the lowest part of the center of the club face. It ran smoothly up the incline, headed straight for the hole, and, just as it was beginning to lose its speed, rolled into the center of the cup. After Norman's spectacular demonstration of how to save par from a difficult lie, I decided to stick with his threesome. Norman, after all, was leading the championship. On the eighth, a 367-yard par 4, he played another wonderful shot. After hitting his tee shot with a 3-wood dangerously close to the high, steep front face of a bunker to the right of the fairway, he got the ball up quickly with a 9-iron. The ball carried the bunker protecting the high right corner of the green, about a hundred and twenty-five yards away, and then sat down almost instantly five feet from the flag. Norman holed the birdie putt. When

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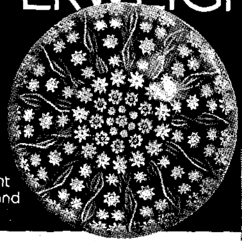

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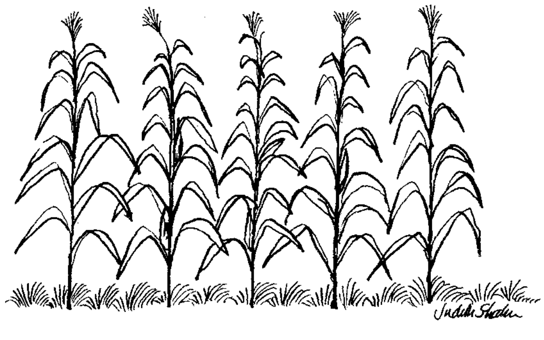
he proceeded to par the ninth, he had made the turn in 31, four strokes under par for the round and three strokes under par for the tournament. At that point, he held a five-stroke lead on the nearest man, Lee Trevino, who had started early and had already completed his round.

On the second nine, Norman hit the ball rather well, but he missed his pars on the tenth and the thirteenth, two relatively short but quirky par 4s, and had to settle for a 37 and a round of 68. (Stadler was around in 71, and Crenshaw in 69—the first of three consecutive 69s in what was by far his best performance in a major tournament in quite some time.) Norman's 68 gave him a total of 139 at the halfway mark and a three-stroke lead over Trevino (74-68) and Denis Watson (72-70). Tom Watson (72-71), Tway (70-73), and Floyd (75-68) were a stroke further back, at 143. Seventy players—the sixty low scorers and those who were tied with them in the starting field of a hundred and fifty-six—made the thirty-six-hole cut, which came at 150.

Perhaps the most illuminating statistic was that Norman was the only golfer who was under par at Shinnecock Hills after the first two rounds. Granting that on the stormy first day the scores had inevitably run high, on the second day, when conditions were ideal for low scoring, there was only one round below 68—a 66 by Joey Sindelar, who was far out of the running after an opening 81. I think it was then that we started to realize what an excellent test Shinnecock Hills was for the Open field. The course certainly has many of the basic qualities that make British and Irish linksland courses so enjoyable and also so difficult to handle in certain kinds of weather: along with its sandy soil and the endless undulations of its fairways, many of its bunkers are set off by grassy banks, and then there is the moisture-laden wind that comes puffing or roaring off the ocean—a much heavier wind than one experiences on inland courses.

In other salient respects, Shinnecock Hills does not resemble the historic linksland courses in the British Isles, which were laid out on the sandy duneland washed up over centuries by the retreating ocean, or on the alluvial soil deposited by river estuaries. Its fairways are soft, and tee shots do not bound after landing and go bouncing along the way they do on the hard, fast fairways of the British and Irish linksland courses. Its greens have none of the firmness or the speed of typical linksland greens. Both the greens and fairways at Shinnecock Hills are made up of strains of American inland grasses—in particular, *Poa annua*, an annual bluegrass that has spread throughout North America and is now looked upon as something of a pest. The principal way in which Shinnecock Hills is different from the classic linksland courses, though, is that many of its holes do not stand open to the winds but are partly or completely framed by woods. There are plenty of prickly gorse bushes on the Old Course at St. Andrews but, as I remember it, not a single tree. There is only an occasional cluster of trees at Muirfield or at Hoylake, in England, or at Portmarnock, in Ireland, to name three distinguished linksland courses. At Shinnecock Hills, however, there are woods on well over half the holes. Sometimes they stand only along one side of a fairway and at other times along both sides. On four holes at the northern end of the course, woods completely enclose the tee, fairway, rough, hazards, and green. The trees that make up the woods at Shinnecock are not particularly tall, but they are thick—a mixture of black pine, scrub oak, pin oak, cedar, balsam fir, long-needle pine, spruce, and wild cherry—and there are numerous patches of blueberry bushes. All these muffle the wind substantially on most of the holes they either border or enclose. I suppose that what I am really objecting to are some of the assertions that many spectators at the Open made from the second round on, when one could appreciate what a formidable test of golf Shinnecock Hills was proving to be. The spectators had missed the point slightly and were ecstatically proclaiming that the U.S.G.A., like a master magician, had produced out of thin air on the tip of Long Island a golf course that was in every respect as authentic a linksland course as the Old Course at St. Andrews. Having been so technical, I hasten to add that after the first two rounds—and certainly after the last two rounds, during which the prevailing wind, the southwest wind off the ocean, had duly prevailed—everyone attending the Open realized how sagacious the U.S.G.A. had been in taking a chance on Shinnecock Hills.

During the championship, many of us realized more and more clearly how well Boatwright had understood the changes that needed to be made at Shinnecock Hills for the Open. He had come up with a marvellous course, with many arresting holes, that had the look and feel of linksland golf—in short, a course without one dull hole and with many charming and handsome holes astutely prepared to test the Open field. He had turned Shinnecock Hills into the best new course the Open had been played on since 1955, when the championship was taken for the first time to the Lake Course of the Olympic Club, in San Francisco. (This statement calls for the equivalent of an asterisk: While the Pebble Beach Golf Links, on the Monterey Peninsula, a little over a hundred miles south of San Francisco, did not serve as the venue of the U.S. Open until 1972, the U.S.G.A. had realized at least as early as 1929, when the U.S. Amateur was held at Pebble Beach, what a magnificent layout it is. The Association's tardiness in arranging for the Open to be played at Pebble Beach was due to its apprehensions that a course situated so far from a big city would not be able to draw enough spectators to cover the cost of staging the Open—which was then, as it is today, a major source of income for the Association. Another asterisk also seems necessary: the Pebble Beach Golf Links is not a links. It is situated not on linksland but on an extraordinary line of craggy headlands, some as high as a hundred and fifty feet, which drop almost vertically into Carmel Bay.) In any event, it should be brought out that Boatwright, who has been preparing the U.S. Open courses for seventeen years, got every alteration, major or minor, absolutely right at Shinnecock Hills. Among his many talents, as is probably obvious, is an ability to play first-class golf. (As a young amateur in the 1950 Open, at Merion, he made the thirty-six-hole cut with rounds of 75 and 74.) This skill is of invaluable assistance to him in set-



ting up a fair but demanding test for today's long-hitting and resourceful professional stars.

THE third round was also played on a perfect day for golf. The skies were a light blue, and the five-to-ten-mile-per-hour breeze from the southwest was refreshing. The last three twosomes to go out were Tom Watson and Tway (both at 143), Floyd (at 143) and Denis Watson (at 142), and Trevino (at 142) and Norman (at 139). The earlier starters had been scoring well. Jack Nicklaus, who had not hit the ball at all well on his first round, a 77, barely made the thirty-six-hole cut with a 72. He had been working hard before and after his rounds on his setup at the ball, and after adopting a slightly narrower stance he was swinging much better and playing the assertive shots that one expects of him. On his third round, he brought in a 67, and then went almost immediately to the practice tee to work on his game. Nicklaus's energy is endless, and his attitude is enviable. He believes that hard work can accomplish wonders, and, with the exceptional concentration he is able to muster both on the practice tee and on the course, it does. Severiano Ballesteros had been far off his best form on his first two rounds, a 75 and a 73. After winning the British Masters the previous Sunday, he had flown to New York on the Concorde, and it was debatable whether he had given himself sufficient time to be at his best physically and psychologically for the Open. On his third round, he looked more like himself. Despite taking a double bogey on the seventeenth, a 172-yard par 3, he was around in 68. I spent a good portion of the afternoon watching Tom Watson, mainly because I wanted to see how well he was swinging. Watson's third round was made up of seventeen pars and one bogey, but his shotmaking was not up to his best standard. He was making a familiar error: he was taking his club back so fast and starting it down so fast that it looked as if the shaft were bouncing off his shoulders. The scoring in general was low on this third round. Mike Reid and Hal Sutton had 66s, and Sutton's three-round total of 211 put him very much in contention.

On this third round, the bulk of the spectators followed the last twosome, Trevino and Norman. Trevino was in a serious frame of mind. He chatted very little with Norman and tossed few of his customary one-liners to the large gallery. Nevertheless, he fell two shots behind Norman for the round—and five shots behind him for the tournament—when the long-driving Australian turned the first nine in 33, two under par. Trevino, now hitting his irons crisply and fading them characteristically into the pin from left to right, got one stroke back on the tenth, when Norman missed the green with his approach. He got another stroke back on the eleventh, a 158-yard par 3 to a lovely small green that slopes gently downhill and is guarded in front by four deep bunkers. Trevino birdied the hole by stopping a 7-iron fifteen feet past the pin and holing the touchy putt. He drew even with Norman for the tournament on the thirteenth, a 377-yard par 4, which was troublesome throughout, partly because it played into the wind but mainly because the landing area for the tee shots not only was very narrow but was tilted from right to left, and quite a few drives that were only slightly off line kicked into the fairly heavy rough on the left. That was not the error that Norman made off the tee. He pushed his drive into the high rough to the right of the fairway. He then played a succession of poor shots. His recovery with a pitching wedge ran over the green into matted rough. His third, punched out with his 9-iron, slid back over the green. He chipped about four feet from the pin but missed the short putt. His double-bogey 6 resulted in a swing of three strokes, since Trevino, after fading a 7-iron approach two feet from the pin, made the putt for his birdie 3. Both players parred the next four holes, but on the eighteenth Trevino made two costly errors. After cutting his drive into the right rough on this 450-yard par 4, he then elected to gamble on reaching the green with a 4-wood. He caught the bunker short of the green to the left, and it took him three to get down. This bogey 5 gave Trevino a 69 (35–34) for the round and a three-round total of 211, which put him in a tie for second with Sutton. Norman finished his round with a good par 4: he was on with a drive and a 5-iron. His 71 (33–38) placed him at 210, in the lead by a stroke with a round to go. Tway, after a well-played 69, remained in the thick of things, all by himself at 212. Five players, including Floyd, Denis Watson, and Payne Stewart, were bunched at 213, and another five, including Crenshaw, Tom Watson, and Bernhard Langer, were a stroke further back. Moreover, one couldn't really write off Ballesteros, who, after a 68, was only six strokes off the pace, as was the indefatigable Nicklaus.

In a tournament in which so many golfers are packed close to the leader, it is natural to expect all sorts of fireworks on the final round. More often than not, however, the reverse is true. The strain of the occasion gets to most of the contenders, they fall away quietly, and, at the end of a disappointingly dull day, the crown frequently goes not to a golfer who has played regal stuff but to one who has simply outlasted his rivals. The foreknowledge of this did not prevent the pumped-up group I was with from going out with Ballesteros and Chip Beck, the eighth pair behind the final twosome, Sutton and Norman. On a beautifully clear day, when the breeze was again out of the southwest, our plan was to get a brief look at all the players near the top, and then gradually slide back and pick up the leaders. For a while, the plan worked out splendidly. On the first hole, a 394-yard par 4 that swings from left to right, Ballesteros put his approach shot about thirty feet from the pin and sank his birdie putt. With the wind at his back, he hit a nice iron onto the green of the 226-yard second hole. We were tempted to follow him, but when we heard that Nicklaus, playing in the next twosome, had birdied the first, we let Ballesteros go after he parred the second, and waited for Nicklaus at the second green. He hit a good-looking long iron twenty feet from the flagstick but missed his bid for a birdie. He also missed medium-length birdie putts on the third, a 453-yard par 4, and the fourth, a 408-yard par 4, but on the fifth, a well-bunkered 535-yard par 5, he holed for his birdie from nine feet. Some of the fellows in our group were tempted to go on with Nicklaus but ultimately decided to stay at the fifth green. We watched Tom Watson and Langer, Crenshaw and Lennie Clements, Scott Verplank and Denis Watson, Floyd and Stewart, and Mark McCumber and Reid go by, and waited for Tway and Trevino, who were playing in the next-to-last twosome. The fifth had given up birdies to Tom Watson, Crenshaw, Stewart, and McCumber, and now both Tway

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and Trevino birdied it. Tway had previously birdied the second, and both he and Trevino currently stood at even par for the tournament. We decided to follow them rather than wait for Norman and Sutton, who had not got off to fast starts.

Trevino, who was in a dour mood, failed to get his par on the sixth. He and Tway then headed south into the wind on the seventh, the 188-yard Redan hole. Here Tway hit a hooky iron that finished in the sandy grass at the far-left edge of the long bunker that slants to the left ten feet or so below the elevated green. Tway took three to get down, and now both he and Trevino, who had parred the hole, were one over par for the tournament. A look at a leader board showed that many of the golfers in front of them had dropped strokes to par in the stretch of treeless holes from the seventh through the ninth, where they caught the full force of a now-rising wind. On the eighth, the 367-yard par 4, Tway punched a crisp pitch seven feet from the pin and made the birdie putt to get back to even par for the tournament. On the ninth, a tough 447-yard par 4 to the plateau green in front of the clubhouse, he followed his drive with a sharply struck approach shot that sat down sixteen feet or so past the pin. Tway studied his downhill putt carefully and then tapped the ball a good four feet past the cup. When he missed his short putt coming back, it seemed that he had missed not only his par but a possible appointment with destiny.

THE leader board near the ninth green indicated that most of the field was finding the course and the tension of the final round hard to cope with. That board, which was not complete, showed that, along with Tway, the leaders, at one over par for the tournament, were Lanny Wadkins, McCumber, Stewart, Norman, and Sutton. Trevino was two over par. Some of the members of our group felt that, what with so many golfers who could win the Open scattered all over the course, it would probably be wisest to head for the clubhouse and watch the television coverage until the situation became clearer. I moved down the tenth with Tway and Trevino, and learned from the leader board on that hole that eight players now were tied at one over par: Tway, Wadkins, McCumber, Stewart, Norman, Sutton, Floyd, and Beck. Beck and Wadkins had made up five strokes on this round. I felt that I had better catch up with some of the players who were up ahead on the second nine, and a look at the leader board on the short eleventh supported this notion. One player stood alone at even par—Payne Stewart. He would now be on the twelfth hole, a 472-yard par 4. Since Stewart always plays in a cap and knickers, he was easy to spot on the twelfth green. He was wearing his yellow outfit: a bright-canary cap, a white sports shirt, pale-lemon knickers, black socks, and black-and-chartreuse golf shoes. He was paired with Floyd, who was lining up a twenty-foot putt. When Floyd made that putt, a group of fans across the fairway broke into loud applause. That putt was for a par, a knowledgeable man informed me. Floyd had driven into a fairway bunker, and had reached the green on his third shot. As Stewart was lining up a putt of about nine feet, the man told me that Stewart had driven into a wild stretch of rough well to the right of the fairway but had played a great recovery shot and was putting for a birdie. He holed the putt. That birdie put Stewart one under par for the tournament, in the lead by two strokes over the large group, including Floyd, that at the time was one over par.

On the thirteenth, the 377-yard par 4, I met up with some prescient friends who had been following Floyd and Stewart since the short eleventh, which both players had birdied—Floyd by holing from eighteen feet. The thirteenth had been giving the field a good deal of trouble, not only because of the tightness of its slanting fairway but also because the fairway then breaks to the right as it rises to a green whose right-hand half is partly blocked from view by a large bunker. Stewart, a tall, athletic man, hits the ball a good distance with a full, rhythmic swing that is occasionally reminiscent of Bobby Jones'. A star at Southern Methodist University in the late nineteen-seventies, Stewart, who is now twenty-nine, has been a definite force on the tour the last three years. The weakest part of his game is his putting. Here he leaned into a long tee shot, but he hit it through the fairway and into the rough on the left. Floyd, one of the most deliberate players on the tour, took a good deal of time deciding what club he would play off the thirteenth tee. A very observant competitor, he finally decided not to gamble with the dangerously tight landing area of the fairway. Instead of using a wood, he prudently went with his 1-iron, and his tee shot finished comfortably on the fairway well short of the point at which it narrows. On this round, the flagstick was positioned on the right side of the green. Floyd went with a 6-iron on his approach and hit a terrific shot, which he started well to the right of his target and then, with a little assistance from the wind, brought back in over the front bunker and onto the green four feet from the pin. The ball ended up four feet from the pin. Stewart's second was a shade too strong and finished on the back fringe some twenty-five feet from the pin. He caught a corner of the cup with his chip, but it rolled about four feet by, and he missed his putt coming back. Floyd made his four-footer for a birdie 3. In retrospect, this two-stroke swing on the thirteenth was the turning point of the championship. Floyd and Stewart were now tied for the lead—even par for the tournament.

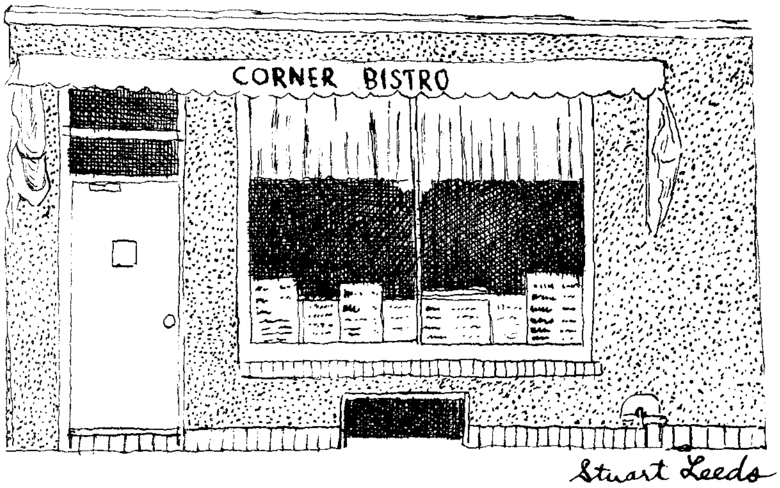
The wind was behind the players on the fourteenth, a weaving 444-yard par 4, and it played much shorter than its yardage. Floyd drove with a 1-iron again, and then played a 7-iron approach that rolled over the back of the green to the left, about seven feet into the rough. Stewart was also over the green in two, a little deeper in the rough and some twenty-five feet from the pin. He played first, and left a tentative chip about five feet short of the hole. Floyd ran his chip about four and a half feet by. Stewart missed his putt, but Floyd made his for a par. A veteran of twenty-three years on the P.G.A. Tour, Floyd had been playing, as he generally does, at a fairly slow pace, in order to think each shot through thoroughly. A heavyset, poker-faced, patient man, he has a reputation for being a good front-runner. He altered nothing now that he was out in front by a stroke. He played a 3-wood off the tee on the fifteenth, a 397-yard par 4, and then selected a 6-iron for his approach to the plateau green, which is about five feet higher than the five bunkers that separate it from the fairway. He came through with a superb approach shot that left him with a birdie putt of only six feet. He missed it by a hair, but, typically, he showed only the slightest suggestion of disappointment. On the golf course, it is important to keep a tight rein on your emotions. Stewart, incidentally, saved his par by holing a seven-footer.

On to the sixteenth, the second of the two par 5s, which is five hundred and forty-four yards long and was playing a good deal longer, because the southwest wind was now blowing across and against the golfers at fifteen or twenty miles per hour. Floyd, standing at even par, only one stroke in front of Stewart—and also one stroke in front of Wadkins and Beck, who had finished their rounds and posted totals of 281—played the hole about as well as it could be played. He judiciously used a 3-wood off the tee, and his drive finished on the right side of the fairway yards short of the bunker that noses into the landing area. The fairway ahead is roomy enough until it reaches a point about eighty yards from the green. There it becomes a chute about twenty-five yards wide. Floyd went over this in his mind, and decided to play a 1-iron for his second. He was concerned only with keeping the ball on the fairway, and he did. It pulled up on the right side of the fairway about a hundred and twenty-five yards from the flagstick, which was set at the front and center of the green. This was a difficult position, since it brought into play the two bunkers that flank the small entrance to the green. Floyd obviously understood how significant his third shot was: if he could birdie the sixteenth, he would have a two-stroke lead, and that would probably see him through. He carefully got himself in position to play the shot with his pitching wedge, and then, just as he was about to start his backswing, he heard the click of a camera. He turned and saw that a photographer had positioned himself on the fairway barely fifteen feet behind him. We were then given an example of the exceptional self-control that Floyd possesses. He turned toward the photographer and told him in an even voice that he had no right to be on the fairway photographing his swing. The photographer walked away, and Floyd calmly began getting himself set again to play his wedge shot. He hit a beauty. The ball held its line perfectly into the headwind, and it dropped softly onto the green about six feet from the pin. When he made the putt for his birdie, he was almost home. He had consolidated his lead to two strokes.

Even under favorable conditions, the seventeenth, the 172-yard par 3, is a difficult hole to par. Three stout bunkers protect the small green in front and on the left side, and a long bunker runs along its right side. The wind was blowing briskly across the hole from left to right, somewhat against the golfers. Floyd, after taking plenty of time to think things through and to get settled over the ball, ripped a low 5-iron that covered the flag all the way and pulled up fifteen feet from the hole. He was down in two putts for his par. On the eighteenth, the 450-yard par 4, the wind was blowing across the fairway from right to left and was partly with the golfers. Floyd could not have played the hole better: a drive down the middle; a 4-iron thirty-five feet below the pin on the small green, which slopes from back to front; a well-gauged approach putt, which left him an uphill tap of barely a foot; an unhurried putt for his 4. This gave him a four-round total of 279 (75-68-70-66), two strokes lower than Wadkins and Beck.

The other top finishers proved to be Sutton and Trevino at 282, Stewart and Crenshaw at 283, and Langer, McCumber, Tway, and Nicklaus at 284. Nicklaus's fourth round was a 68. He is something!

A stroke further back, at 285, after a disappointing final round of 75, was Greg Norman. This marked the second time this year that Norman had gone into the last round of a major championship leading the field by a stroke and had failed to hold on and win. Then, in the British Open in mid-July, held on the Ailsa course in Turnberry, Scot-



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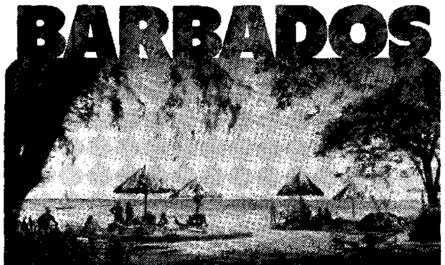

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land, Norman was again out in front by a stroke after the first three rounds. This time, to everyone's delight, he played a wonderful final round of 69 and won his first major championship by five strokes.

THE extraordinarily disciplined and decisive golf shots that Floyd made on the closing holes thrilled the ardent galleries at Shinnecock Hills. For one thing, it is never a joy to contemplate the prospect of an eighteen-hole playoff the following day to determine the winner of the Open. What the spectators, and the U.S.G.A., desperately wanted was for a golfer of Open class to rise to the occasion and, by playing a succession of glittering shots down the stretch, provide this extraordinary Open at Shinnecock Hills with a fitting climax. Floyd did exactly this. He played the last nine holes in thirty-two strokes. Only three previous winners of the Open had done this: Ben Hogan, Billy Casper, and Johnny Miller. In 1951, at the Oakland Hills Country Club, outside Detroit, Hogan nailed down the championship for a third time with his finishing burst; in the 1966 Open, at the Olympic Club, Casper's 32 vaulted him into a tie with Arnold Palmer, whom he defeated in their playoff; and in the 1973 Open, at the Oakmont Country Club, near Pittsburgh, Miller's 63 (31–32) on the final round enabled him to come from six strokes behind the leaders and win by a stroke. Floyd's 66 certainly ranks as one of the finest last rounds in the history of the championship. His scorecard is worth studying:

PAR OUT:	4	3	4	4	5	4	3	4	4	35		
FLOYD OUT:	4	3	4	3	5	4	3	4	4	34		
PAR IN:	4	3	4	4	4	4	5	3	4	35	35	70
FLOYD IN:	4	2	4	3	4	4	4	3	4	32	34	66

On his remarkable last round, Floyd's only 5 had come on the par-5 fifth hole, where he missed a six-footer for his birdie. What should be emphasized, however, is the precision, the solidness, and the perfect flight of his shots on the last six holes, when, in the whipping wind, he was dead on line with just about every shot. His course management was flawless all the way, and there was never a moment's break in his concentration.

Before his triumph at Shinnecock Hills, Floyd had played in twenty-one U.S. Opens. Somewhat surprisingly, he had finished in the top ten only twice, and his best finish was a tie for sixth, in 1965. His record in the British Open, which he has played infrequently, is an extremely strong one. He has been among the top four finishers four times. He has won the P.G.A. Championship twice—the first time in 1969, at the NCR Country Club, in Dayton, and the second time in 1982, at the Southern Hills Country Club, in Tulsa. He has finished in the top ten in the Masters eight times, and he won it in 1976 by eight strokes with a total of 271, which tied the record four-round total that Nicklaus had established in 1965. He was in the proper frame of mind for this championship. The week before, he had led the Westchester Classic with a round to go, and, uncharacteristically, had shot a 77 and given it away.

Raymond Loran Floyd, the son of a Regular Army man, grew up in Fort Bragg, North Carolina. (His father, an enthusiastic golfer all his life, is now the co-owner of the Cypress Lakes Golf Club, in Fayetteville, North Carolina.) Floyd took up the game early. At thirteen, he was shooting in the low 70s, and challenging everyone in sight to play a hundred-dollar Nassau match. (The winner of the first nine picks up a hundred dollars, the winner of the second nine picks up a hundred dollars, and so does the winner of the match.) As a boy, he was mad about baseball. The Chicago Cubs were his team, and after he had become a golf star he frequently worked out with the Cubs. It had been evident when Floyd was in his teens, however, that his future lay in golf. He won the National Jaycees championship at seventeen, in 1960, and he turned pro the following year. In 1963, he joined the P.G.A. Tour. In his first year on the circuit, he won the St. Petersburg Open, at the age of twenty years and six months. (Only three golfers had won a tour event at an earlier age.) His first big year was 1969, when he won $109,957 in prize money, carried off the P.G.A. Championship, and earned a place on the Ryder Cup team.

Most golfers reach their peak before they are thirty-five, but Floyd has been an exception. His golf improved discernibly when he was in his late thirties and early forties. A fairly large man—he is six feet one and weighs about two hundred pounds—he has acquired a more consistent hitting action with the assistance of Jack Grout, Nicklaus's teacher. Floyd's swing is not the prettiest in the world. He takes the club back low and inside with his arms, but the movement of his shoulders corrects this as he nears the top of his backswing. He then takes the club down and through the ball on a decidedly different plane. There is an old saying in golf that, regardless of the elegance or awkwardness of a golfer's technique, if he can repeat the same action time after time he can play very good golf. Floyd is a case in point. What sets him apart from lesser players, as he demonstrated so vividly at Shinnecock Hills, is his ability to repeat his swing under mounting pressure. "I was in total control," Floyd said at the end of his almost errorless final round of 66. "I was never fast with any swing, and that is phenomenal for me. I was walking at a speed in sync with my golf swing. I felt together."

BECAUSE of Shinnecock Hills' surpassing success as an Open course, it seems likely that the U.S.G.A. will try to make every effort to take the championship back to it some year in the nineteen-nineties and in the following decades as long as golf remains essentially the game it is today. Shinnecock Hills has gained such renown through the Open that the requests to play it are bound to increase immensely. Visiting golfers, unless they are professionals or authentic low-handicap amateurs, will be content to play the course from its regular tees, but, just as a golfer visiting the Augusta National Golf Club wants to find out how he fares if he hits some shots from the back tees that the field uses in the Masters, the pilgrims to Shinnecock Hills will wish to see how this hole or that hole plays from the back tee. It is incumbent on the members of Shinnecock Hills—and on the U.S.G.A.—to keep the championship layout in A-1 condition and to realize that in the years ahead this golf course will be regarded not just as the property of a private club but as something akin to a national treasure. —HERBERT WARREN WIND

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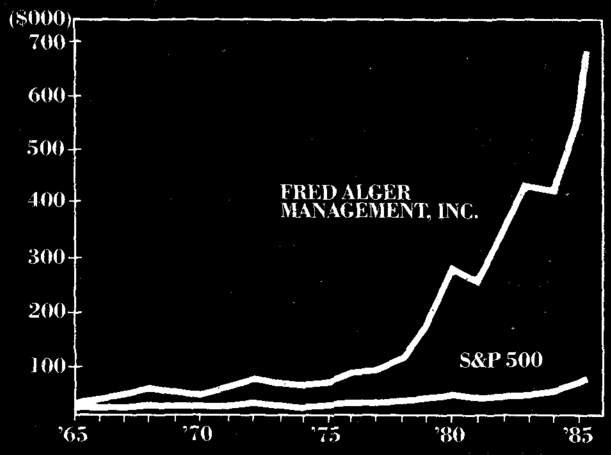

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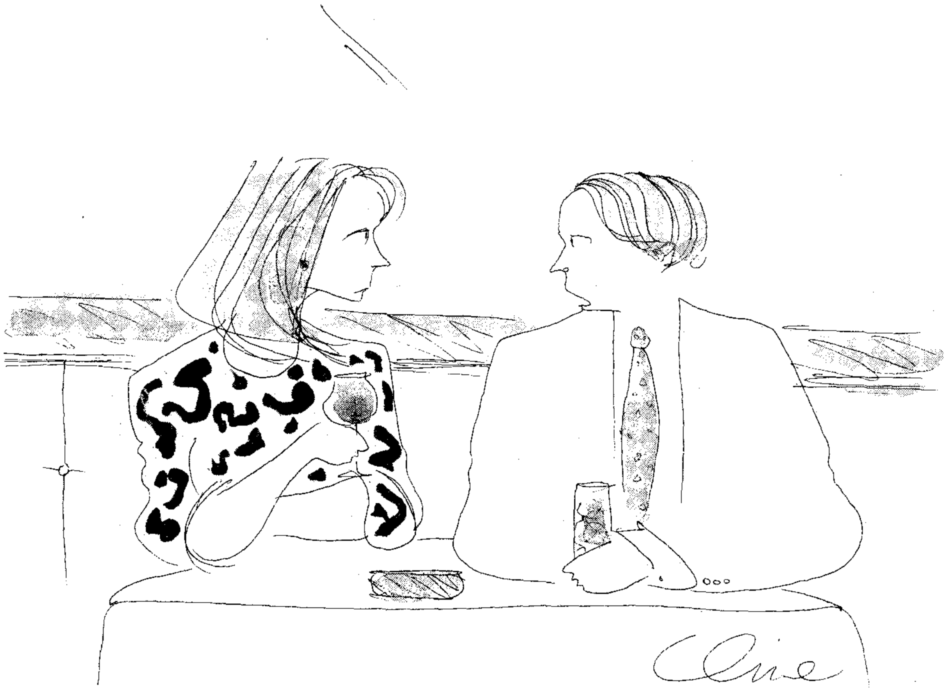
AROUND CITY HALL

THE GOLDEN DOOR

QUITE a few Americans, including residents of this city, have had their convictions about the way things are and should be seriously unsettled by some of this year's events. There has been the need to adjust to bad economic news with unexpected datelines—items way out of sync with the widespread belief, particularly here in the Northeast, that the oil-rich states were the promised land, where the bountiful life was a permanent condition. With plunging oil prices have come such headlines, unthinkable a few years back, as "DESPERATION DESCENDS ON OKLAHOMA," "DALLAS FACES TAX WOES BY CUTTING CITY SERVICES," and "BAILING OUT TEXAS?" There were the spy trials, and their revelations of the ease with which, year after year, betrayers of this country had operated undetected within a supposedly impenetrable national-security system. People who tend to think of subverters of the nation as wild-eyed alien types acting out of a burning desire to undermine capitalism and the American way of life were no doubt especially dismayed to discover that most of the accused spies looked as if they might have lived on the same block as Wally and the Beave—they even had such sitcom names as Walker, Whitworth, Howard, and Miller—and that, far from being hostile to the free-enterprise system, in faithful accord with its precepts they had done what they did strictly for money. Considering this confounding of truths formerly taken as self-evident—and there have been other such upsets, including, on the local scene, what has happened to the premise relied on by local editorial writers last year when, endorsing Mayor Edward Koch for reëlection, they went out of their way to commend him for his scandal-free administration—it is little wonder that the Statue of Liberty centennial seemed to have come along at exactly the right time. There were relatively few naysayers to the extravagant affirmation of the tradition that all the huddled masses from across the waters who passed the statue on the way to Ellis Island and the land of opportunity ended up, if not among the rich and famous, at any rate as credits to the country, eminently grateful, and, it went without saying, law-abiding.

The announcement of the names of twelve immigrants chosen to receive the Medal of Liberty did bring an outcry from some prominent local Italian-Americans, led by William Fugazy, who has been pushing Lee Iacocca ("my best friend") for the Presidency. Fugazy is head of the Coalition of Italo-American Organizations (whose initials, of course, spell "ciao"). The dozen honorees included five who were Jewish and two who were Chinese but none of Italian heritage. Yet the largest number of immigrants from any single country in the great wave of European immigration during the half century after the statue was dedicated came from Italy. Among those who shared Fugazy's indignation was Queens Councilman Peter Vallone—who last January, with Fugazy's support ("because he's an Italian-American"), was elected as the first Italian-American City Council majority leader. There was a suggestion that Vallone might block a fourteen-million-dollar city appropriation for police overtime and other Liberty Weekend services until the festival organizers did right by Americans of other origins. Eventually, the dissidents settled for a promise that suitable amends would be made at some later national celebration. In fact, although in recent months New Yorkers, especially, have often had called to their attention the sterling achievements of many of their fellow-citizens whose forebears made the perilous trip from Italy, there is another reason why 1986, besides being known here as the season of the great municipal-corruption scandals, is thought of in some circles as the year of the Italians. Headlined accounts of numerous trials of organized-crime figures with Italian names have served as steady reminders that by no means all of the descendants of the travellers from Italy—any more than those from other countries—turned out to be the benign, perfectly behaved winners whose life stories were featured over and over in living color during last month's giant party celebrating the cherished national myth of the immigrant experience. Halfway through Liberty Weekend, Russell Baker urged in the *Times* that there also be salutes to the immigrants who turned out to be rats, finks, chisellers, corrupt politicians, losers, burglars, thieves, and killers. ("What would America be without them?")



"Why am I talking this loud? Because I'm wrong."

In February, 1985, Rudolph Giuliani, the United States Attorney for New York's Southern District, which includes Manhattan and the Bronx, announced the indictment of nine top members of New York's Bonanno, Colombo, Genovese, Gambino, and Luchese families, who, according to the indictment, constitute organized crime's ruling "commission." Of the five families, the Gambinos were described as the largest and most powerful in the United States by President Reagan in a *Times Magazine* article last January about his Administration's attack on the underworld criminal element. The so-called commission trial is scheduled to begin on September 8th. Meanwhile, starting last fall, Giuliani's office has conducted a series of trials of local organized-crime figures, who, like those in the commission case, were indicted under federal RICO legislation, whose initials stand for Racketeer-Influenced Corrupt Organizations. In these RICO cases, the defendants have been charged with such crimes as fraud, extortion, bribery, loan-sharking and murder. The various fields they were accused of having muscled in on include the construction business, restaurants, commercial garbage collecting, labor unions, and drug trafficking. As if organized-crime operations didn't seem bizarre enough to the average citizen—and average juror—the defendants are known by such names, formally cited in the indictments, as Matthew (Matty the Horse) Ianniello, Anthony (Fat Tony) Salerno, and Carmine (the Snake) Persico. So far, there have been twenty-eight convictions and eight acquittals. Some of the men acquitted have already been convicted in related trials or are about to be tried on other counts. The process, which is likely to go on for at least a year, has had considerable entertainment value, giving attentive citizens a chance to hear F.B.I tapes of the principals' offhand discussions about doing away in one grisly fashion or another with someone who had offended them. In one trial, the prosecution was allowed to hire Off Broadway actors to recite the transcript—once more, with feeling—of such taped repartee. This kind of show beats by a mile the testimony about corrupt city politicians, suspect loans, and no-bid contracts which will soon be going on in courtrooms in other parts of town—and in some cases in the same federal courthouse, a few blocks northeast of City Hall, in Foley Square. When Michael Lazar, the city's former commissioner of transportation, who had been indicted on corruption charges, arrived there for his arraignment a few months ago, he had to cool his heels for a while. Fat Tony Salerno was in line to be arraigned ahead of him.

ONE defendant in the commission case will not be available for the trial. Seventy-year-old Paul (Big Paul) Castellano, the head of the Gambino family, was gunned down, along with one of his henchmen, last December 16th as he arrived to have dinner at Sparks Steak House, on East Forty-sixth Street. The killing of Castellano was not just a local event. White House reporters teasingly asked spokesman Larry Speakes if the President was going to make one of his famous human-interest-story calls to the widow. No, said Speakes, "but Bush is going to the funeral." Within a few days of the murder, forty-six-year-old John Gotti had taken over as head of the Gambinos; although there was inevitable speculation that he might have had something to do with creating the vacancy he stepped into, no charges have been filed. (Gotti is scheduled to go on trial later this month on unrelated counts in New York's federal Eastern District, which includes Brooklyn, Queens, and Staten Island. Meanwhile, he is said to be running Gambino operations from the Metropolitan Correctional Center, the local federal jail, which, conveniently, is only a few blocks from Little Italy.) The police hopefully put out flyers asking witnesses to the Castellano shooting to come forward. The sidewalks in the East Forties are densely populated most early evenings, but no one was surprised when not a single witness appeared. The photograph of Big Paul's body stretched out in the street beside his limousine became the main illustration for the President's January article on organized crime. In some who saw it, it aroused nostalgic emotions that are usually reserved for more seemly examples of the good old days. Anyone who doubts that the gangster era still has its fascinations should note that last spring's two-hour independent-television production in which viewers were invited to watch Geraldo Rivera open a Chicago hotel vault that had once belonged to Al Capone—its hidden treasure consisted of several dusty gin bottles—was watched by eighty million viewers and was the highest-rated show of the week.

In one respect, however, the Castellano rubout was not in the old organized-crime tradition: it didn't take place in a hotel. In December, 1951, E. B. White had something to say in this magazine about a hotel on the west side of Seventh Avenue between Fifty-sixth and Fifty-seventh Streets, in which Eleanor Roosevelt was then living. The *Herald Tribune* had printed a letter from her that gave her address as "The Park Sheraton Hotel, 202 Fifty Sixth Street West." White complained, "There is, of course, no such address. Old West Fifty-sixth Street is incapable of being minked up in this manner, even by our favorite ex-First Lady. It is all the sillier when you remember that the Park Sheraton is simply the old Park Central, where Arnold Rothstein was murdered in Room 349. Fifty Sixth Street West indeed!" There are New Yorkers who have never heard of Arnold Rothstein, a celebrated nineteen-twenties gangster, or even, possibly, of the long-gone *Herald Tribune*, but the hotel is still there. Moreover, thanks to gentrification and other factors, Old West Fifty-sixth Street *is* a bit minked up these days. In January, 1984, the hotel sprouted a new name out front: the Omni Park Central. It was being refurbished, at a cost of fifteen million dollars, by the Dunfey hotel chain, whose first-class inns have names that include the word "Omni." Their advertising slogan is "In the great cities of America, Omni is classic hospitality." Dunfey's public-relations director explained to a *Times* reporter, "Park Central is the original name, and it has a wonderful tradition." When the hotel had that name, she said, "Jackie Gleason rehearsed 'The Honeymooners' there . . . Eleanor Roosevelt maintained a suite there." *And*, the *Times* article noted, "Albert Anastasia was shot to death there"—specifically in the Park Central barber shop: a reference to the violent end, in 1957, of the co-founder of the Gambino family. The good news is that, in the years since, no one has violated the hotel's classic hospitality in a similarly dramatic way.

The popular site for gang rubouts in relatively recent years is restaurants. In 1972, Joey (Crazy Joe) Gallo, who was suspected of having had a hand in the shooting of Anastasia (although in the recent trials Carmine Persico, head of the Colombo family, was quoted as saying that he had done that one and complaining that Crazy Joe had taken the credit), was killed in Umberto's Clam House, on Mulberry Street, in Little Italy. And in 1979, in the last big local Mafia hit before that of Castellano, Carmine Galante, head of the Bonanno family, was shot at Joe & Mary's Restaurant, in Brooklyn. The picture of the Mafia leader sprawled in the midst of crockery and other debris of a good lunch, his cigar

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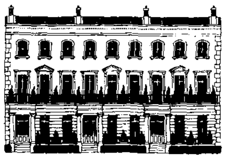

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still in his mouth, is such a favorite with editors that news stories sometimes seem to refer to Galante just as an excuse to run it one more time. One theory has it that the change of venue of organized-crime hits reflects the underworld's increased involvement in restaurants, which they either own or shake down. Matty the Horse Ianniello, for example, is one of the owners of Umberto's Clam House, and, like Sparks Steak House, it is said to have prospered as the result of being associated in the public mind with such bloody events: the capitalist system operates according to its own eccentric rules.

BESIDES the running story of the organized-crime trials, the other, happier reason that 1986 has seemed to some New Yorkers to be the year of the Italians is the upsurge of their influence in both major political parties. Although Italian-Americans have long constituted the largest ethnic voting bloc in New York State elections, they had never sent one of their own to the United States Senate until Alfonse D'Amato, a Republican, was elected in 1980. Two years later, the Democrat Mario Cuomo became the first Italian-American to be elected governor of the state. Neither man had been thought to have much of a chance when he entered his party primary—with D'Amato facing the more liberal Jacob Javits, and Cuomo going against the more conservative Koch. This year, when both Cuomo and D'Amato are up for reëlection, their political stock is so high (polls show each with a favorable rating of about seventy per cent) that the Democrats, in the case of the Senate race, and the Republicans, in the contest for the governorship, were hard pressed to locate anybody willing to run against either one. At one point, while the Republicans were going as far as to sound out Henry Kissinger, the Democrats were importuning Harry Belafonte. Part of the party leaders' problem was the fact that Cuomo and D'Amato almost never say a cross word about each other—not, apparently, from ethnic loyalty but because this arrangement is mutually beneficial. While the two men work smoothly together behind the scenes, however, Cuomo engages almost daily in strident criticism of D'Amato allies in the Reagan Administration, and D'Amato attacks liberal Democratic types far from the executive mansion in Albany.

Italian-Americans are also on the rise politically in the City Council. The January election of officers resulted not only in the choice of Vallone as its majority leader but in that of the Bronx council member Michael DeMarco as its finance-committee chairman—the only other City Council office of significant influence. (Things have come a long way at City Hall since the early nineteen-twenties, when Fiorello LaGuardia was head of the Board of Aldermen and, at a Board of Estimate meeting, Charles Craig, the city comptroller, whom he had offended in some way, said to the presiding officer, "Will you please hit that little wop over the head with the gavel?") Vallone and DeMarco are Democrats, as all elected officials in the city have been for some years. However, last November a Democratic councilman from Staten Island was defeated by Susan Molinari, the twenty-seven-year-old daughter of the Republican Guy Molinari, the member of the House of Representatives from that borough. In the opinion of at least one local judge, Miss Molinari may have owed her election to another Italian-American besides her father: Thomas Puccio, who in 1980, as head of the federal Organized Crime Strike Force in the Eastern District, prosecuted the Abscam cases, including the one against John Murphy, a Democrat, who was then the House member from Staten Island. (Puccio, a busy man, is currently the lawyer for two of the major defendants in the city scandals: John McLaughlin, the former head of the Health and Hospitals Corporation, whose trial is now in progress in the state courthouse here, and Stanley Friedman, the Democratic boss of the Bronx, whose trial in federal court has been delayed at Puccio's request until the McLaughlin proceedings are completed.) Last summer, the chance of Miss Molinari's making it to the Council seemed small when, after her opponent had challenged her nominating petitions, Rose McBrien, a Criminal Court judge serving as an acting judge of the State Supreme Court, ruled her off the ballot on highly technical grounds. The judicial system here, too, has its own eccentric ways. Miss Molinari's attorneys had asked Judge McBrien to disqualify herself in view of the fact that she is a sister of John Murphy, whom Miss Molinari's father defeated in his 1980 congressional race. Having insisted that she could be objective, Judge McBrien suggested from the bench that her brother would have defeated Miss Molinari's father in the 1980 contest if he hadn't been fighting charges in the Abscam case (which would have made it unlikely that young Miss Molinari would at this point have been a candidate for any office). In any case, an appellate court put Miss Molinari back on the ballot, allowing her to become the city's single elected Republican officeholder. City Council meetings are not known for their intentional humor, and Miss Molinari was welcomed for reasons other than a belief in the two-party system when, having nominated and elected herself as the Council minority leader, she expressed her "sincere appreciation to the Republican minority for their unanimous vote of confidence in designating me as the minority leader," and went on, "While there undoubtedly will be times when the majority party will fail to reach consensus among their ranks, I can, without any reservation, guarantee that the minority will always be united and never fractionalized."

In the local criminal-justice system, two of the five district attorneys are Italian-American—Mario Merola, of the Bronx, and John Santucci, of Queens—and so, of course, is Giuliani. This spring, Giuliani said that as a result of his indictments against so many members of organized crime he had got letters complaining that he was "picking on" his fellow-Italians. After he indicted a number of the figures in the municipal-corruption cases, many of whom are Jewish, he got at least one letter commending him for "picking on Jews" instead. (After Liberty Weekend, some New Yorkers said they hoped never to hear the word "ethnic" again, but it shows no sign of disappearing soon from local political discourse.) Andrew Maloney, D'Amato's choice as the U. S. Attorney for the Eastern District, was sworn in only a couple of weeks ago. During the previous two and a half months, the acting U. S. Attorney was thirty-five-year-old Reena Raggi, whom D'Amato has now nominated for the federal district bench—which should help counter the view that Italians are bent on keeping their women in the *cucina*. Although Italian-Americans are not likely to go into it much publicly, having figures of Italian heritage take prominent roles on the right side of the criminal-justice system is particularly important to them, because of the impression that their ethnic group is overrepresented on the system's wrong side. Cuomo, who was helpful to Jimmy Carter politically, has said that when Carter asked him if he would like a Presidential appointment to some office he declined but told Carter that, above all, he would like to see the appointment of an Italian-American Attorney General. In 1979, Benjamin Civiletti became the first Italian-American to serve in that post. There have been only four Presidential Cabinet members of Italian descent in history: Anthony Celebrezze, appointed by Kennedy; John Volpe, by Nixon; and Civiletti and Joseph Califano, by Carter. President Reagan's announcement that he was nominating Antonin Scalia to the Supreme Court, where he would be the first Italian-American justice, therefore set off special jubilation in some circles here. New Yorkers were especially pleased to be reminded that although Scalia was born in New Jersey, he had moved as a young child to Elmhurst, Queens, where—in the same years that John Gotti was attending P.S. 113, in the Bronx—he was a pupil at P.S. 13. Later, he graduated from Xavier High School, on West Sixteenth Street, in Manhattan. Although Scalia's conservative judicial philosophy is at odds with many of the Governor's own views, Cuomo has said that he will "take on the whole Democratic Party," if necessary, to help Scalia get on the Court, because he is "a terrific judge," who "understands the constitutional process." Just in case somebody might bring it up, Cuomo also said, "Forget the fact that he's Italian."

THE rise of Italian-Americans in politics has proved to be a hazard for some politicians who did not grow up spending much time with people who had vowels at the ends of their names. Vice-President Bush, in pursuit of his campaign for the Presidency the next time out, sent a taped speech to be read at the annual Republican dinner in Long Island's Nassau County, which has the largest number of registered Republicans of any county in the state. The Nassau Republican chairman, Joseph Mondello, won the post after his predecessor, Joseph Margiotta, was forced to resign, having been sentenced to two years in federal prison on extortion and fraud charges: a circumstance that makes it harder for the state's Republicans to take a high moral tone about the

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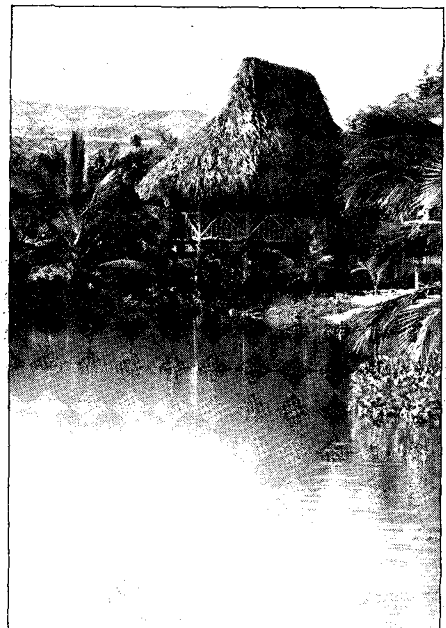

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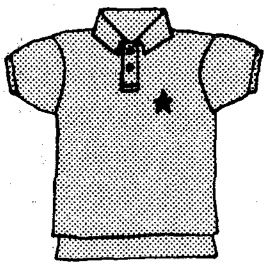

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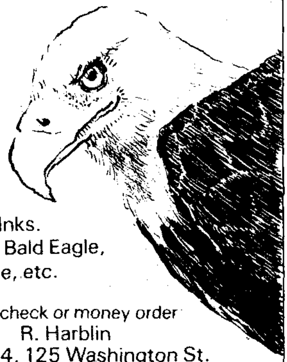

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current corruption problems in New York City—though clearly not impossible. The state G.O.P. platform this year says, "Republicans have watched with increasing anger the peeling of corrupt layers of the Democratic-controlled municipal government in New York City." In his taped speech, the Vice-President pronounced the chairman's name "Mandella"—like that of Nelson Mandela, the jailed black South African leader. Later, he referred to D'Amato as "D'Amata." Mondello was so irritated that he declined to play the taped speech for the forty-five hundred diners, claiming "technical problems." It was the kind of episode that could make it harder—though not impossible—for the Republicans to poke fun at Jimmy Carter for having referred to "the Eyetalians" at the 1976 Democratic National Convention. At this year's state Democratic convention, there was an incident with ethnic implications which turned out to involve generational misunderstanding. Mark Green, a onetime Ralph Nader colleague who is seeking the Democratic nomination for the Senate (he will face former State Commerce Commissioner John Dyson in the September primary), suggested to a television reporter that although Cuomo's aides were saying that he favored Dyson, the Governor wasn't taking sides in the contest. "Forget what the monkeys say," he told the interviewer. "The organ grinder says that he's neutral." Green, who is forty-one, explained later that he had never seen an organ grinder (LaGuardia banned them here in the nineteen-thirties), had no idea that they were traditionally Italian, and certainly had no intention, in these times, of committing an ethnic slur. It was not clear whether he had improved matters when he added that what he had meant was that Cuomo was "the top banana."

Among Italian-Americans, who do get their vowels straight, some take a less touchy approach than others to having to deal with the impression that the underworld is overpopulated with people whose forebears came here from Italy. One summer when Lee Mazzilli was playing for the Mets, where he was known as "the Italian stallion," he joked that if he didn't make that year's All-Star team he might "have to invite somebody to Joe & Mary's Restaurant." Last month, Republican State Senator John Marchi, the finance-committee chairman of the Senate, and the most powerful Italian-American in state government after the Governor, described Castellano sociologically as "sort of a majority leader or speaker in his organization." On the other hand, last December, after the appearance of such headlines about Castellano's death as the *Post's* "MAFIA'S NO. 1 BLOWN AWAY," Cuomo said at a press conference, "You're telling me the Mafia is the organization, and I'm telling you that is a lot of baloney. It is nothing. It is a word invented by people. It isn't an organization." Giuliani—who is believed to have political ambitions involving a possible race against Cuomo if he is still governor the next time around, or one against Senator Moynihan, who is up for reëlection in 1988—took instant issue, saying, "No matter how you describe it, the organization is made up almost exclusively of people who are Italian or Italian-American." The news that the Governor had apparently taken the position that there was no such thing as the Mafia ("There is no such thing as a pizza," this year's lampoon of local politicians by City Hall reporters had him saying) was particularly welcome in Republican circles. "I think he's quite a disturbed man," Roger Ailes, a political consultant to a number of Republican candidates around the country, said happily. However, Cuomo soon explained that he had meant only that it was wrong to use the word "Mafia" to imply that all organized-crime figures were Italians; and in speeches around the country he managed rather neatly to turn this position into a campaign against all racial and ethnic stereotyping. Declaring that, in politics, he had been hampered by being known as "the black candidate," the Reverend Jesse Jackson sent Cuomo a telegram saying—not all that helpfully—"I am happy to join you in fighting the image of Italians as gangsters and Mafia and therefore untrustworthy people."

SURELY it was not some urgent desire to establish that Italian-Americans are on the right side of the law which moved Giuliani and D'Amato one day last month to stage an act that got their pictures on the front pages of the *News*, the *Post*, and the *Times*. In comically disreputable-looking getups—D'Amato wore an Army jacket and had a green-visored cap pulled down over his forehead, while Giuliani was in a Hell's Angels leather vest, confiscated from a captured drug dealer, with patches that said "Filthy Few" and "Dirty Thirty"—they invaded what amounts to an open-air drug market in Washington Heights, in upper Manhattan, accompanied by thirty heavily armed federal agents and undercover police officers as well as a vanful of photographers. Within a few seconds, each had bought two vials of crack. Despite all the firepower on hand, no arrests were made. The excursion's purpose, federal agents explained, was to demonstrate that it is very easy to buy crack in that neighborhood. Anyone within miles of the place could have told them that—and that it doesn't matter how you are dressed. However, as a *News* editorial pointed out, "the costuming made the pictures jazzier." Alfonse D'Amato likes to refer to himself by the nickname of another well-known Italian-American, "the Fonz," in television's "Happy Days." Now New Yorkers could tune in to the Fonz and Rudy show—or perhaps "The Italian Rapscallions." Both the celebrated crack buyers had, of course, been invited to Governors Island a week earlier when the President gave out the Medal of Liberty awards. The Reagans shook hands with most of the politicians there, including New Jersey's governor, Thomas Kean, a Republican. However, the President, whose natural good manners are sometimes subverted by partisan considerations, as is true of many politicians (Cuomo has so far simply ignored his 1986 Republican opponent, Westchester County Executive Andrew O'Rourke), brushed past New York state's Democratic governor and his wife without greeting them. He not only greeted D'Amato but, the next day, helped D'Amato's parents celebrate their fiftieth wedding anniversary. Few Americans, including the Senator, could have had any doubt in the last few months that the immigrant experience was a salable commodity. D'Amato's current reëlection-campaign commercials open with a scene of his parents sitting on one of the scarred benches at Ellis Island, and mention that "they have lived the American dream"—sliding lightly past the circumstance that, in fact, his mother and father emigrated from Brooklyn and New Jersey, respectively. —Andy Logan

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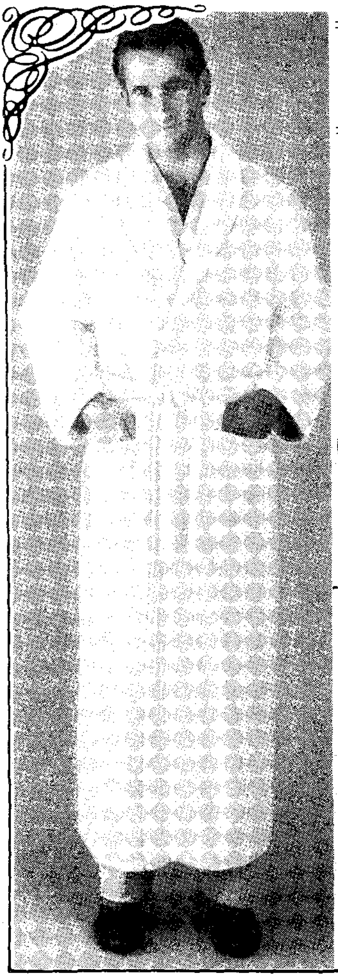

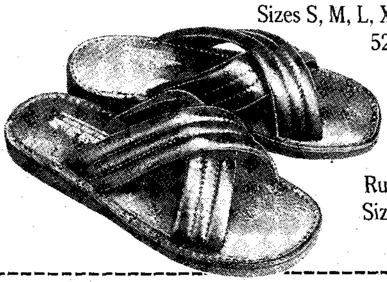

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THE ART WORLD

Passage

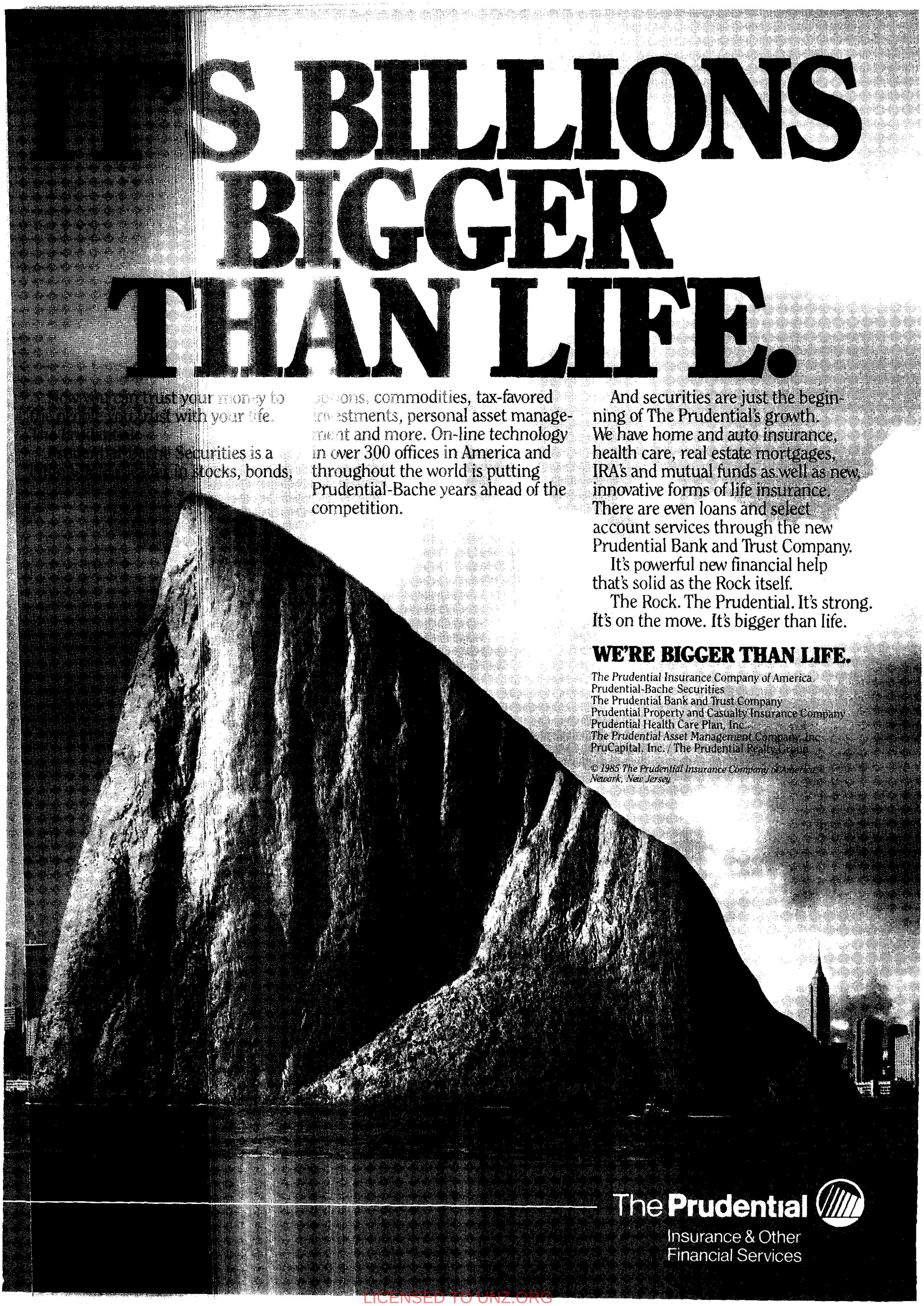
JASPER JOHNS is our sacred cow. The homage paid to him by all sectors of the art community—by critics, museum curators, and collectors, and especially by his fellow-artists—goes virtually unchallenged these days, and his infrequent exhibitions are attended in a spirit of veneration. All this, however, has not made Johns himself a public figure. He has consistently avoided the publicity machine that keeps threatening to turn contemporary art into a branch of show business, and for thirty years he has sought to maintain a distance between his art and himself. "I have attempted to develop my thinking in such a way that the work I've done is not me," he told an interviewer in 1973. "I didn't want my work to be an exposure of my feelings." In this negative endeavor he has been largely successful. Certain aspects of Johns' complex personality are revealed in his paintings, to be sure, and occasionally some feelings as well, though not necessarily *his* feelings. On the whole, though, he has proved to be a master of concealment. Johns is the most hermetic artist alive, and in many ways the most difficult. In some of his more ambitious paintings, the conflict between his immense talent and his refusal to give it free rein sets up an infuriating tension—you get angry with him for simultaneously seducing you and shutting you out. This happens much less frequently in his prints. Although Johns said once that he found printmaking "an unsatisfactory medium," since 1960 he has made it a significant part of his œuvre. His mastery of printing techniques has enabled him to do things in a number of different print media—lithography, etching and aquatint, silk screen, woodblock—that had not been done before, and, since most of his prints are related directly to particular Johns paintings or sculptures, he has used them to extend and to explore further the images and ideas that interest him. The retrospective exhibition of his prints that is now at the Museum of Modern Art (through August 19th) confirms the generally held view that Johns is the greatest graphic artist of our time. It also suggests why he has continued to devote so much of his time and energy to the "unsatisfactory medium" of prints, where his amazing virtuosity serves so well to cover and obscure his traces.

The MOMA retrospective is not organized chronologically. Riva Castleman, the director of the museum's department of prints and illustrated books, has grouped the prints more or less according to subject, which means that, because Johns often returns to a subject after a lapse of several years, we keep moving backward and forward with him. We begin with the lustrous "Black and White Numerals" and the rainbow-hued "Color Numerals" that Johns did at Gemini G.E.L., in Los Angeles, in 1968 and 1969. These are large prints, and there are ten of each—one for each of the Arabic numerals. Incredibly complex technically, requiring innumerable separate processes and many delicate redrawings of the same stone, they come across as magisterial portraits of the numbers that we use every day without really seeing them. The Gemini numeral prints are larger and more technically assured than the 1963 series that Johns did at Universal Limited Art Editions, the Long Island studio whose founder, Tatyana Grosman, had introduced Johns to printmaking. The U.L.A.E. series is also on view, and while the subject and its presentation are the same in both cases—each print has one large numeral, centered, under a double row of all ten numerals in smaller scale—the effects are quite different. The U.L.A.E. prints are more painterly in feeling, more exploratory, more like Johns' paintings and drawings of numbers which preceded them. The Gemini prints have greater authority; here the lush, sensuous handling of the lithographic crayons and inks seems wholly calculated and controlled. We are closer to perfection, and further from Johns himself.

YALE
LEO CULLUM

"Well, no, but I always rooted for them."

Going through this marvellous show, and seeing again the repertory of images that Johns has imposed on us indelibly—numerals, the alphabet, targets, flags, the famous Ballantine ale cans, the flashlight,



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the electric light bulb, the wire coat hanger—made me wonder whether any other artist has taken such pains to remove himself from his work. The fact that Johns' images have so few emotional overtones has not prevented viewers from reading emotions into them, of course—quite the contrary. The critic Leo Steinberg, in a famous 1962 essay, found in Johns' early paintings "a sense of desolate waiting" and "an implication of . . . human absence from a man-made environment." Others found grim humor, denial, repression, bitterness. They got no encouragement from Johns, who has consistently maintained that he is a very literal artist, who wants "to feel removed from the work, neutral toward it, involved in the making but not involved in the judging of it." What we make of it is our business, not his.

When he first began to use these images, in the mid-nineteen-fifties, the aesthetic climate in this country was still dominated by Abstract Expressionism. Johns and his friend Robert Rauschenberg, who lived on the floor above him in a Pearl Street loft building, did not feel that they were in opposition to Pollock or de Kooning—they both used (and still use) Abstract Expressionist methods and effects in their paintings. Nevertheless, they both wanted to get out from under what they considered the Abstract Expressionists' excessive concentration on the self. Both Rauschenberg and Johns rejected self-expression as an aesthetic goal; they were also opposed to any sort of illusionism in art. Rauschenberg tended to see his own work as a sort of free collaboration with his materials. "I don't want a painting to look like something it isn't," he said. "I want it to look like something it is, and I think art is more like the real world when it's made out of it." Johns' utterly literal approach was that since a painting is a two-dimensional object he would paint only two-dimensional subjects—flags, targets, numbers, and so forth. If he wanted to incorporate a three-dimensional form—a broom or a plaster cast, for example—he would simply take a real broom or make a cast and attach it to the picture. This pragmatic attitude, which the two young painters shared with their friend John Cage, the composer, was to have a powerful influence on the next generation of American artists. Curiously, it led Johns and Rauschenberg to work in virtually opposite directions: Rauschenberg became the great includer, opening his work to every sort of material and immaterial possibility; Johns, the great excluder, proceeded step by step, one picture leading him on to the next, into a fabulous maze of his own devising.

Johns once described the images he had chosen to paint as "things the mind already knows," things that gave him room "to work on other levels." What other levels? Intellectual and technical levels, presumably. Much has been made of the intellectual connections between Johns and Marcel Duchamp, that sovereign iconoclast and underminer of "retinal" art—art that appeals only or mainly to the eye. Johns and Rauschenberg did not meet Duchamp, or have an extensive knowledge of his work and his ideas, until the nineteen-fifties, when they were already launched on their own careers. Their admiration for the older artist was immense, however; they both did large paintings in homage to him, and references to Duchamp, overt and veiled, can be found in any number of other works by Johns. Certainly Duchamp's conception of art as a mental act, rather than merely a stimulus to physical sensations, is central to Johns' approach, and it is in his prints that Johns comes closest to the Duchampian level of art-as-thought. In Johns' paintings, there is often too much of a struggle going on between the thinking artist and the retinal sensualist. Johns, remember, has painted some of the most gorgeous pictures of our time. One of them is "According to What," his 1964 homage to Duchamp. The three large painted maps that he did in the early nineteen-sixties—maps of the United States, painted freehand, with all the states in place—are incredibly beautiful pictures; not surprisingly, he refused several requests to paint another. "In any medium, I've never wanted a seductive quality," Johns told an interviewer in 1969. He has had to work against some of his own strongest impulses in order to keep that quality out, though. Painting, Johns once said, "maintains its original clumsiness for me." The prints, beautiful and tactile as some of them are, lack the seductive physicality of the paintings. They allow us to follow the movement of Johns' mind more easily, because the thinking Johns is more firmly in control.

Not that he has seemed to be eager for us to follow his thinking. When questioned about his work, Johns usually replies in such a literal way that the questions sound inane. He resists all attempts to pin him down. Early in his career, though, in 1964, he did make a statement that was not at all literal. "I am concerned with a thing's not being what it was," he told the writer G. R. Swenson, "with its becoming something other than what it is, with any moment in which one identifies a thing precisely and with the slipping away of that moment, with at any moment seeing or saying and letting it go at that." Not much has been made of this puzzling declaration in the critical literature on Johns. Nowadays, of course, it is unfashionable for critics to take seriously what an artist says about his work. Artists are not a separate species, and they talk as much nonsense as the rest of us. Johns is an artist of formidable intelligence, however, and this particular statement has always struck me as revealing. But how? What did he mean, exactly, by "with any moment in which one identifies a thing precisely and with the slipping away of that moment"? I found myself wondering about this again at the MOMA show. I was standing in front of a 1966 lithograph called "Passage I," and something about the title rang a bell. Johns' titles are either literal ("Target," "Ale Cans") or mystifying ("Decoy," "According to What"); this was clearly in the second category. The print, which is not large, has turbulently brushed areas of gray and black; stencilled letters spelling out the names of colors; the image of a plaster cast of a man's legs, cut off above the knee and pinioned, upside down, by a wooden peg; and, in the upper right-hand corner, two unequal rectangles, one red and one yellow, each of which contains an indecipherable dark-blue horizontal shape. There are a number of other details, but nothing to suggest a clue to the title. Hanging next to it in the show is "Passage II," a negative image of the same print with the tones reversed, on black paper.

Connoisseurs like to use the word

passage (with the French pronunciation) in referring to a certain area in a painting where one tone blends into another. Contemporary art historians have used it in a more precise and complex sense, to describe the Cubist method, derived from Cézanne, of depicting planes that appear to be simultaneously behind and in front of adjoining planes. Neither of these uses seemed applicable to Johns' print. Looking at it, though, I suddenly remembered a conversation I had had many years before with Matta, the Chilean-born Surrealist, on the subject of Duchamp. Matta was convinced that Duchamp had once addressed himself to an entirely new problem in art: how to paint the moment of change—change itself. This was early in Duchamp's career, before the First World War. The Cubists had concerned themselves with the problem of objects in space, Matta said, and the Futurists with the problem of objects in motion. Duchamp had wanted to paint the actual experience of transformation, and he had done so, according to Matta, in a painting called "Le Passage de la Vierge à la Mariée" ("The Passage from Virgin to Bride"). The Museum of Modern Art has owned this picture since 1945, and it is well known to every artist in New York. When I went to the second floor of the museum to look at it, I was once again perplexed and delighted by its strange, abstract elements—what Duchamp called his "juxtaposition of mechanical elements and visceral forms." You will be relieved to hear that I did not discover in it any striking iconographic links to Johns' "Passage I;" nevertheless, my own sense of the Duchamp-Johns connection was enhanced. It seemed to me that Matta's idea applied to Johns as well as to Duchamp. The indeterminate moment of change, or "passage," and the slipping away of that moment—what better terrain could there be for a highly cerebral artist who wanted, almost above all, to conceal his own tracks?

Duchamp investigated the territory briefly and then moved on, as he invariably did, to other interests. Johns, who is neither as cynical nor as lighthearted as Duchamp, does not let go of anything. And I suspect that he is still mapping and measuring that elusive moment. The 1985 print "Ventriloquist," for example, achieves a kind of focus on the space between two things—specifically, between two Johns flags, whose edges appear at the right and left margins of the print. The same sort of "between" focus occurs in "Device—Black State" (1972), "Untitled" (1980), and several other works in the show. The many versions of "Voice," with their subtle counterplay of stencilled letters and brushy color areas, situate the viewer in a shifting area somewhere between speaking and writing, between language and color. The crosshatch motif that Johns began using in 1972 (an abstract pattern of parallel colored strokes that he had seen, for a second, painted on a car he passed on a Long Island highway) turned out to be the medium for a decade of further investigation. "Scent," "Corpse and Mirror," "The Dutch Wives," "Usuyuki," and other prints done in this style seem to shift and change as we look at them. The division of space into three equal parts (six parts in the larger prints) and the manifold variations in technique set up mirror reflections that keep the eye flickering back and forth across the surface. Every inch of this surface is subtly articulated, and yet the movement is nowhere perceptible. Conversely, everything is still, and on the verge of motion. A great many other aesthetic events are going on in these prints, needless to say, but none of them is conclusive. At any moment, Johns' art is becoming something other than what it is.

—Calvin Tomkins

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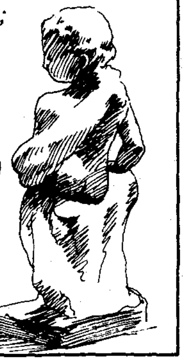

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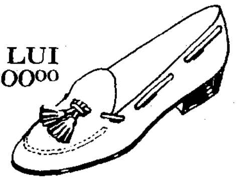

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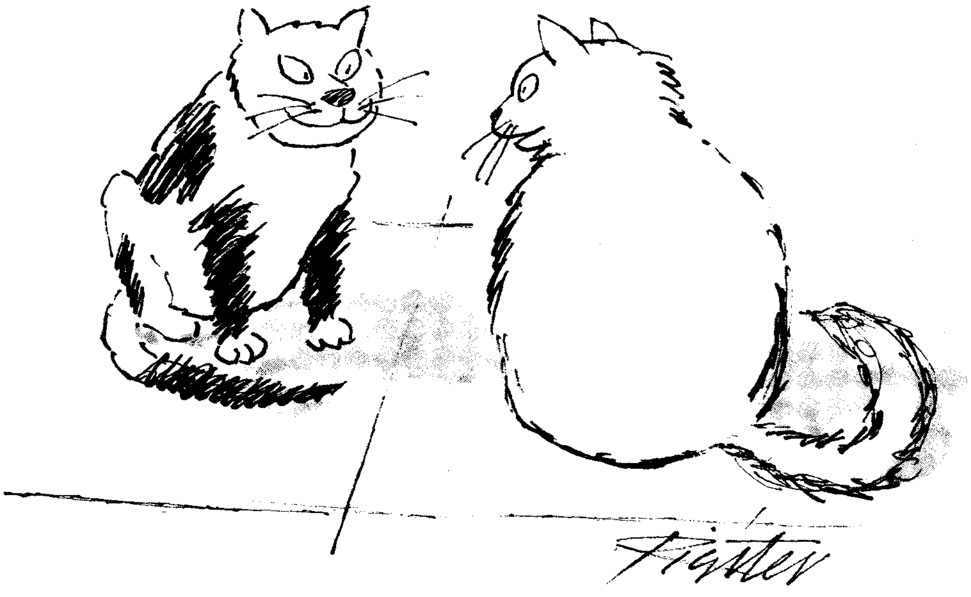
DANCING

Nureyev and Baryshnikov: Paris and New York

ONE of the most extraordinary features of Liberty Weekend, its prelude and aftermath, was the visual barrage of images of the Statue of Liberty which the media put the nation through. We saw the statue day and night, from every conceivable angle; and yet no one seems to have commented on its quality as a piece of sculpture. Paul Goldberger, in the *Times*, said that it was good, but he didn't say why. An editorial—it may also have been in the *Times*—remarked on the dual aspect the figure presents: she seems to be striding forward from one perspective, firmly planted from another. But Liberty is nothing without her torch, and the torch would be nothing without the arm that lifts it—an arm the strength of which starts in the lower back and flows up through the shoulder. The gesture does not start from the shoulder any more than the branches of a tree start from the trunk. There is a lesson for dancers in this. Those who watch dancing can also learn something about supported versus unsupported gesture by comparing the statue with the myriad bad copies of it, which also flourished during the festivities. One of these bad copies has stood for years atop a warehouse across the street from Lincoln Center. The celebrations there included a two-week engagement at the Met by the Paris Opéra Ballet, and someone thought to place a viewing machine in the plaza, trained on the false Liberty and her unimpressively brandished torch. But she could be seen perfectly well, in all her cautionary glory, from the porch of the Met, where American Ballet Theatre ended a nine-week run just as the Opéra dancers were arriving.

The two companies are linked by the fact that each is directed by a defector from the Soviet Union's finest ballet company. To the Lincoln Center authorities, busy promoting July 4th and July 14th as a tandem occasion, it was a matter of the greatest significance that Rudolf Nureyev gained his freedom in Paris, while Mikhail Baryshnikov, soon after defecting in Canada, made his way to New York and has remained here ever since. In addition, Baryshnikov was set to be sworn in as a United States citizen on the eve of the Fourth, to receive, along with eighty-five other immigrants, a special award from the Mayor of New York, and to dance in one of the televised extravaganzas. (He danced the title number from Balanchine's Gershwin ballet "Who Cares?" A pas de deux, it featured Baryshnikov's partner, Leslie Browne, as much as or more than Baryshnikov himself, and he didn't choose, or wasn't given time, to follow it with the male solo to "Liza." But the choice was an appropriate one, nicely staged, with the two dancers meeting on the windswept stage on Governors Island and looking out, before beginning to dance, not at a painted drop of Manhattan but at New York Harbor, with the illuminated statue in the distance. And Helen Hayes, in her introduction, did not omit to remember Balanchine, another Russian immigrant.) As part of his regular routine, Baryshnikov danced with his company on closing night in "Giselle"—an American production of a French classic—and on the previous night, the night of the Fourth, Nureyev appeared as a guest with A.B.T. and danced in the same ballet. There was symbolism everywhere you looked. An official ballet gala was held at the Met, involving A.B.T. and Paris Opéra dancers, with Gene Kelly as host, and Nancy Reagan in attendance. By July, the theatres of Lincoln Center are filling up with tourists, and last month there seem to have been more tourists than ever, many of them French-speaking. The regular balletomane cheering sections were augmented by people for whom Nureyev and Baryshnikov were among the city's top scenic attractions and Baryshnikov was not only a famous dancer but a movie star. He has been a big success in the movies, whereas Nureyev has not, and it may be because in both of his movies Baryshnikov played a character based on himself. This, and not the fact that he is a better actor, lent him a credibility that Nureyev didn't have when he impersonated Valentino or played a violinist in that movie with Nastassja Kinski. Nureyev's instincts played him false in his movie roles; he did exactly the opposite of what he does on the stage. But so did Baryshnikov; each man made movies more appropriate to the other.

The closer one examines the two men's careers, the more dissimilarities appear. Nureyev was twenty-three when he defected, Baryshnikov twenty-six. But Nureyev was seventeen when he began studying at the Kirov. He was never the product of institutional care and training that Baryshnikov was, but he was strong-willed and self-reliant, and he overcame the late start. Both men were already formed as dancers at the time of their defections. Their careers in the West took shape as much from their abilities as from the opportunities offered them. From the beginning, Baryshnikov possessed an ease of assimilation that is still amazing. Time and again, we have seen him take on strange new roles and styles and penetrate them to the quick. Nothing in dance seems alien to him. Nureyev, on



"If I take too many naps during the day, I find it difficult to sleep well at night."

the other hand, does not sink himself into new roles so much as convert them into occasions for further appearances. One could say that it is the way of a star, while Baryshnikov's is the way of an artist, but there's more to it than that. Baryshnikov has assimilated America, while Nureyev, officially a citizen of Austria, remains independent, perpetually detached. Paris and the Opéra are where he hangs out.

The Franco-American gala closed with a special performance of "Push Comes to Shove," arranged by its choreographer, Twyla Tharp, with Baryshnikov dancing his familiar role and being upstaged by three Baryshnikov clones in derby hats—Gil Boggs, Danilo Radojevic (both of whom now dance the ballet more often than he does), and Tharp herself. It was not the kind of audience that would have recognized Twyla Tharp in a derby or understood much of what was going on; it came to life only when Baryshnikov himself was onstage and when, at the very end, Tharp brought on Nureyev as yet another clone. Nureyev's role was only a bit, and he played it just right—stiff, comically bewildered. Still, you could tell that he *really* didn't know what he was there for. He kept twirling his hands helplessly, and he used a robot walk, as if the derby had turned him into Chaplin—it was his only concession to a style other than his own. Lest you think Tharp too radical a test of Nureyev's versatility, there was a moment earlier in the program when he and Baryshnikov were called on to appear in white tie and tails and escort Leslie Caron through one of those old-fashioned medley tributes to a lady star and her hits. It was little enough to ask of a great big sexy man like Nureyev, but he looked uncomfortable—with the situation, with the music, with the suit, maybe even with the lady. His lack of skill made him appear ungallant, but it's not that he's unwilling to cede the spotlight to someone else; it's that he simply doesn't know what to do outside it. He can't easily surrender the responsibility for the performance. His partnership with Fonteyn is legendary, but Nureyev still partners women the way he often tried to partner Fonteyn—manipulatively, competitively. He is one of nature's soloists, and in the course of the Paris Opéra season he proved it irrefutably. Alas, he was supposed to be so much more.

Nureyev can be overbearing onstage, but he has never lacked generosity toward other dancers. Much testimony exists to suggest that he genuinely admires talent and enjoys creating opportunities for it. When he was appointed director of dance at the Opéra, in 1983 (so the story goes), he immediately set about exploring the school's latest crop of dancers and speeding the best of them up the hierarchical ladder to the rank of étoile. Nureyev's road at the Opéra soon turned rocky, but of all his policies this was probably the most benign. Long before the Opéra Ballet opened its New York season (its first since 1948), the talk was all of the baby ballerinas Sylvie Guillem and Isabelle Guérin, and of Elisabeth Platel, étoile since 1981 and a pupil of the renowned Yvette Chauviré. There is no dance institution in the West quite like the Opéra; what the company lacks in artistic profile, the school makes up in prestige. Any consideration of the merits of Nureyev and Baryshnikov as artistic directors would have to begin with the fact that Nureyev has a school to draw on and Baryshnikov doesn't. (The School of American Ballet gives priority to New York City Ballet.) It's true that Baryshnikov doesn't have to contend with the internal politics and problems of discipline that make the Opéra Ballet a nightmare to run. But then the Opéra Ballet has to contend with Nureyev. He's not having the nightmare; he's part of it.

School or no school, I think it fair to say that Baryshnikov has made the most of what he has been given to work with; indeed, he has made more than the most. If there is a disabling factor in Baryshnikov's makeup, it's this tendency of his to overestimate talent or to confuse it with aggression. I confess to some confusion myself. I don't know whether Baryshnikov is deluded in his assessment of talent or whether his attitude is one of laissez-faire indifference; with an artist of his complexity, it's difficult to say. Through all his magnificent protean endowments as a dancer there runs a streak of submissiveness, which I think he must have inherited (along with the endowments) from Nijinsky, and though he's better at running a company than poor Nijinsky was, I wish he'd said no to some of what went on in the season just past—to Rouben Ter-Arutunian's effusive costumes for "Francesca da Rimini," or, better, to the whole ballet. And Kenneth MacMillan's setting of Andrew Lloyd Webber's Requiem is even more inexplicable. John Taras, the choreographer of "Francesca da Rimini," used to be with New York City Ballet before he joined Baryshnikov's staff, and his genteel, fulsome production is something that may well have been denied the light of day there (as part of the Tchaikovsky Festival, perhaps). But is there any reason to suppose that MacMillan could not have staged his latest anti-war, anti-death testament for the Royal Ballet? Despite the fact that Vietnam and Cambodia (for such seems to be the subject) are more in the American consciousness, it is British to the core, and the music, a Requiem Mass by the composer of "Jesus Christ Superstar," "Evita," and "Cats," is the essence of mod spirituality. As is so often the case with MacMillan, the choreography is well wrought and the ballet is wrongheaded as can be. Admiration for his craftsmanship must struggle with distaste for his themes, which incorrigibly resist expression in dance.

LOCAL DELIVERY

MacMillan has been an artistic associate of A.B.T. for nearly two years without appearing ever to have left London. His chosen ballerina, Alessandra Ferri, is now Baryshnikov's most frequent partner, and her position is exactly the sort of puzzle I referred to a moment ago. Ferri's classical technique is modest. If she had been brought here by MacMillan to be co-starred with Baryshnikov in dramatic MacMillan ballets, that would be quite understandable. Her tragic intensity is suited to modern dramatic works, and Baryshnikov, though he has been dancing his classical roles flawlessly, may be thinking of quieting down somewhat and diversifying his repertory. He and Ferri look good together, but their most reliable vehicle so far has been "Giselle." They didn't dance in "Requiem" in New York. Instead, Ferri did "La Bayadère," in which she was outdanced by the other Shades (Amanda McKerrow, Christine Spizzo) and outclassed by her partner (Patrick Bissell). In "La Sonnambula," with Baryshnikov, she showed what her tragic mask of a face and her strikingly shaped feet might be capable of with the right coaching, but she's not the figment of

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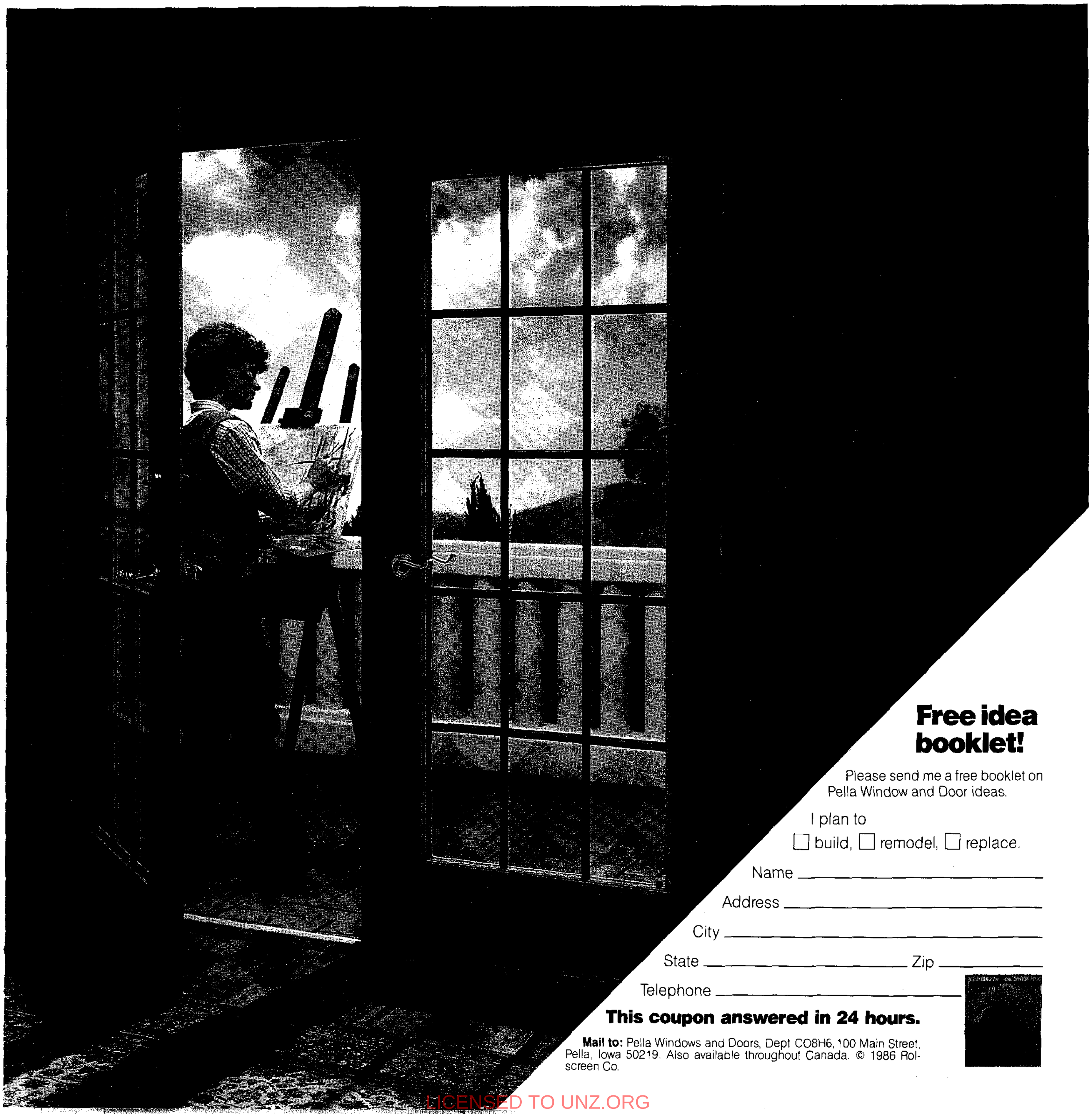

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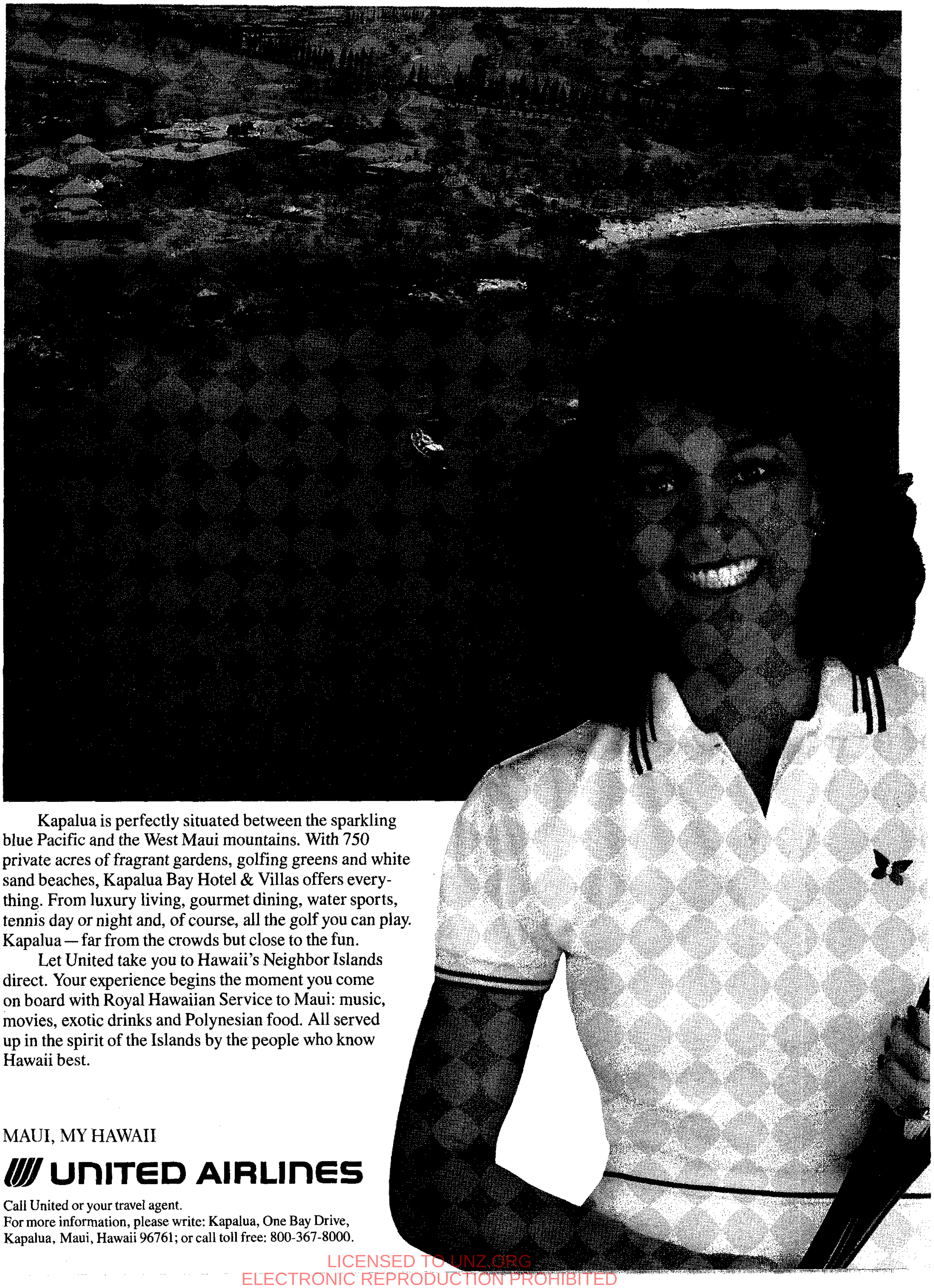

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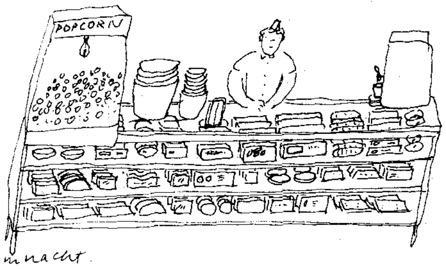
Romantic inspiration the ballet is about. Ferri's Sleepwalker, like her Giselle, is closer to the Dumb Girl of Portici than to the heroines of Romantic ballet.

The two other new works of the season, Karole Armitage's "The Mollino Room" and David Gordon's "Murder," were more in line with what A.B.T. has become in the Baryshnikov era—a composite expression of the more vigorous trends in American dance. Armitage, for all her avant-garde deviltry, has a ballet background, and has held several ballet-company commissions (two from the Paris Opéra). It was only a matter of time before she got around to A.B.T. David Gordon has no ballet background at all, but, as things turned out, Baryshnikov seems to have got exactly what he wanted from Gordon and rather more than he bargained for from Armitage. "The Mollino Room" is overstuffed with ideas; half of them have to do with modern ballet choreography in the post-Balanchine era, while the other half rove through the terrain of postmodern aesthetics, trying to cover every development since Cage, Cunningham, and Rauschenberg. The ballet is hung with paintings by David Salle which depict plain objects like overshoes, coffeepots, and fishing reels, and is dressed, by the same artist, in play clothes, the majority of which are in curious, off-putting colors and shapes. Lurking in all this visual gimmickry is some kind of statement about the classic beauty of utilitarian or commercial design—hardly a new idea, and one, in fact, that the ballet's makers claim to have from Carlo Mollino, the Italian industrial designer. But the ballet's animating principle is montage. Everything in it—the overshoes, the play clothes, the sound score (made up of two movements of two different Hindemith chamber works plus a taped Nichols and May routine)—has been plucked from its normal context and reassembled or recycled or in some way made to serve a "new" environment. Even the dance steps, which Armitage has set for Baryshnikov and a mixed ensemble, have been uprooted from their classically sequential contexts and reëmbedded in jagged new combinations. Intellectually, it all fits together. As an experience, though, "The Mollino Room" is arduous. It's like a giant music video trying its best to dislocate and stun us. The pattern of ideas doesn't come across in sensuous terms (which are the only terms that matter in ballet); instead of harmoniousness and integration we get a spectacle of cross-purposes. A pity, because on sheer choreographic merit the ballet deserves attention. Armitage, the hip neoclassicist, really shows her credentials in the fluidly controlled, incisive measures she devises for the group and its leaders (Leslie Browne or Susan Jaffe with Robert Hill). Her material for Baryshnikov is less effective; she isolates him from the group without giving a reason for his isolation. (It's his genius, of course, but he doesn't have genius steps, only hard ones.)

Last year, in "Field, Chair and Mountain," David Gordon gave A.B.T. *his* ideas about the mechanisms and manners of classical dance. This year, he presented a straightforward comedy ballet, a parody of the PBS series "Mystery!" In "Murder," Baryshnikov gets the juiciest mime role he has ever played, the large supporting cast gets an array of miniature character roles, and the audience laughs a lot. The décor is by none other than Edward Gorey. I loved "Murder," but is it viable without Baryshnikov? (Johan Renvall's one performance came on a night when I couldn't go.) He does multiple characterizations, one of which, in ringlets and frills, suggests what "Camille" would be if it were danced by Karsavina. The only thing Baryshnikov's movie audience doesn't know about him is how funny he is. As for Gordon, "Murder" may not be a major achievement, but it is a true one. He has made a linear progression of events occur to a preëxisting musical score (the first movement of Berlioz's Funeral and Triumphal Symphony) without a moment's unseemliness, and that sort of thing is hardly ever done nowadays.

And then came the Opéra. Though its two weeks were studded with lavish productions and nightly changes of cast, the story was pretty much told on that gala program, when Nureyev led the company in his latest roundup of "Raymonda" excerpts. Though he forced himself mightily, Nureyev can no longer even intermittently conceal his physical decline. But that's no surprise—he's forty-eight years old. The real surprise was the impoverished classical style of the Opéra dancers. The bad things one had always known about them—the things that the Nureyev regime, with its illustrious new stars, was supposed to have changed—were right there on the stage: weak lower backs, unworked turnout, careless feet. Lots of pretty faces, to be sure, and charming manners. The Paris dancers are virtuosos of charm. But the legs have no force. An à la seconde en l'air is like the arm on the false Liberty of West Sixty-fourth Street—stuck out from nothing. Fifth position is a mere formality. These failings don't necessarily reflect on the Opéra school. A poor company regimen can destroy the best training. Yet it's a question just what the French école is all about. During the season, a program of French dance films was shown at the Lincoln Center library. In one, billed as her homage to the French classical style, Maya Plisetskaya stood on a platform and waved her arms portentously. In another, Chauviré demonstrated "The Dying Swan" sitting down. (And the younger dancer she demonstrated it to danced it as if *she* were sitting down.) But even if the French used to be the greatest upper-body dancers in the world they aren't anymore. Those backs don't hold épaulé distinctions firmly enough. Head, neck, and arms are the most palpable part of the silhouette. The torso looks overbraced, with shoulders and hips rotating against an ungiving spine. There is no lack of energy. Despite their stylistic constraints, the dancers do move; they get into the air, and they aren't pert or sedate about it. But how strange to see a major company that doesn't want to release its energy expressively, by using the strength of the back to direct the deployment of the thighs. In short, by maintaining turnout. And how sad to think of Nureyev heading such a company—he whose turnout was so steadfast as to seem, in the early days, exotic. One of the great Nureyev numbers in those days, "Le Corsaire," was rendered at the gala by Patrick Dupond and Sylvie Guillem in a manner that suggested their director to be Maurice Béjart rather than Rudolf Nureyev. Mlle. Guillem has a beautiful face, long legs, and loose hip joints; her high battement is a good trick. Her overarched feet are like Dupond's straining thighs—decorative, non-



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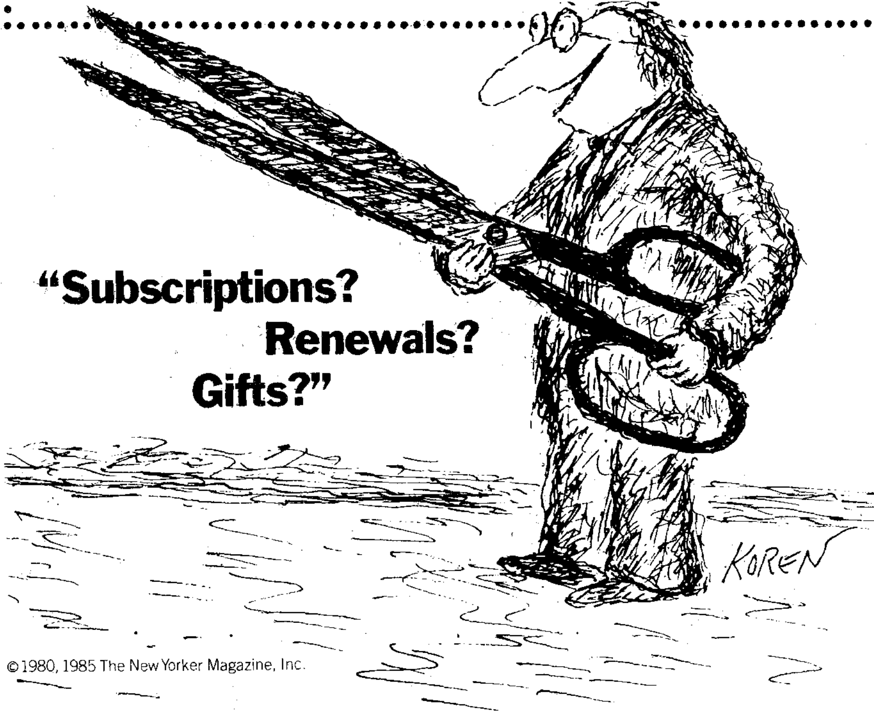
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functioning vestiges of a style. Of course, the two of them tore the house down, but that morning's *Times* had quoted Nureyev as saying that Petipa keeps dancers in shape, and that's why he keeps Petipa in repertory; and these dancers were not in shape.

Nor are they likely to be *put* in shape by the choreography that Nureyev gives them. With every "Raymonda" he produces (the current version must be his fourth or fifth), he gets farther from Petipa. In this fifty-five-minute production, only the women's variations and the closing section of the galop are recognizable academic Petipa; the rest is Nureyev trying to be creative. A new and costly "Swan Lake" was disfigured by his insistence on dancing the tutor and the sorcerer as a dual role in imitation of Odette-Odile, thus reducing the prince to the status of a puppet. There have been many great ballet stars who took themselves for choreographers, but Nureyev choreographs as a star, in his own interests and from his own point of view. He lacks even the elementary theatre sense of Serge Lifar, the Opéra's ballet master until 1958. Lifar's "Les Mirages" was given a few showings. Weak as it was, it had professional finish; Lifar obviously knew how to use a stage and present dancers. If we ever thought him unmusical, we now have Nureyev, whose choreography actively defeats music. It was so obstructive in "Swan Lake" that I found myself nodding off while the orchestra sawed on. (Opéra standards in conducting defeat music, too.) And his bad taste turns a well-meant effort like "Washington Square" into an ignominious assault. Nureyev maltreats Henry James as much as Charles Ives, and he even abuses his good friend Martha Graham, whose vocabulary furnishes the choreography's principal motifs.

When you have two weeks to do six ballets and three of them are by a choreographer of staggering incompetence, one is by Serge Lifar, and one is a pastiche of Lully by a dance historian, you'd better have a good cover. The Opéra's cover was costumes. You couldn't see the steps unearthed by Francine Lancelot for "Lully: Quelques Pas Graves de Baptiste," but you could feast on the costumes. The silks in "Swan Lake" glowed like stained glass. The sixth ballet was "Le Palais de Cristal," done in colored costumes modelled on the original ones by Leonor Fini. Paired with "Washington Square," it was intended as a salute, I think, to New York. But what the Opéra did to Balanchine's ballet (danced here as "Symphony in C") was only a little less appalling than what it did, with Nureyev's help, to Petipa. The dancers tried hard, but they were performing, with inadequate technical means, a corrupt version of a masterpiece. In every movement but the fourth, there were major errors, gaps, and substitutions in the choreography, both in the principal roles and in the demi-soloist and corps sections. The fourth movement had errors, too, but basically it adhered to the version that used to be danced by Balanchine's company at the City Center. The version called "Le Palais de Cristal" was created first, in 1947. When Balanchine restaged it in New York, he made changes, and he continued to make them, but the Paris version cannot have been worked on by its choreographer after the fifties. It is quite a muddle, and nowhere more so than in the second movement, which encompasses one of Balanchine's greatest adagios. This was where he made the most changes; still, it was impossible to accept more than about twenty per cent of the steps danced by Guillem or Platel at the Met as the work of Balanchine.

Baryshnikov has a certain dexterity as a choreographer but no great enthusiasm for the task, and for the most part he has abjured it. He's not especially interested in partnering or in teaching, and his dancing is sometimes so immaculate as to leave out the reason it is done. Baryshnikov is the Joycean disinterested artist as dancer. Nureyev is the compulsive, doomed, solitary hero. A decade older, he dances with all the motivation Baryshnikov leaves out. Baryshnikov's stance as a company director can be puzzling, but by and large his rule at A.B.T. is an extension and an enrichment of the resources of American dance. Nureyev and the Opéra are separate planets whirling in the same orbit. Each seeks what it needs in the other and, having found it, looks for not a speck more.

—ARLENE CROCE

●

WASHINGTON—Karla Miller of Botetourt County, three time qualifier to the National Spelling Bee, fell in the fourth round of the competition here today. The killer word on which she was aliminated was matriculate. "It was the schwa sound," Miller said. "I thought he said metriculate, and I was thinking metric."
—*Roanoke (Va.) Times & World-News.*

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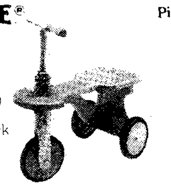

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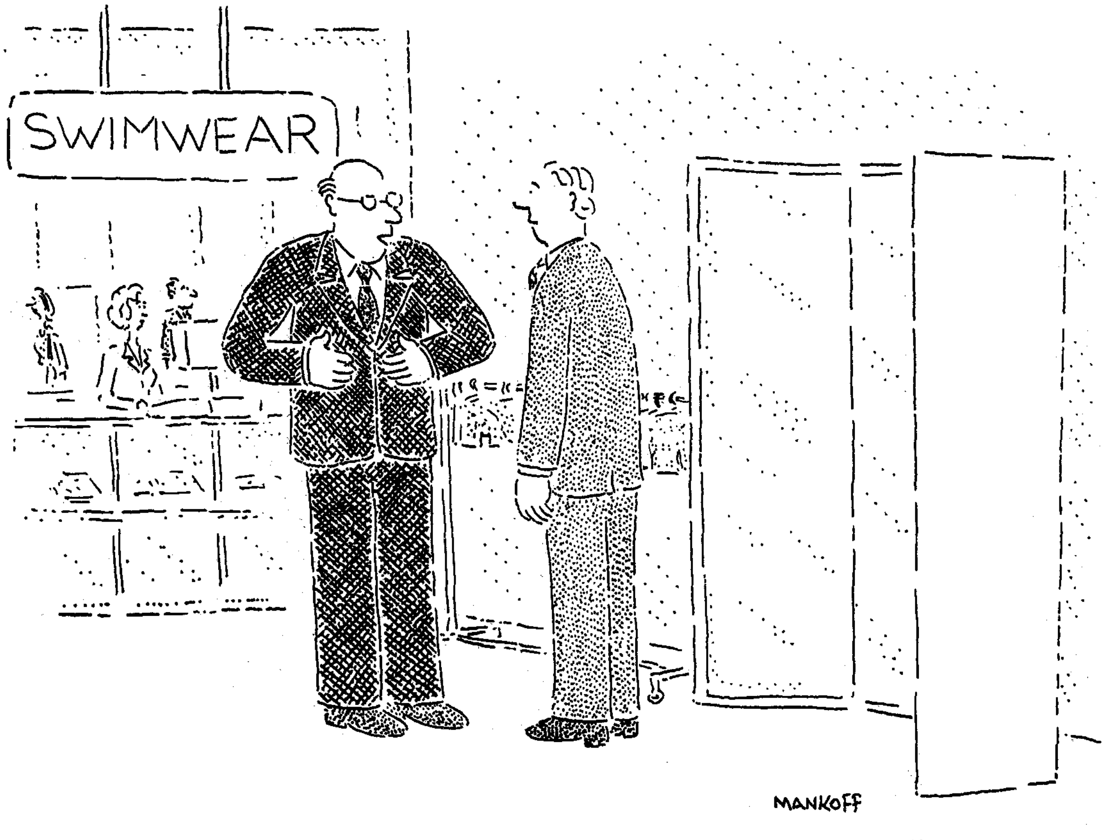
BOOKS

Sweetheart of the Rodeo

Cyra McFadden had five parents, all of them peculiar. There was the usual blood pair, plus a stepfather, a stepmother, and a constantly visiting aunt. Her father, Cy Taillon, became "the dean of rodeo announcers" by bringing ten-dollar words and dude-ranch duds to a trade that had never seen the like. Her mother, Patricia Montgomery, left Paragould, Arkansas, because, she said, "I got tired of grits," and became a chorus girl and then a trick rider, working the intermissions of the same rodeos as Cy, whom she married after a twenty-four-hour courtship. For a few dizzy years, they roamed the West in a blue 1937 Packard, performing by day and carousing by night. Their daughter was the unofficial mascot of the rodeo circuit. Arriving in a new town, she would be handed a strip of tickets to the carnival that had set up camp next to the rodeo, and trusted to keep herself amused while her parents saw to business. Sometimes Cy took her into his booth and let her announce the national anthem. Sometimes she got to take part in the rodeo itself, as quarry for the trick-rope artist Monty Montana.

The writers among the readers of McFadden's memoir "Rain or Shine" (Knopf; $16.95) will rail against the injustice of a world in which so much eccentricity could be bestowed in one place—although their feelings may soften when they consider what it would have been like to grow up under such auspices. "The bars were my parents' living rooms," McFadden writes. After one night of barhopping, Cy and Pat left her asleep in a motor court in Cheyenne and struck out for the next rodeo. They drove seventy miles before they remembered they had a daughter. When they were divorced, in the early nineteen-forties, they agreed to share custody of her—not out of any advanced thinking on such matters but because neither wanted more of the responsibility than necessary. Cy proceeded to fill his letters to his daughter with messages intended for his ex-wife, whose second husband had forbidden her to communicate directly with "the big shot," as he called his predecessor. "A man was entitled to write to his daughter, if not to his ex-wife," McFadden explains. She adds, "Though I could read them perfectly well myself, Pat helpfully volunteered to read these letters to me and was less puzzled than I was, I'm sure, by such information as: 'In the event you are interested, I haven't had a date in the last two and a half months. I tried keeping company with a girl in Salt Lake City but despite the fact that I am continually lonesome as Hell for someone . . . I haven't been able to make a go of it and despite myself have been drawn into a shell from which it is difficult to emerge.' " After Cy remarried, and had a son, word came through Pat's sister, Ila Mae, that he regretted having named his daughter Cyra, because in so doing he had foreclosed the option of naming a son Cy, Jr. Ila Mae had become a partisan of Cy's, and she suggested—or perhaps she was just relaying a suggestion of his—that it might not be too late to undo the error. She even had a new name in mind: Minnie Mae, after Cyra's maternal grandmother, who (Ila Mae wrote) was a "living saint until God took her to be [an] angel." In later years, when reporters asked Cy Taillon about his family, the two sons from his second marriage were the only children he generally bothered to mention.

Cy Taillon had tried to make Pat a homebody, but she was no more inclined that way than he. "When Cy parked Pat on the farm in North Dakota one summer, the better to cut his own wide swath on the circuit, she seduced every able-bodied man for miles," McFadden writes. When Cy complained about her behavior, Pat reminded him that "the only thing you told me not to do was smoke in the barn." Cy was eventually tamed by success and the devotion of his second wife, Dorothy Cosgriff Taillon, who (much in the manner of Nancy Reagan with another Western spokesperson) made Cy and his advancement her life's calling. Dorothy "not only made him swear he would never take another drink, but on their wedding night . . . insisted that he get down on his knees and pray to God,



"I want something like this but in a bathing suit."

for help in keeping his word, before he climbed into bed." McFadden professes to be skeptical, generally, of the notion that "the right woman, loving and resolute enough, can dry out a drunk and turn a lady-killer into a happily monogamous husband." "Yet with Cy and Dorothy," she adds, "I saw it happen."

From the mid-nineteen-forties through the seventies, Cy presided over the Snake River Stampede, the Pike's Peak or Bust Rodeo, the American Royal Horse Show, the Calgary Stampede, and thirty smaller events every year. "Ladies and gentlemen, the next waddie broke his wrist and three ribs down in Abilene a few weeks ago, and now he's back in competition. That's called courage in my book. Tiny Rios out of Tulsa, Oklahoma, on a mean hunk of horseflesh called Son of Satan . . . Let's give him a little encouragement." That was the Cy Taillon style of announcing, which he practiced in a voice described variously as "honey," "molasses," and "silver." For thirty-one years straight, he was the m.c. of the Grand National Western Livestock Exposition at the Cow Palace in San Francisco. His daughter settled near San Francisco as an adult, and most years she went down to the Cow Palace to watch him work the crowd. One-to-one meetings were less frequent, because they tended to degenerate into arguments about racial intermarriage, hippies, and other emergent phenomena on the San Francisco scene. Success had turned Cy Taillon into a conservative of the shoot-first-argue-later school. He reserved his curse words for A.S.P.C.A. liberals who considered rodeos cruel, and for ignorant rodeogoers who called the contestants "cowpokes" instead of "rodeo athletes." "No one is purer in thought, word and deed than a reformed rakehell," McFadden concludes.

Pat was also tamed—by faded ambition and life in Missoula with her second husband, Roy Qualley. A friend of the family who had admired her for years, Roy was a paragon of fiscal and social responsibility. He was also a health faddist, who preached the gospel of chewing every bite of food thirty times, worried feverishly about his baldness, and worked out with weights at the Y.M.C.A. in the years before normal people turned to that form of recreation. Cy's career took off after his remarriage. Pat's ended after hers. Running a dance school was the most exciting prospect facing her in Missoula. Within a year, she had absconded to Denver to join Cy (who had yet to become involved with Dorothy). Although he had sent the money for Pat's train ticket, their reunion didn't take. She was back in Missoula in short order, having committed her "last act of defiance," according to McFadden. Nervous breakdowns followed, and trips to a sanitarium, where the full panoply of psychiatric remedies was applied.

Pat eventually stopped talking about her ex-husband, but her daughter did not. Returning home from a visit with Cy and Dorothy, she chatted on about their happy life together—a subject her mother met with silence. McFadden also found ways of letting her stepfather know that Cy remained the father figure in her life, even if he was hundreds of miles away. Children tend to favor the absent parent over "the parent on the scene making the rules," she observes, and when the absentee is handsome and famous and "the rules include chewing each mouthful of food thirty times, there is no contest." Roy and Pat's marriage lasted nearly forty years. Cy and Pat's had lasted only nine, but it exercised a permanent hold on their daughter's imagination. Operating, evidently, on the hydraulics theory of human behavior—one of Sigmund Freud's most influential and questionable legacies—McFadden assumed that her parents' flamboyant life together had to be the expression of a powerful inner something that flowed in both of them, and she couldn't help wondering what had become of it when they calmed down.

Fortunately for McFadden's investigations, she comes from a family of pack rats—keepers of letters, newspaper clippings, photographs (a fine and informative assortment is reproduced in the book), and, in her stepfather's case, what must be one of the more impressive collections of anti-baldness literature west of the Mississippi. The family has also been graced by several stylish letter-writers—most notably Ila Mae, an officious and moralistic woman, who practiced busybodyhood with rare verve. Ila Mae's letters contain disapproving commentaries on just about everything that ever happened in the extended family, interspersed with police-blotter-style reports on murders, rapes, and other ca-

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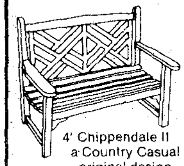
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lamities among the general populace. About one neighbor of hers she writes, "The dr. says he's never seen anything like it, you wouldn't recognize him if you saw him on the street, guess it's in God's hands now, he can't weigh more than seventy-five pounds."

McFadden's novel "The Serial," about the affluent life in Marin County, was published in 1977. She waited until all five principals were dead before completing this book about her family—a long-planned project. Even so, she has treated all of them with great consideration—not the bland diplomacy of old-fashioned family reminiscences but a sympathy born of the desire to see the world through their eyes even as she is recalling how they seemed to her when she was young. Writing vividly of occasions when she gave as good as she got, she helps us take the family's measure as individuals and—a more remarkable achievement—as interdependents. As a writer, McFadden has a few disruptive habits, such as breaking paragraphs right after a change of subject, and using commas as a kind of verbal glue for joining related thoughts into a sentence. But willing readers will quickly learn to ignore these problems, and McFadden's readers are likely to be very willing. She tells a strong story well, tuning in to the sadness and the humor of it with equal accuracy. In the age of the big-buck autobiography, it is a pleasure to learn that some people still write memoirs for reasons that predate the publisher's advance.

—James Lardner

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Contract, by J. W. Rhoads (Henry Holt; $12.95). Mr. Rhoads, an American who lives in London, situates this novel, his first, in Paris, and makes highly entertaining use of a more or less notorious French financial practice called *viagère*. A *viagère* is a contract whereby a property owner, usually elderly, agrees in return for a lifetime annuity to bequeath the property to a speculator. The property owner here is a widow of seventy, one Mme. Vallette, her property is a fine apartment on the Boulevard Saint-Germain, and the speculator is a youngish salesman named René Robert Baudoin. It is Baudoin's understandable hope that Mme. Vallette's life will not be unduly prolonged, and to this end he watches her every move. The result is a good ironic comedy, written with a good imitation of Gallic elegance.

Milk and Honey, by Elizabeth Jolley (Persea; $14.95 cloth, $8.95 paper). An idiot magpie chick on the grounds of a mental hospital on the border of a wasteland fringed by a swamp: a fitting image with which to end this novel, set in Australia, about a promising young cellist who is boarded out with, and marries into, a musical Austrian émigré family, and unwittingly helps them construct a nest of lies and secret debts. At the heart of his story is another man's wife, as unlike his own (austere) wife as can be. "No one can be two people," this woman says, but she is never near when one of the family greets him as "Prince," and thus reminds him that he is a prisoner. Meanwhile, a honey jar and a pair of false teeth appear here and there to remind him of another nestling, whom he may or may not have displaced. "Milk and Honey," published in Australia in 1985, has won the New South Wales Premiers Literary Award. This, the first American edition, is afflicted with a gray-and-yellow dust jacket and a generous assortment of typos.

Impostors, by George V. Higgins (Holt; $16.95). Mr. Higgins has long since all but mastered the all-but-all-dialogue novel, and now he seems intent on mastering a dialogue that apes the tape-recorder transcript. All his characters here—and there are many of them—tell their stories at a length, with a confessional comprehensiveness, that would easily empty a theatre. The central story has to do with a Boston media mogul who hires a free-lance journalist, a comely divorcée, to cover a forthcoming murder trial, in a small town south of Boston, in which testimony may be offered that will endanger the mogul. The journalist, Constance Gates, is an interesting version of her profession: she interviews her subjects only in bed, and, in her view, any man who fails to respond to her allure is homosexual. The other stories that come creeping off their narrators' tongues involve a divorce, a suicide, an emerging homosexual and a homosexual killing, a lesbian, an insider real-estate scam, a driving-while-drunk homicide, an array of unhappy childhoods. Mr. Higgins' characters, literate or illiterate, are heavily dependent on the usual obscenities, and he also sees to it that we monitor their every meal, their every drink, their every sexual exercise, and their every item of dress, from underwear to deodorant, and the floor plan and décor of every habitation. He would do well to go back and reread his "The Friends of Eddie Coyle."

GENERAL

GAME PLAN: A GEOSTRATEGIC FRAMEWORK FOR THE CONDUCT OF THE U.S.-SOVIET CONTEST, by Zbigniew Brzezinski (Atlantic Monthly; $18.95). President Carter's national-security adviser, who is now on the faculty of Columbia, offers a strategic program based upon the "central proposition" that "the American-Soviet contest is not some temporary aberration but a historical rivalry that will long endure." Mr. Brzezinski believes that the Soviet Union is formidable only as a military rival. Our response to Soviet ambitions must therefore, he believes, involve a large military component. He outlines his concept of an optimum mixture of forces and their optimum deployment, warning, however, that our ultimate goal must be defined as "prevailing," not "winning." Many of Mr. Brzezinski's topics and recommendations are familiar subjects of debate, but he comes up with some unfamiliar and useful notions. In his discussion of "linchpin" states, whose geographical position makes them of particular interest to the contending powers, he considers the importance of Poland to Soviet schemes; twenty pages or so later, he draws some startling but by no means wholly unconvincing parallels between Polish-Russian and Mexican-American relations, which suggest how little we understand our southern neighbor.

THE EGO IS ALWAYS AT THE WHEEL, by Delmore Schwartz, edited and with an introduction by Robert Phillips (New Directions; $14.95). A collection of what the poet called "bagatelles"—informal, brief prose pieces written for his and his friends' amusement. Most are done in a mock-solemn style that suggests a pedant making fun of himself. Schwartz discusses, deadpan, such matters as Hamlet's behavior, Iago's motivations in egging Othello on to throttle his wife, and the possibility that Don Giovanni was a lesbian, because he liked to sleep with women. There are reminiscent excursions into boyhood and the grandeurs and miseries of being a Giants fan, and there are airy and consciously irresponsible disquisitions on the art of poetry. A piece about Existentialism elicits this definition: "Existentialism means that no one else can take a bath for you."

STRENGTH FOR THE FIGHT: A HISTORY OF BLACK AMERICANS IN THE MILITARY, by Bernard C. Nalty (Free Press; $22.50). A well-written, solidly researched account of the military contributions of black Americans, beginning with the Colonial wars of the eighteenth century. Mr. Nalty reports that blacks were so heavily represented in the Navy in the age of sail that some Europeans thought all Americans were black, but with the coming of steam and the greater amenity of life at sea blacks were excluded from a service grown attractive to whites—to the point where "by the end of 1941 the Navy had just twenty-nine blacks who were not messmen." On the eve of Pearl Harbor, the rigid patterns of segregation and exclusion within the armed forces were regarded as time-hallowed American traditions. In reality, most were borrowed from civilian Jim Crow laws around the turn of the century, and previous military practice had been a checkerboard of opportunity and discrimination. In every conflict, blacks did their part in the hope that a demonstration of courage in war would win them full citizenship in peace. The author describes the careers of several black units and shows how often those hopes were disappointed. He concludes, however, that "racial integration, considered a dangerous social experiment as recently as the 1940s, has worked, improving the morale and efficiency of all the services."

A BOOK OF TRAVELLERS' TALES, assembled and with an introduction by Eric Newby (Viking; $20). An anthology that is comprehensive historically, geographically, and literarily. Its contributors seem to include every visitor to foreign places who is known to have put literate pen to paper in wonder or amusement or disgust. The reports are arranged chronologically (the first speaker is Xenophon, around 400 B.C., and the most recent is Colin

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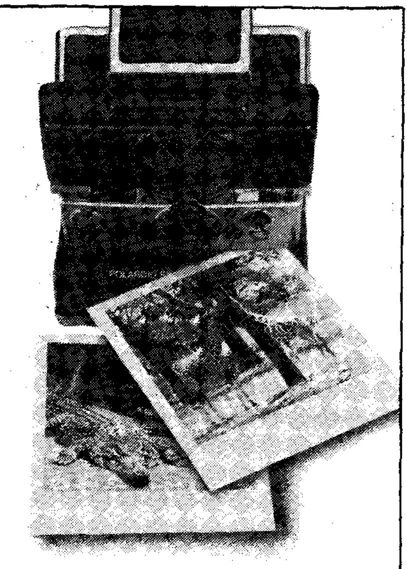

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Thubron describing the Russian heartland in 1983) by continent, beginning with Africa and ending with the Arctic and the Antarctic. The contributions are short—some only a few lines, and none longer than a page or two—but Mr. Newby is a knowing reader and editor, and it may be safely said that every contribution (including one by Queen Victoria on the discomforts of Scotland) is well worth a moment or two of one's attention. There are many useful maps, some attractive drawings, and a commendable bibliography.

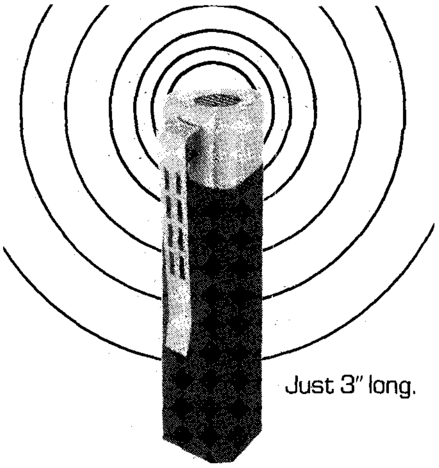
MYSTERY AND CRIME

ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY, by Ed McBain (Mysterious Press; $15.95). The prolific author of the Eighty-seventh Precinct series moves his latest mystery to Manhattan's Fifth Precinct, on the edge of Chinatown. Detective Bryan Reardon, distracted by the collapse of his marriage, is assigned to the apparently pointless murder, by masked intruders, of a restaurant owner in Little Italy. On a parallel track but out of Reardon's view, an Arizona millionaire and his beautiful, unscrupulous daughter launch a veiled and ominously vast financial coup. The essential delight of Mr. McBain's novels lies in his ear for the rhythms of New York—and especially N.Y.P.D.—speech and in his eye for the city's details. A secondary amusement lies in watching how the author manages to shove into place, as we know from the start he will, all the seemingly discrete elements of his plot. Reardon is a good, sympathetic hero: cynical but still honest, intelligent but not psychic—a man with obvious limits and unexpected strengths. The novel shares many of these characteristics.

•

The idea seems to be that if the news is bad nobody should know about it, or at least everybody should be saved the embarrassment of having to read about it and therefore be forced to confront the truth. Or, to express the same thing another way, why walk around with dirty underwear showing when it's so much more comfy to stick ones' heads in the sand like ostriches and pretend that everything is clean as the driven snow? Which is a pretty scrambled sentence, image wise, but captures the gist off the situation, I think.—*Brad McDowell in Food Distributors Magazine.*

Better keep a tight hold on that gist, Brad.



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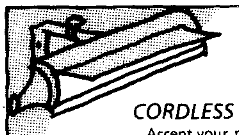

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